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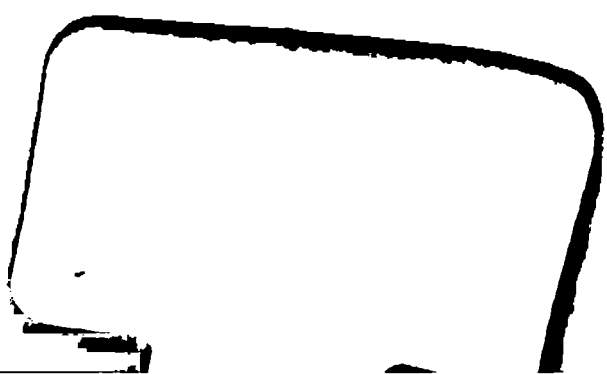
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THE BRITISH
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY AND APRIL,
1875.

VOL. LXI.

LONDON:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
37, PATERNOSTER ROW.
MDCCLXXV.

The Gresham Press :
UNWIN BROTHERS, CHILWORTH AND LONDON.

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THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY 1, 1875.

ART. I.—*Paparchy and Nationality.*

- (1.) *Ultramontanism: England's Sympathy with Germany, as expressed at the Public Meeting held in London, on January 27th, 1874; and Germany's Response; with the Ecclesiastical Laws of Prussia, &c.* Edited by the Rev. G. R. BADENOCH, LL.D. Hatchards.
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- (3.) *The Vatican Decrees, in their bearing on Civil Allegiance: a Political Expostulation.* By the Right Hon W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. John Murray.

At the meeting held in St. James' Hall, London, on the 27th of last January, it was resolved, 'That this meeting unreservedly 'acknowledges it to be the duty and right of nations to uphold 'civil and religious liberty, and therefore deeply sympathizes 'with the people of Germany in their determination to resist 'the policy of the Ultramontane portion of the Church of 'Rome;' and at the responsive meeting held in the Rath-Haus at Berlin, on the 7th of February, this expression of sympathy from England to Germany was construed as 'a 'pledge that the two nations will in the future stand firmly 'together in the manly struggle for the civil and religious 'freedom of peoples.' Both these resolutions assume that, in the recent measures for counteracting Ultramontanism, the Government of Germany, and especially that of Prussia, is upholding civil and religious liberty, and contending for the rights and liberties of the people; and therefore that the ecclesiastical conflict in Germany is of common concern for

Christendom, and notably for free nations such as England and the United States—in one word, this is a case of the solidarity of modern society. If this assumption is true, the question, Why should England be called upon to sympathize with a great successful military power like Germany in her internal conflicts, is already answered: for the real question is not whether Germany is great or small, strong or weak, but is she just and right? No nation is great enough or strong enough to disregard the judgment of mankind and the verdict of history upon her actions. The highest military power must stand before the moral tribunal of just men. Moreover, the conflict in Germany is not one of numerical nor of military strength, but of moral forces which group themselves respectively about two essentially antagonistic and irreconcilable ideas—the universal supremacy of the Pope, and the independent sovereignty of the Nation. In this view the conflict is historical; it was necessary; it is a conflict of fundamental political and ethical principles; and it can admit of no compromise. To comprehend it and to measure it there is need of a calm intelligence to be exercised in investigating facts, and in evolving principles, without regard to national or ecclesiastical theories and prejudices on the one hand, or to claims of sentiment and of sympathy on the other.

In the current statements of this conflict far too much prominence has been given to the Roman Catholic Church, and even to the Pope himself, as one of the contending parties. It is not the Roman Catholic Church in faith, order, or worship, that is in question, but the attitude of the hierarchy of that Church toward certain laws and measures of civil government, and the relative sanctity of the civil and the ecclesiastical oath. It is not the Pope as the Head of the Latin Church that is assailed, nor Pius IX. in his proper personality, or in his administration of Church affairs, but the assumption of the Pope to define the functions of the State, and to enjoin his will upon all rulers in Christendom, on the ground that 'every one who has been baptized belongs to the Pope in some way or other.'* Though Pope and Emperor are in open controversy, and the one is the representative of the Romish Church, the other of an evangelical dynasty, yet when stripped of all personal and doctrinal elements, the contest remains, in its whole substance and strength, as the historical and inevitable conflict between the claims of ecclesiastical prerogative and the sphere and scope of civil power.

* Letter of Pius IX. to the Emperor William, August 7th, 1873.

In his speech of March 10th, 1873, in the Prussian House of Lords, Prince Bismarck defined the position in the following terms :—

‘In my opinion, the question with which we are occupied is falsified, and the light in which we view it is likewise false, when it is represented as a question of Church or of Confession. It is really a political question; it has nothing to do with the struggle of an evangelical dynasty against the Catholic Church—though some would persuade our Catholic fellow-citizens that this is the issue; it does not enter into the strife between faith and unbelief; it is concerned only with the immemorial conflict of authority—old as the human race—the conflict between kingship and priestism [Königthum und Priesterthum, royalty and hierarchy]; that contest of power which is older far than the appearing of our Redeemer in the world; that contest of power in which Agamemnon lay at Aulis with his seers, which there cost him his daughter, and hindered the departure of the Greeks; that contest of power which, under the name of the wars of the popes with the emperors, filled the history of the Middle Ages, down to the disintegration of the German empire In my view it is a falsifying of politics and of history when one regards His Holiness the Pope exclusively as the high-priest of a Confession, or the Catholic Church chiefly as a representative of Churchdom. The Papacy has ever been a political power which, with the greatest audacity and with most momentous consequences, has interfered in the affairs of this world; which has striven after such encroachment, and held this in view as its programme. That programme is well understood. The goal which, like the Frenchman’s dream of an unbroken Rhine boundary, floats before the papal power, the programme which, in the time of the mediæval emperors, was near its realization, is the subjection of the civil power to the ecclesiastical; a high political aim, an endeavour which, however, is as old as humanity, since there have always been either shrewd men or actual priests who have put forth the pretension that the will of God was more intimately known to them than to their fellows, and that upon the ground of this pretension they had the right to rule their fellows;—and that this position is the basis of the papal pretension to sovereignty is well known.’

That position and that pretension are indeed the historical ground of the present conflict in Germany between the civil government and the Roman hierarchy. The old battle for sovereignty between the civil and the ecclesiastical power, left by the ‘Holy Roman Empire’ as an inheritance to the Germany of the Reformation, was again left as a drawn game or an armed truce at the Peace of Westphalia; and through the culmination of two forces then evolved—Ultramontaniam now enthroned in the Vatican, and Nationalism now realized in the Empire of Germany and the Kingdom of Italy—is at length

precipitated to what should be its final issue, between Paparchy and Nationality. For a historical date of this contest for supremacy in Germany, it is enough for our present purpose to take the Bull of Gregory VII. excommunicating Henry IV. (*Beate Petre Apostolorum Princeps, &c.*, 1073.) *

Bismarck, who has the rare faculty of compressing a principle, a history, a philosophy, into a proverb for the people, in his speech of May, 1872, in the imperial Parliament, after the Pope had declined to receive Cardinal Hohenlohe as the ambassador of Germany, in answer to an interpellation as to the intentions of the Government toward the Pope, said pithily, '*We are not going to Canossa*, either bodily or spiritually.' Henry III. had won the right of nominating the Pope, and had made German authority supreme at Rome; Gregory VII. summoned his son before the papal court at Rome, to answer for offences against the Church. The scales of power had already turned. From that independence of control which the Pope had claimed as necessary to his functions as 'the common Father of the Faithful,' it was an easy step to that universal supremacy which he asserted as the vicegerent of God. Henry IV., smocked and barefoot in the snow, imploring absolution of the pitiless Hildebrand, may represent only the personal humiliation of a weak and vacillating sovereign, who had alienated both princes and people from the empire which his father had raised to the height of its power. In this view, the incident of Canossa is of no more significance to the present ecclesiastical conflict in Germany than the deposition of three rival Italian popes by Henry III.; for though the contests of personal power between the popes and the emperors of the Middle Ages affected by turns the preponderance of the Church and of the State, that which concerns this discussion is the conflict of principles, or of claims put forward under the guise of principles.

But the struggle between Gregory VII. and Henry IV. had this universal significance—that the Pope then gave a concrete practical expression to the doctrine that, as the Vicar of God, and entrusted with the keys of heaven and hell, the Roman Pontiff has supreme and indisputable dominion over all the rulers of this world. In the Bull of Excommunication against Henry IV. above referred to, Gregory invokes the apostles, Peter and Paul, in these words:—

'Now, I beseech you, oh most holy fathers and princes, cause that all the world may understand and know that if ye are able to bind and loose in heaven, ye are able upon earth to give and to take

* Bullar, M. T., i., pp. 27-29. See also in Eisenschmidt, *Römisches Bullarium*, i., pp. 9-16.

away empires, kingdoms, principalities, marquises, duchies, countships, and the possessions of all men, according to the deserts of each. Often, indeed, have ye taken away patriarchates, primacies, archbishoprics, and bishoprics, from the evil and unworthy, and have bestowed these upon men of true piety. If, then, ye judge spiritual things, what must not be believed of your power over worldly things? And if ye judge the angels who rule over all proud princes, what can ye not do to their slaves? ' *

The Pontiff thus re-enforces his own authority by all the hierarchies of heaven, and, as the successor of Peter, assumes to wield upon earth the invisible powers and dignities attributed to the apostle in his beatified state. Gregory would have the world believe that all things in heaven were at his beck to enforce his excommunications on earth, and with this array he divests Henry of his crown, absolves his subjects from their allegiance, and threatens with excommunication any and all who shall acknowledge Henry's authority. It is not the act alone, but the ground and the manner of this papal utterance that stamps it as the historical precedent of the present struggle between the Pope and the Emperor of Germany. It is of this very Bull of Gregory VII. that Mr. Bryce has said: ' Doctrines such as these strike equally at all temporal governments, nor were the Innocents and Bonifaces of later days slow to apply them so.' † But Gregory did not content himself with words. By denying to the civil power and to secular patrons the right of ecclesiastical investiture, and threatening with his anathema any ecclesiastic who should acknowledge a temporal or laical right of patronage or of confirmation in his benefice, Gregory not only severed the papacy from all dependence on the empire, but provided the elements of revolution within the empire itself. He aimed at the centralization of spiritual power in the person of the Pope, but would also retain in every abbey, in every cathedral chapter, in every bishopric, a fulcrum for the leverage of the spiritual power against the temporal.

The shrewdness and firmness of Hildebrand in grasping the independence of the papal see, and in asserting the bishopric

* ' Agite nunc, quaeso, Patres et Principes Sanctissimi, ut omnis Mundus intelligat et cognoscat, quia si potestis in coelo ligare et solvere, potestis in terra Imperia, Regna, Principatus, Marchias, Ducatus, Comitatus, et omnium hominum possessiones pro meritis tollere unicuique et concedere. Vos enim Patriarchatus, Primatus, Archiepiscopatus, Episcopatus, frequenter tulistis pravis et indignis, et religiosis viris dedistis. Si enim spiritualia judicatis, quid de sæcularibus non posse credendum est? et si Angelos dominantes omnibus superbis Principibus judicabitis, quid de illorum servis facere potestis? '

† The Holy Roman Empire, 4th ed., p. 161. Gladstone, p. 41.

of Rome to be universal and absolute, prepared the way for the audacity of Innocent III. in claiming to be the arbiter of Christendom in all disputes among princes and peoples—a claim of virtual supremacy in temporal affairs, by the plea that it was ‘his province to judge where sin is committed, and his duty to prevent all public scandals.’ Already had Gregory VII. conceived the comparison of the apostolic and royal dignities to the sun and moon as the chief lights that rule the world; but Innocent pressed this analogy to the relative position of these powers. Writing to the Emperor of Constantinople, he says:—

‘Thou shouldest know that God created two lights in the firmament, the sun and the moon—that is, he created two dignities, the papal authority and the kingly power. But the former, which is set over the days, *i.e.*, the spiritual things, is the greater; that set over the things of the flesh is the smaller; and there is the same difference between popes and kings as there is between the sun and the moon.’

And in plain prose Innocent made the civil power as truly a reflection of the spiritual, and its tributary, as is the moon of the sun. Englishmen must ever blush to remember how audaciously this subordination of the king to the Pope was paraded by Innocent, in the bull in which he accepts the submission and vassalage of King John, and vouchsafes to England the Protectorate of Rome. In that bull the Pontiff declares that both kingship and priesthood are established within the Church—to the end that the kingdom may be sacerdotal and the priesthood royal; that as every knee must bow to Christ, of things in heaven and things on earth, and things under the earth, so should all obey and serve the Vicar of Christ on earth—that there may be one fold and one shepherd; and hence temporal kings are not to be acknowledged as having rightful authority, unless they study to serve with true devotion this representative of Christ’s kingly and priestly power.*

Audacious as were these assumptions of Innocent III., they were capped by the more audacious acts of Gregory IX. and Innocent IV. in excommunicating Frederic II., and in finally deposing him from his imperial and kingly authority by decree

* ‘*Rex Regum, et Dominus dominantium Jesus Christus Sacerdos in aeternum secundum ordinem Melchizedek, ita Regnum et Sacerdotium in Ecclesia stabilivit, ut sacerdotale sit Regnum et Sacerdotium sit regale, sicut in Epistola Petrus et Moyses in lege testantur; unum praeiciens universis, quem suum in terris Vicarium ordinavit; ut sicut ei flectitur omne genu coelestium, terrestrium, et etiam infernorum, ita illi omnes obediant et intendant, ut sit unum ovile et unus Pastor. Hunc itaque Reges saeculi propter Deum adeo venerantur, ut non reputent, se rite regnare, nisi studeant ei devote servire.*’ (Eisenschmidt, i., 25).

of the General Council of Lyons (A.D. 1245). The life-long struggle of Frederic with the papacy—covering more than thirty years and the reigns of four popes—like the struggle of Henry IV., rises above the incidents of personal ambition and official rivalry to the dignity of a conflict of principles, a contest of the spiritual and temporal powers which, then personified respectively in Pope and Emperor, are no less hostile and vigorous to-day, though the Pope is stripped of all temporal sovereignty, and the empire stripped of the titles ‘Holy’ and ‘Roman,’ is confined within the boundaries of Germany proper, and rests upon a representative constitution and universal suffrage. Indeed, in reading the controversy between Frederic II. and Gregory IX.,* one can almost imagine himself reading the correspondence of the Emperor William of Germany with Pius IX., and finds enough to justify the saying of the Emperor in his letter of February 18th to Earl Russell, that the duty is devolved upon him of ‘leading ‘the nation once more in the war maintained in former times, ‘for centuries long, by the German emperors, against a power ‘whose domination has never in any country been found compatible with the freedom and the welfare of nations.’ Though Pius IX. cannot wield against the present Emperor of Germany the weapon of excommunication that his predecessors used so often and so effectively against Frederic II.,† yet he has found a substitute in apostolical denunciations that are just as telling with the mass of German adherents of the papacy. In effect, Gregory’s greater excommunication went no farther in inciting the Catholic hierarchy and laity of Germany to a contemptuous disregard of their emperor and his laws than do the denunciations of Pius IX., though, of course, the language of excommunication was more formal and precise. Gregory absolved all subjects of Frederic from their oath of allegiance, threatened with the papal interdict any city, castle, villa, or neighbourhood that should harbour him, forbidding the celebration, either publicly or privately, of any offices of religion during his stay; threatened with excommunication all who should assist Frederic, either with or without arms; and enjoined it upon all patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops in

* See in Von Raumer, *Geschichte der Hohenstaufen und ihrer Zeit*, b. iii., pp. 416-444.

† For the titles and the substance of these numerous bulls, the reader is referred to the admirable compendium of Dr. A. Potthast, *Regesta Pontificum Romanorum*—a prize work of the Berlin Academy—in which every official document of the popes, from A.D. 1198 to 1304, is catalogued in the order of its date, and is cited by its title, with a summary of its contents and a reference to historical sources.

Germany, without delay, to proclaim this excommunication and anathema with ringing of bells and illuminations in all cities, castles, and villages throughout their dioceses.* This open, high-handed attempt of the Pope to incite in Germany an insurrection of the spiritual power against the temporal, is feebly imitated in the warning of Pius IX. to the Emperor William, that 'the measures of his government against the 'religion of Jesus Christ have no other effect than that of 'undermining his majesty's own throne.' But the Pope of to-day uses the weapons at his command with the same arrogance as the haughtiest of his predecessors used the thunders of excommunication; and the Emperor complains that leaders of the Romish Church in Germany are organizing rebellion against the State:—

'To my deep sorrow, a portion of my Catholic subjects have organized for the past two years a political party which endeavours to disturb, by intrigues hostile to the State, the religious peace which has existed in Prussia for centuries. Leading Catholic priests have, unfortunately, not only approved this movement, but joined in it to the extent of open revolt against existing laws.'

It is the same old endeavour of the papacy, unaltered in spirit or intent by all the changed conditions of society.

From the excommunication of Frederic, so haughtily proclaimed by Gregory IX., it was but a step to his deposition by Innocent IV.—a *logical* step in the line of papal assumption. In presence of the 140 prelates assembled in the Council of Lyons, and assuming the assent of the Council, without even condescending to take their suffrages, the Pope delivered this solemn judgment, 'to be had in everlasting remembrance':—

Reciting the offences of Frederic against the Church; and the fatherly admonitions and ecclesiastical censures through which it had been sought to reclaim him, Innocent declares 'that the Emperor had imitated the obduracy of Pharaoh, and had stopped his ears like a viper;† that he had wrested from the Church its possessions, had oppressed the clergy with taxes, and brought their office into contempt; while to show his own contempt for the papal excommunication, he had openly consorted with heretics;' most of all—and this is the last specification, as being worst of all—'he had built neither churches nor cloisters, but had rather persecuted and destroyed them.' Then, by virtue of his authority as the vicerent of Jesus Christ, and as empowered by Him, in the person of the postle Peter, to bind or loose upon earth, Innocent declares 'that because of his iniquities the Emperor has been set aside by

* See in Eisenschmidt, i., pp. 35-39.

† 'Pharaonis imitatus duritiam et obdurans more aspidis aures suas—monita—despexit'

God from the sovereignty of which he has proved himself so unworthy, and is stripped of all his honours and dignities, which judgment the apostolic see doth now pronounce and enforce, absolving all from their oath of allegiance to him, threatening with excommunication all who shall in any way acknowledge or uphold him as emperor or as king; and summoning the electors of the empire to choose at once a successor to its now deposed and anathematized head.*

What gives to this act a universal interest is the assumption upon which it was grounded, that the Pope is the representative upon earth of Jesus Christ, and is empowered to interpret and to enforce the will of God against all temporal rulers, in the supreme and sole interest of the Catholic Church. The papacy, at first dependent upon the empire, then co-ordinate with it, gradually achieved its independence of the temporal power; next exercised its spiritual sovereignty in opposition to civil powers upon their own soil; and finally asserted its absolute suzerainty, by Divine appointment, even to the extent of dethroning kings and emperors, and of parcelling out their power and their territory as fiefs of the Holy See. It only remained for Boniface VIII., in his famous Bull '*Unam sanctam*,' to declare it for the teaching of the Gospel, that —

'The Pope has two swords, the spiritual and the temporal; the one to be wielded by the Church, the other for the Church; the one by the priesthood, the other by kings and soldiers, but this only on the hint or the sufferance of the priest. One sword, however, must be under the other, and the temporal authority must be subject to the spiritual power. As saith the Apostle, "there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordered (*i.e.*, *set in order*) of God;" but they would not be in order unless one sword were under the other, and also unless the lower could be lifted by the other. If the temporal power goes astray, then must it be rectified by the spiritual; if such a power ill-treats those that are under it, it has a judge in the higher spiritual power; but this which is highest of all can be judged by God only, not by any man, as saith

* '*Nos itaque super praemissis, et compluribus aliis ejus nefandis excessibus cum fratribus nostris, et sacro Concilio deliberatione prae-habita diligenti, cum Jesu Christi vices licet immeriti teneamus in terris, nobisque in B. Petri Apostoli persona sit dictum; Quod cumque ligaveris super terram, &c.—memoratum Principem qui se imperio, et Regnis, omnique honore, ac dignitate reddidit tam indignum, quippe propter suas iniquitates a Deo ne regnet vel imperet, est abjectus, suis ligatum peccatis, et abjectum, omnique honore, et dignitate privatum à Domino ostendimus, denunciamus, ac nihilominus sententiando privamus.*' Here follow the absolution of subjects from the oath of allegiance, the denunciation of allies and supporters, and the decree for the election of a new emperor. T. i., p. 87; Eisenschmidt, i., pp. 39-52.

the Apostle; he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man Wherefore we do declare, proclaim, decree, and determine hereby that every human creature is subject to the Roman Pope, and that none can be saved who doth not so believe.'

Small credit is due to Pius IX. and the Vatican Council for having formulated the Syllabus and Infallibility as dogmas of the Church; for here we have, almost six centuries before, all the anathemas of the one, and all the arrogance of the other. These reminiscences will suffice to establish our first point—that the controversy now waged between the Imperial Government and the Roman hierarchy in Germany is deeply rooted in the historical incompatibility of the pretensions of the Papacy with the autonomy of the State. Much as England is beholden to precedents, she has largely outgrown her historical antecedents, while her insular position and her world-wide commercial intercourse have helped her free development; whereas Germany is still a land of traditions, forms, and usages—a land in which 'that which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been.' It would be impossible to reproduce in England the ecclesiastical quarrels of Henry VIII., or to revive the severities of Elizabeth against the Catholics; but in Germany the seeds of the old quarrel between the temporal and spiritual powers still live, and Germany is compelled to do to-day what England sought to do in 1581, by the bill 'to restrain her Majesty's subjects in their due obedience.' And with the same literal truth it may be said of Germany—

'A sort of hypocrites, Jesuits, and vagrant friars have come into the realm, to stir up sedition. . . . When fair means have done no good, and behind our tolerance there come in these emissaries of rebellion and sedition, it is time to look more strictly to them. They have been encouraged so far by the lenity of the laws. We must show them, that as the Pope's curses do not hurt us, so his blessings cannot save them. We must make laws to restrain these people, and we must prepare force to resist violence which may be offered here or abroad.'*

This ready analogy introduces our second point—that the present ecclesiastical conflict in Germany was inevitable. The heritage of the empire of the Middle Ages, it takes up the unfinished conflict of the Reformation, under the necessary conditions of modern society. Philip the Fair of France had met the towering impudence of Boniface with ridicule and

* Speech of Sir Walter Mildmay, D'Ewes' Journals, 1580, 1581; quoted by Froude, Hist. ch. xxviii.

contempt. The Pope had written to him, 'Know thou, that 'thou art subject to us both in spiritual and in temporal 'things;' had denied him the disposal of ecclesiastical offices and benefices, and required him, in case of vacancy, to guard the revenues of the same for successors duly appointed, adding, 'Whoever shall otherwise believe and do, the same shall be 'deemed a heretic.' To this Philip answered—

'Philip, by the grace of God, King of France, to Boniface, who gives himself out for Pope, little or no greeting! Know thou, O supreme fool, that in temporal things we are not subject to any one; that the disposal of vacant churches and benefices belongs to us of royal right; that the revenues of the same belong to us; that all our bestowments of the same, past or to come, are valid, and shall stand, and that we will manfully defend their possessors. If any think otherwise, we will take them for fools and idiots.'*

In this scornful defiance Philip had all France at his back; and the anathemas and excommunications that Boniface heaped upon him were met by protests from all the estates of the realm. To-day, one sees in France Ultramontanism triumphant over the old Gallican independence, and hears an archbishop, who had contested the proclamation of infallibility, now requiring his clergy to accept the dogma, with the implicit obedience of the soldier to his superior. In May, 1872, E. de Pressensé, wrote in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* :—

'Before the proclamation of the infallibility of the Holy Father there existed in France a liberal Catholicism; this accepted modern society, and that separation of powers which is its essential condition. Such a Catholicism, no doubt, exists in the minds and hearts of individuals, but its partisans cannot speak as heretofore; they are condemned to silence, or to ambiguities; the encyclical of the infallible Pope no longer permits extenuating commentaries. It is certain that the doctrine of the later encyclicals tends to destroy completely the distinction between civil society and religious society. The Ultramontane reaction which has commenced under our eyes is the putting in operation of that which was decided upon at the Council of the Vatican; this is the real *campaign of the interior* which Rome has now begun.'

How much this pregnant phrase signifies, Pressensé tells us in these words :—

'France enfeebled, is exposed to a new peril, no less grave than those she has gone through with. The foreigner has seized her provinces; and now come those who would have her abandon her moral patrimony, that most incontestable fruit of the glorious movement of 1789—the lay character of the modern state. The

* Eisenschmidt, i., 104, 105.

French revolution has had no result more sure than the secularization of social society. But it is in France, after her disasters, that Ultramontanism has found the most favourable ground for engaging in the contest against modern society.'

This contrast of the subservient French Catholicism of to-day with the defiant Gallicanism of Philip the Fair, or even with St. Louis IX.'s milder assertion of the independence of the king and the national church, shows how far from dead, either in letter or in spirit, are the pretensions of Rome to the universal control of society in temporal as in spiritual affairs; and the picture which this intelligent and impartial witness gives of the origin and the endeavour of the Ultramontane reaction in France, should be seriously pondered by all who imagine that in Germany Bismarck has got up a quarrel with the Romish Church for political ends of his own. 'Whence has arisen that formidable 'agitation which troubles all states, if not from the Council 'of the Vatican? Papal infallibility is nothing but 'the speaking-trumpet (*le porte-voix*) of the Society of Jesus, 'for fulminating its anathemas against all liberty, civil and 'religious.'* It is Rome that has opened in every land 'a campaign of the interior,' a contest with society itself, in the bosom of Germany, of Austria, of France, of Italy, of Brazil, of Switzerland, and of England as well, where a 'Catholic first and an Englishman afterwards,' is the cry of the Ultramontanes!

But to return to the logical development of this irrepressible conflict. After the bold resistance of Philip of France to papal domination, Germany so far recovered from the blow inflicted upon Frederic II. and his house, that in 1338 the imperial electors assembled at Rhense resolved to maintain the honour and dignity of the empire against the encroachments of Rome, and refused to submit their choice of emperor to be ratified by the Holy See. Emperor no less than Pope held his office by Divine right; but this gain to civil independence was ignominiously bartered away in the next century by the Hapsburg Frederic III., for the sanction of the Court of Rome. And so the contest between the dual powers of Pope and Kaiser, now rival, now reconciled, each claiming to be independent of the other by the same Divine prerogative, yet each dependent upon the other for human recognition and support; each by turns exercising over the other an authority well-nigh exclusive, yet each professing to act only within its distinctive sphere, and to

* E. de Pressensé, *La Liberté Religieuse en Europe depuis 1870*, pp. 443, 444. See also Gladstone, p. 11.

concede to the other, though with changeful and contested boundaries, its appropriate functions and powers; both struggling for the highest dominion within their reach, and neither yielding save on compulsion; this contest between Will as law, and Faith as authority, that lies in the very dualism of man's nature as belonging to the temporal and the spiritual, and in the duality of spheres and institutions as adapted to these, continued to vibrate from the throne to the altar, and from the altar to the throne, till the Reformation gave to both powers a shock that compelled each to look to its own foundations, regardless of the fate of the other.

Already the scandal of the great schism had shaken the reverence of princes and people for the Holy See, and had accustomed men to look upon the papacy more in the light of a rival and intriguing political power than of a supreme spiritual sovereignty. And now the disgraceful exposures of nepotism and profligacy at Rome, and of venality in the disposal of the most sacred rites and offices of the Church, and also of the pardoning grace of the Gospel itself, had roused Germany to a revolt against the authority of the Pope even in spiritual things. The old contests of Rome with the personal spirit and strength of individual German emperors, paled before this new struggle with the conscience of the nation, stirred with the most vital concerns of the Church, of the faith, of the soul itself. Here was the personal soul, armed with faith in a personal God, resisting any intervention between itself and its Maker other than the mediation of Christ as taught in the Gospels, and confirmed by spiritual experience.

With the Reformation, in its doctrines, its measures, its results, we have here nothing to do. From its beginning with the Theses of Luther against Tetzel, to its termination with the Catholic restoration and the religious Peace of Westphalia, it concerns us only as a new epoch in the time-worn conflict of the temporal and spiritual powers.

Had the Reformation been allowed to have its way as a revolt of the people against corruption and tyranny in the Church, and finally against the Roman Curia as the fountain of this corruption and the centre of this tyranny, it could hardly have stopped short of its logical issue in the separation of Church and State, and in the repudiation by both of the authority of Rome. In that event the papacy might have been finally driven from its position of spiritual dictatorship in temporal affairs. But, as it proved, the papacy not only survived the popular revolution that at first threatened to sweep it away, but regained much of the territory that it seemed to

have lost, expanded its activity into new regions of conquest, and consolidated its spiritual power within the Church in determined hostility to society itself; for Rome, like Russia, knows well how to bide her time—if she seems to recede, it is only to recuperate her forces—and since she never loses sight of her goal, she counts upon time and opportunity to make even defeats and hostile treaties conduct her to it.

The causes of the halting of the Reformation were threefold: first, the necessity felt by the Reformers themselves of making alliances with princes in order to secure to Protestantism a footing as a political power; second, the fear of political revolutions, which led other princes to form a league with the Pope for the preservation of their own dominions; and, finally, that tendency in human nature, and especially in communities of men, to a reaction from an intense and exciting public movement—a tendency sure to be favoured by the excesses of enthusiasts in the movement itself. All these causes combined to modify and restrain the Reformation in Germany, the spring of the whole movement; Luther required the aid of powerful nobles and princes; Charles V., who had first thought to play with Luther against the Pope, and who tantalized the Protestant princes with promises of reform, at length made pact with Leo X. to put down heresy in Germany if the Pope would support him in Italy against France; and the excesses at Münster, and the peasants' war, made all men desirous of more quiet times. But the definitive close of the Reformation in Germany—when Protestantism passed from the condition of a movement against Rome into one of the orders of society—dates from the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, after a civil war between Protestants and Catholics had desolated the land for thirty years. And it is at this point that we take up again the thread of the relation of the papacy to the civil power.

The Peace of Westphalia was in reality nothing but an armed truce between powers, neither of which could boast a victory, but which must stop fighting if they would save their existence. It established a *modus vivendi*, upon the basis of Confessional toleration, but it neither dissolved Church and State, relegating each to its distinct and independent sphere, nor defined the authority of each in relation to the other, but left the ecclesiastical and civil powers to adjust themselves by traditions, treaties, concordats, and incongruous mixtures of civil and canon law. As before the Reformation, princes continued to juggle or to joust with popes according to their political interests. With the fate of such puppets we have here nothing to do; but from the chaos of the Reformation

there emerged two hostile principles whose fate involves to-day the fate of our modern civilization. A compromise between principles of ethics or systems of politics which are irreconcilable in their own nature, entails a conflict upon after generations. Sooner or later, such a compromise must be broken, and where the compromise is between a free movement that trusts to light and evidence, and a hide-bound system that insists upon precedent and form, it is the tendency of the latter—having a sort of hereditary compactness suited to aggression—to push itself and grow, till its encroachments compel the former to arouse to self-defence. Now, at the period of the Reformation we find the old notion of a universal paparchy incorporated in the order of the Jesuits—‘who claimed for the Church an ‘unlimited supremacy over the State, and made the existence ‘of a government, and the allegiance paid to it, to depend on ‘the application of its power to the interests of the Catholic ‘Church.’* On the other hand the struggles in Germany for religious life and for political rights had begun to develop that sentiment of nationality which shapes the political divisions and orders the political life of the modern State. The first of these principles has culminated at Rome in the dogma of infallibility; the second has culminated in Germany in the realization of a true integral union and political life of the nation, and again also in the kingdom of Italy; and these antagonistic principles have come to an inevitable collision, whose focus is in Germany.

It may be alleged, however, that from an early day a national life was developed in France and in Spain in subordination to the papal supremacy. But as to France, the sentiment of nationality was there nurtured by the earlier Gallicanism of her clergy—episcopal against papal supremacy—and the volcanic eruption of nationalism in her revolution overwhelmed the Roman hierarchy as hostile to the State. Moreover, France, however passionate in her own nationalism, has not respected nationality as the unit of State organization; but by invasion and intervention, by lust of conquest or of control, has violated in others the self-same principle which she asserted for her own political existence. At the present, in the chaos of the forms of national life in France, one sees how far the life itself has been depressed through that Catholic training which now substitutes pilgrimages for patriotism. And who would think of quoting Spain, the field of provincial rivalries, for an illustration of the modern idea of the nation as the normal unit of the political State?—

* Ranke, *Hist. of the Popes*, Part ii., B. vi., *Ecclesiastico-Political Theory*.

Spain, in the days of her prosperity, the creature of the papacy for exterminating the Protestant heresy by the Inquisition and the Armada; now, in her adversity, a warning of what the paparchy would make of any and every nation.

By the nation, in the conception of political philosophy, is meant a people of like spirit, language, and aims, united in one political body, upon the same soil and under the same institutions. Fiore, in his *Nouveau Droit International*, defines a nation by 'communauté du sang, de langue, d'aptitude, et une 'affinité de vie civile, de temperament, de vocation.' Mr. David Dudley Field, in his 'International Code,' says, 'A 'nation is a people permanently occupying a definite territory, 'having a common government, peculiar to themselves, for the 'administration of justice and the preservation of internal order, 'and capable of maintaining relations with all other govern- 'ments.' This body, whatever the political form under which it is organized as a State, possesses in its own nature the supreme attribute of sovereignty, and this sovereignty of the nation is independent, complete, and absolute. 'It is *suprema potestas*; 'it is subject to no external control, but its action is in corre- 'spondence with its own determination. It is inalienable; it 'is indivisible; it is irresponsible to any external authority; 'it is comprehensive of the whole political order. In its own 'sovereignty, and in its own free spirit, the political people is 'to mould its own political life, and to embody in it its own 'ideal, and to apprehend in it its own aim.* This is the conception of the nation which modern society has evolved, and by which the political map of Europe is now to be constructed, in contradistinction to the 'Holy Roman Empire,' the 'Holy Alliance,' and the notion of the 'balance of power.' Upon no condition can such a nation admit a power that is not in and of itself, yet claims to be above itself, and by an infallible authority from God to supervise, to condemn, or to resist its laws. The conflict between nationality and paparchy was inevitable, and is irreconcilable. One or the other must go under. Had Bismarck brought on this conflict for some passing policy, he might incur the censure of history. But Bismarck did not originate it in Austria, in Switzerland, in Brazil, nor yet in Germany. As Mr. Seward with slavery, he had the sagacity to see that the conflict was 'irrepressible;' but with more boldness than Seward he seizes the enemy by the throat, and will not let him go. This is no forced collision, no politician's quarrel.

A comparison of the territorial and numerical strength of the

* Mulford: *The Nation*, chap. viii.

Romish Church in Europe with what it was at the Peace of Westphalia, will show that there is as much call to-day for resistance to her devices and encroachments as there was at the era of the Reformation ;—that Rome has not changed with the times, nor learned to abate one whit of her pretensions, nor lost any of her old *penchant* for political conspiracies. Unfortunately the materials are scanty for a close and accurate comparison, especially in the statistics of population two hundred and fifty years ago.

If we examine the map of Europe at the opening of the sixteenth century, from an ecclesiastical point of view, we find the whole continent, and the British Isles as well, divided into ecclesiastical provinces, and these again into archbishoprics and bishoprics, the only marks of diversity being toward the East, where dioceses of the Greek and Armenian Churches displace the Roman Catholic. The boundary-lines are those of provinces and dioceses, and the map is dotted all over with symbols that distinguish sees and cloisters.* And these territorial divisions were far from being conventional, for the mere convenience of ecclesiastical administration ; they often represented principalities and powers having a vested inheritance in the soil, and a voice in political affairs. Indeed, throughout Germany the bishops had become more conspicuous as secular princes than as ecclesiastical superintendents, and in this character they had a relative independence of the Roman Curia, which sometimes made them quite serviceable to the Emperor in his quarrels with the Pope,—though the ecclesiastical instinct commonly guided them to Rome.

Sixty years later the map of Europe shows us the tokens of Roman Catholic occupation well-nigh effaced in the northern and middle countries of the Continent ; bishoprics and cloisters, either sequestered by the State or appropriated to another faith ; Protestants having a recognized and legal existence in France ; and the Reformation gaining head even in the peninsulas of Spain and Italy. Protestantism was now at its height—just, indeed, turning to the ebb, while the flood-tide of the counter-Reformation, destined to overflow so much of the reformed territory, was already setting in. It is impossible to give with accuracy the popular strength of the Protestant and the Romish

* The ecclesiastical cartography of Europe in successive centuries is by no means complete. Enough has been done, however, by Von Spruner, in his *New Historical Atlas*, published by Perthes, in Gotha, to furnish the more prominent data for such a comparison as is here attempted. See also Wiltsch, *Kirchliche Geographie und Statistik* ; Neher, *Kirchliche Geographie*, and O. v. H. Aloys, *Katholische Kirche*.

elements, for there are no census returns of that period by which to estimate the two confessions; and the rule acceded to at the Peace of Augsburg, *cujus regio ejus religio*—that each State should follow the religion of its head—would, of course, disfavour any discrimination in matters of faith among subjects of the same government. But, taking only the broad territorial view, we find all Scandinavia Protestant; all Northern Germany, not excepting the chief cities and towns of Polish Prussia, to-day the seat of Ultramontanism; nor the Rhine provinces, nor that very Paderborn in Westphalia, where to-day the Roman hierarchy openly defies the Prussian Government; we find Protestantism strong in Bavaria, where to-day the Ultramontanes threaten to control the King and the Parliament, and to disband the German empire; we find Protestantism prevalent in Bohemia and in Hungary, and almost universal in Austria, where ‘all the colleges of the land were filled with ‘Protestants; and it was said to be ascertained that not more, ‘perhaps, than the thirtieth part of the population had remained ‘Catholic.’* The condensed summary which Ranke gives of the triumphs of Protestantism is marked by his characteristic clearness, thoroughness, and candour:—

‘In short, from east to west, and from north to south, throughout all Germany, Protestantism had unquestionably the preponderance. The nobility were attached to it from the very first; the body of public functionaries, already in those days numerous and important, was trained up in the new doctrine; the common people would hear no more of certain articles, such, for instance, as purgatory, or of certain ceremonies, such as the pilgrimages; not a man durst come forward with holy relics The confiscation of Church property was energetically carried on Protestant opinions had triumphed in the universities and educational establishments. The teachers in Germany were all, almost without exception, Protestant; the whole body of the rising generation sat at their feet, and imbibed a hatred of the Pope with the first rudiments of learning. Such was the state of things in the north and east of Europe; in many places Catholicism was entirely exploded, in all it was subdued and despoiled. While it was struggling to defend itself, the Calvinistic system, an enemy still more formidable than Lutheranism, rose against it in the west and south Protestantism embraced the whole range of the Latin Church; it had laid hold on a vast majority of the higher classes, and of the minds that took part in public life; whole nations clung to it with enthusiasm, and States had been remodelled by it.’†

* Ranke.

† Ranke, ‘History of the Popes,’ B. V., First Period of Counter-Reformation.

For a moment the fear seems to have been entertained at Rome that all would be lost ;—at least if we must understand the Venetian Ambassador to the Curia, Paolo Tiepolo, in his report on Rome in the times of Pius IV. and V., to reflect the rumours and apprehensions current during his sojourn at the capital ; and this was his testimony :—

‘ Speaking only of those nations of Europe, which not only used to obey the Pope, but also followed in every particular the rites and usages of the Roman Church, celebrating public worship too in the Latin language, it is notorious that England, Scotland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and, in a word, all the countries of the north, are alienated from it. Germany is almost wholly lost, Bohemia and Poland are in a great degree infected, the low countries of Flanders are so corrupted that, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Duke of Alva to remedy the evil, they will hardly ever return to their original healthy condition ; and lastly France, by means of these morbid humours, is all replete with confusion, so that it appears nothing remains to the Pope intact and secure but Spain and Italy, with some few islands, and with those countries possessed by your Serenity in Dalmatia and in Greece.’*

But in the middle of the seventeenth century the ecclesiastical map shows us not only Italy, Spain, and Portugal, as dependencies of Rome, and France a strong Catholic power, though tolerating Protestantism within her bosom, but Bavaria, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Poland, and several of the minor states of Germany, restored to their allegiance to the Curia, and that territorial preponderance secured to the Romish Church which it has retained to this day. The reforms in practice and in discipline which the Council of Trent had introduced, together with the rigour of dogma which it had enjoined, the tact and resolution of Pope Paul IV., the dissensions among Protestant princes and the leaders of the reform, the league of Catholic princes with one another and with the Pope for mutual defence and help, and the exhaustion consequent upon long years of war, had all contributed to this result. ‘ In Germany the reaction had been measureless. Protestantism was repulsed with as much energy as it had before swept onwards. Preaching and doctrine contributed to this, but infinitely more was done by policy, commands, and open violence.’ †

But with this period, as with that from Hildebrand to the Reformation, we are concerned only as its results affected the hereditary struggle between the spiritual and temporal powers, and this especially with reference to Germany. If for a moment papal authority reeled under the strange wild blows of popular

* Quoted by Ranke.

† Ranke, *ut sup.*

revolt, so different from a passage-at-arms with an emperor, it gradually recovered itself, and opposed to the reform not only the personal prerogative of the Pope as the Vicar of Christ, but this authority organized more compactly and firmly in the Church itself, which now presented one solid, united front. In the Council of Trent the extreme view of papal authority prevailed, Pope Pius IV. overriding the remonstrance of the Emperor and of France, and not the unity of the Church alone, but the unity and supremacy of her authority in her divinely constituted head, being the principle that ruled in all its decrees. Those decrees themselves were to be interpreted by the Pope, and the extent of reforms was reserved for his decisions.

Again and again in the Council was it asserted that the authority of the Pope was indisputable and inviolable; and that by appointment of God he was above all emperors and kings. If Pius IV. was too sagacious to hazard the newly-recovered powers of the Curia by reviving openly the struggle with temporal princes for permanent sovereignty over their subjects, he did not hesitate to seize the occasion of the Council for making his sovereignty more immediate and absolute over the entire hierarchy, the bishops being severally sworn to obey the decrees of Trent and to obey the Pope as their master. But the claim of universal jurisdiction was not one whit abated, though held in abeyance for its opportunity. We see it again enforced by Clement VIII. when in presence of the assembled cardinals and a multitude of spectators before St. Peter's, King Henry VI. of France, in the person of his ambassador, prostrated himself at the feet of the Pope to receive the absolution that should confirm him in his throne; and this claim was pressed with the old shameless impudence by Paul V., with his fanatical assertion of 'the power of the keys,' and by Gregory XV. with his magnificent ambition to subdue the world to the Church.

On the other side, the political convulsions and the politico-religious wars of the Reformation had secured to the Protestant princes of Germany a degree of territorial independence and of personal sovereignty which relieved them in part of vassalage to the empire, and prepared the way for that distinctive state and national development which marks our modern civilization. Thus arose the principle of an independent nationality as the successor of the holy Roman Empire—which was now reduced practically to a German kingdom—in contesting the claim of a universal paparchy. The Peace of Westphalia may be said to have crystallized these two forces into permanent antagonism. The war brought nothing to an end excepting the resources of the country, and the peace established nothing beyond the somewhat

vague admission of the equality of confessions, or the recognition by each party of the right of the other to exist. Against this recognition Innocent X. protested, demanding the restitution of all Catholic rights, privileges, and possessions, as these had stood before the Reformation, that is, he would efface all the conquests of Protestantism by a stroke of the pen, refusing to concede to Protestants anything of ecclesiastical possessions or to enter into treaty with Protestant princes. The Peace of Westphalia he declared to be null and void, vacating it by his absolute prerogative.* Against this, however, the parties to the peace had provided, declaring beforehand that no regard should be had to any one, whether of ecclesiastical or political station, within or without the empire, who should oppose its articles.†

So stood the powers, civil and ecclesiastical, in 1648—on the one hand, the idea of the State as an independent, self-sufficient organism, which brings within its scope all the functions and interests of society, judicial, political, industrial, educational, and religious; on the other hand, the idea of the Church as centred in Rome, and from that seat of inalienable and indivisible authority issuing to the faithful in every land laws paramount to all temporal authority whatsoever, and holding such authority under control and rebuke by virtue of a Divine prerogative. The first idea, so counter to tradition, to prejudice, and to usage, had for its development but little adventitious help, and must rely mainly upon the slowly-maturing processes of time; whereas the second, for its support and propagation used the Order of Jesuits, which had arisen for this very purpose, and which had already been a chief agent in restoring to the Pope so large a portion of the spoils of the Reformation. Jesuitism is the despotism of intolerance. The Reformation had assailed the Catholic unity; Jesuitism would resist the Reformation by intensifying that unity through the subordination of all persons, parties, interests to the head of the Church. Protestantism in Germany had contended for spiritual freedom; Jesuitism insisted upon the annihilation of self-will, and its

* The bull 'Zelo domus Dei,' d. 26 November, 1648, published 3 January, 1651:—'Ipso jure nulla, irrita, invalida, iniqua, injusta, damnata, reprobata, inania, viribusque et effectu vacua, omnino fuisse, esse, et perpetuo fore. . . . Articulos praefatos aliaque praemissa, potestatis plenitudine penitus damnamus, reprobamus, . . . cassamus, annulamus, viribusque et effectu irritamus vacuumus.'

† 'Non attenta cujusvis seu Ecclesiastici seu Politici, intra vel extra Imperium, quocunque tempore interposita contradictione vel protestatione, quae omnes inanes et nihil vigore horum declarantur.' See in Gieseler, iv. 1, note 18.

absorption in the will of a superior, who should be revered, not on the ground of his wisdom or his goodness, but as the official representative of God. Protestantism had revived reason as a judge in matters of faith; Jesuitism made diversity of belief a sin, and would enforce dogma by authority. Protestantism made much of conscience as a criterion of duty; Jesuitism made of religion a power, the triumph of which was the end to be had always in view, and which must be secured by any and every means, even by the sacrifice of conscience itself.* The principles of Jesuitism are wholly irreconcilable with the modern conception of society and of the State, and must come into collision with that theory of national autonomy whose germ was in the Protestant factors of the Peace of Westphalia. To the realization of its grand and startling conception of a universal Paparchy, Jesuitism brought the discipline of an army and the missionary zeal of the Apostolic age. It sought to control all orders and functionaries within the Catholic Church, to control people and princes through education and diplomacy, and to win over the pagan world by baptism and the sign of the cross.

The spirit of liberty is essentially unproselytizing; it trusts to liberty, light, and truth. But Jesuitism means propagandism; and hence, while the spirit of national liberty awakened at the Reformation has advanced only by natural causes against traditional hindrances and political jealousies, the spirit of Jesuitism has maintained unrelenting and unswerving activity, and under all changes and conditions has kept in view the putting all things under the feet of the Pope, and then, that the Pope himself should also be subject unto the power that put all things under him, that this Order may be all in all. The national element has had upon its side those industrial and economical causes and laws which, under the free spirit of Protestantism, further the growth and prosperity of a nation. Thus, within our own century, there has been in Prussia a perceptible growth of the Protestant population. On the authority of Hassel, in the year 1817, there were in Prussia 6,370,480 Protestants, and 4,023,513 Catholics;† by the census in 1867, the Protestants

* E. de Pressensé, *La Liberté Religieuse en Europe*, p. 11; see also *Der Jesuiten Orden*, von D. Johannes Huber, and *Geschichte der neuesten Jesuitenumtriebe in Deutschland*, von Wolfgang Menzel.

† *Handbuch der neuesten Erdbeschreibung*, von Gaspari Hassel, und Cannabich; bearbeitet von D. G. Hassel, 1819. By the same authority, in 1817, the Roman Catholics of Europe numbered 95,000,000, including Greek and Armenian adherents; the Protestants 47,000,000, the Greek Church in Europe 32,000,000, the Mohammedans 3,600,000, and the Jews 2,060,000.

or Evangelicals in Prussia numbered 15,596,380, the Catholics 7,950,753. Various causes, such as war, emigration, and the like, may have contributed to change the ratio between the Protestant and Catholic populations, but the relative increase of the former is a marked fact of the past fifty years. Yet Prussia has been pre-eminent for adhering with fidelity to the principle of Confessional equality. There Catholics have had equal rights with Protestants, and larger dotations from the public treasury.

This freedom of worship and this favouritism of support accorded to the Catholics have of late years been improved by a remarkable activity in the multiplication of religious orders, foundations, and institutions in Prussia, especially under the lead of the Jesuits and their missions. In Prussia, between the years 1852 and 1861, the number of convents increased from 79 to 185, at the rate of 15 per cent. yearly.* About the same period there was a marked increase of convents in other countries of Europe. In France, for instance, there were 4,750 in 1862, against 2,592 in 1847—an increase of 137 every year. In Belgium in 1859 there were 994, against 430 in 1830. Throughout Germany during this period the number of these ecclesiastical orders had so increased that there was a member of some order for every 481 Catholics in the population; and it was a fact of much significance that the superiors of most of these orders, having absolute authority over the membership, were *foreigners*, residing either at Rome or in France, and naturally hostile to German ideas and to German unity. The facility with which these orders were multiplied in Prussia, and the privilege accorded them of establishing separate schools for the training of priests, apart from the universities with their rigorous examinations—a privilege contrary to the whole educational policy of Prussia—shows with what fidelity the Prussian Government had adhered to the Pact of Westphalia; how even more than just Prussia had been in securing to her Catholic subjects the full measure of liberty accorded to Protestants. In Prussia for a century there have been no ‘Catholic disabilities.’ Jews and Dissenters have laboured under disabilities, legal and political; for the Peace of Westphalia secured Confessional equality only to Roman Catholics, the Lutherans, and the Reformed or Calvinists; and notwithstanding the famous saying of Frederic the Great, that ‘in Prussia every man shall get to heaven after his own fashion,’ Dissenters from these three recognized Confessions have had no help from the State, but rather hindrance, in their heavenward pilgrimage. But Roman Catholics have had only help—recognition, money, privilege, place, power; they have been satisfied

* Hausner, *Vergleichende Statistik von Europa*, 1865.

with their position, and have made good use of their opportunities.

For more than fifty years past the greater part of the Lutherans and the Reformed in Prussia have been combined in one church, known as the Evangelical—this and the Roman Catholic being the privileged churches, with the exclusive countenance and support of the State; and of this countenance in the way of official dignity and consideration, and this support in the way of substantial endowments and grants, during this century the Romish Church has had the lion's share.

Meantime, the idea of nationality had been slowly crystalizing itself out of the ferment of wars, revolutions, compacts, and policies, which the Napoleonic era had stirred in the whole Continent. Prussia had suffered under long humiliation; Germany had been divided into hostile camps; poets, visionaries, revolutionists, socialists, diplomatists, had made abortive attempts at German unity—now under the fiction of a republic, and again under the hardly less fictitious shadow of an empire. But at length the man arose who could divine the true solution of the problem—who had the courage to attempt this, and the sagacity to accomplish it. Prince Bismarck is one of those rare men who combine prescience and providence in respect of events with an intuition of men and of motives, and an executive will equal to any emergency. It may be questioned whether he has a *policy*, either in the higher sense of a pronounced system of administration, or in the inferior sense of expediency in management. His statecraft is not of the order so much approved in England and in the United States, that works by a definite programme or platform of ideas and measures; nor of the fashion of France, that seeks to govern by a theory without regard to facts; but with a keen outlook upon events, and a foresight of tendencies, he is quick to seize or to shape whatever may serve his immediate purpose, and resolute to bring both men and things within the scope of his plan without prematurely unveiling it. This habit of using events, men, occasions for his underlying purpose, causes him sometimes to appear variable in his methods and in his relations to parties—now Conservative, now Liberal; now conciliating the Catholic hierarchy, and now ruling it with an iron hand. But this mutability is only the eddying on the surface: the deep undercurrent moves steadily onward. The key to Bismarck's politics is given in these words—devotion to the unity of Germany as the supreme good of Germany herself, and as the best guarantee of the peace and prosperity of Europe. Bismarck saw that the ideal of one Germanic nation—the dream of her poets, the aspiration of her patriots, the

vague longing of her people—was not to be attained through any combination of German politics, as these stood when he came into power. No artificial bund, no conventional empire, could make a united Germany. It was necessary first to remove from Germany the incubus of Austrian supremacy—a domination narrow, selfish, bigoted in proportion as it was weak, and, in a measure, alien; and next it was necessary to emancipate Germany from the traditional superiority of France, and to secure her against the dread of French invasion. To this end he saw that the first requisite was strength—the actual material strength of arms, and the moral strength that comes by victory. Reversing the motto, ‘in union is strength,’ he sought union by strength; first strong, then united and free. Germany must have a leader strong enough to inspire her confidence, to hold her adversaries in check, and to command the respect of all European powers. And this leader could be found only in Prussia; Prussia reacting from the humiliations of more than half a century, to emulate the days of the great Frederic; Prussia, organized into a camp, and drilled to her last man; Prussia, equipped with the best weapons, officered by the best generals, and, above all, led by the soldier-king, who had the confidence and affection of the truly national army which he had done so much to form and to discipline.

Whether Bismarck planned, provoked, or precipitated the wars with Austria and with France, must, perhaps for ever, lie buried with the mysteries of diplomacy; it is enough that the displacement of these two powers was necessary to *his* conception of a united Germany; that he foresaw the contingency of these conflicts, was on the alert for both, and was prepared at every point when the moment came. And with each stroke of victory he made a stride for unity, creating the North German Bund out of the triumphs of Königgrätz, and annealing the German empire in the furnace in which the dross of the French empire was consumed.

The question of religion did not enter at all into the wars of 1866 and 1870. These were wars for German nationality—to free Germany from foreign dictation, and to combine all the states into one nation. Though the constitution of the German empire, like the constitution of the United States, expressly reserves to the several states certain prescriptive rights, and though the Imperial Government at Berlin, like the national government at Washington, is a government of limited powers, yet there is now a *Germany*, with its emperor, its parliament, its army, its navy, its postal service, its code and courts, its diplomatic corps, its national policy—a constitutional empire with an

hereditary sovereign in the person of the King of Prussia ; an empire with a population of forty-one millions, in the heart of Europe, capable of defending itself against any enemy without, and of dictating peace to its neighbours. In a word, here is the idea of nationality realized in a people of one language, one country, one government, one policy, one destiny.

The German empire, as such, has no religion. Its constitution has no provision concerning churches or confessions—these are left under the jurisdiction of local laws in the several states. And yet the creation of this empire has been the occasion of an ecclesiastical controversy in Prussia, that seems almost to threaten a religious war. This state of things, however, was not planned by Bismarck, and does not seem to have been apprehended by him, until the Ultramontanes had openly manifested their hostility to the empire. Perhaps the severity of his measures is due, in part, to the fact that he awoke a little too late to the real and pressing danger of the case ; yet even should we allow the criticism of Von Arnim and his friends upon Bismarck's earlier indifference or leniency toward the usurpations of Rome, we must still concede to the Chancellor the merit of sincerity in his consideration for the German Catholic bishops down to the time of their concerted hostility to the German Empire. We incline, however, to the opinion that Bismarck's sagacity was not at fault in declining Von Arnim's counsel, but that upon broader grounds he was reluctant to enter the arena of politico-ecclesiastical strife ; and it is an open secret that the Emperor sought to avert such a strife by any means consistent with the dignity and authority of the State. In any case, the contest began on the other side. While the principle of Nationality was striding toward its consummation in Germany, the principle of the Paparchy, as embodied in Jesuitism, had already triumphed at Rome, in the promulgation of infallibility and the endorsement of the Syllabus ; the one subjugating the Catholic hierarchy to the absolute will of the Pope, the other setting the papacy in open and irreconcilable hostility to modern society. Between this usurping Paparchy and the Nationality almost simultaneously perfected in Germany and in Italy, a collision was inevitable. Bismarck did nothing to bring it on, and could do nothing to avert it. The times and tendencies were stronger than he. The truce of Westphalia was at an end ; the unsettled conflict must break out anew ; the battle between the spiritual and temporal powers must be fought over upon the soil of the Reformation. So far was Bismarck from crippling the Roman hierarchy in Germany as a means of resisting papal usurpation,

that at first he sought rather to strengthen the hierarchy in its relations with the Prussian State. This fact the publication of the Von Arnim correspondence has fully revealed. Before the meeting of the Vatican Council, the bishops of Germany assembled at Fulda—the tomb of the Holy Boniface—and issued a pastoral, in which they virtually repudiated the programme attributed to the Ultramontanes:—

‘ A general council never did and never can establish a dogma not contained in Scripture, nor in the apostolical traditions. A general council never did and never can proclaim doctrines in contradiction to the principles of justice, to the rights of the State and its authorities, to culture and the true interests of science, or to the legitimate freedom and well-being of nations. Neither need any one fear that the General Council will thoughtlessly and hastily frame resolutions which needlessly would put it in antagonism to existing circumstances, and to the wants of the present times; or that, in the manner of enthusiasts, it would endeavour to transplant into the present times views, customs, and institutions of times gone by.’

The Government of Bavaria early took alarm at the prognostic signs of the Vatican Council, and the Theological Faculty of Munich reported to the Government that the Syllabus, if accepted by the Council, either in its original negative form or in the positive redaction of Father Schrader, must lead to serious changes in the relations between the Church and the State. Count von Arnim, who represented Prussia at Rome during the Council, was of the same opinion, and recommended to his government some active intervention in the Council, or a remonstrance with the Pope in person; but Bismarck steadily refused to meddle with the Council, or to attempt a moral coercion in respect to any of its decisions, and adhered to the policy of sustaining the German bishops in the opposition to Ultramontanism, which they had foreshadowed at Fulda. When these bishops all succumbed to the Ultramontane majority in the Council, and came back to Germany to proclaim infallibility as a dogma, and to carry out the teachings of the Syllabus, it was not Bismarck but THEY that had changed. Nevertheless, they would have been allowed in peace to hold the new dogmas, had they not set out to use these, and suffered themselves to be used, as instruments against the lawful authority of the State, and especially against the empire, so soon as this came into form.*

From the moment that the victory of Königgrätz expelled Austria from the field of German politics, and placed a

* See Note on Count von Arnim, at the end of this Article.

Protestant power at the head of a new German Confederation, the Ultramontanes began to show their hostility to Prussian ascendancy and to the scheme of a Germanic empire. So bitter, intense, and powerful was that hostility in Bavaria, that her Government came within one of refusing to join the Northern States in the war with France.*

Ultramontanism was already a political power organized to uphold the Paparchy, even at the cost of the Fatherland. The proclamation of Napoleon at the opening of the war showed that he counted upon the neutrality, if not the co-operation, of the South German States; and the Ultramontane press gave him reason to suppose that he could depend upon the sympathy of those States with Catholic France against Protestant Prussia. The peril of that internal discord which had so often made Germany the battlefield of Europe, led Bismarck to urge at Versailles the consummation of German unity, while the fires of patriotism were aglow with victory; but this empire at once became the mark of Ultramontane hate through the press, the pulpit, and the party of the Centre in Parliament†—a hatred now organized in the 'Catholic Unions,' that set the Church above the State. But in assailing the empire they touched the apple of Bismarck's eye, since both his policy and his patriotism subordinate Prussia itself to Germany. His view is broad enough for an empire.

Now, this feature of Bismarck's politics is distasteful to Prussians of the 'old line.' The bureaucratic system, in which day by day and year by year each subordinate officer worked out his prescribed details, and government went on like an automatic machine, was to these high Conservatives the perfection of the State; and they were at first scandalized at the notion of an imperial Chancellor who would govern not by red-tape but by personal ideas and forces, would make of government a living power animated and pervaded with his own spirit, would assert strength of will against the stolid routine of facts and precedents, would set the larger interests of Germany above the traditions of Prussia, would re-model the Prussian Foreign Office, the Ministries of War and of Marine, and even the interior economies of Prussia, to meet the new conditions of the empire; and, worst of all, who would even invoke the fickle and perilous support of the people and the

* It was literally by a bare majority of one, that the Bavarian House voted to make common cause with the rest of Germany.

† For proof of the hostility of the Ultramontanes to the Empire, see *Geschichte der neusten Jesuitenuntriebe in Deutschland*, von Wolfgang Menzel.

press. 'Baggage-master' is the title given on American railways to the official who superintends the luggage-vans and sees that all luggage is duly ticketed and cared for, and fitly delivered; but 'baggage-smasher' is the epithet he sometimes receives when, in the hurry of quitting one station for the next, he pitches out luggage in a promiscuous manner, careless of damages to trunks or to toes. So, when this new master took things in hand, in the hurry of movement from Düppel to Königgrätz, from Königgrätz to Sedan, from Sedan to Paris, it was no wonder that old-fashioned, slow-coach Conservatives were startled at the way in which the luggage of traditions and precedents was tossed about; and certainly a good deal of lumber and trumpery was smashed as the new imperial train got under way. But ready as Bismarck was and is to bend or break everything to his own quick, imperious, and resolute will, he did not lay hands upon the Roman hierarchy until they had assailed the empire with intrigue, and had defied the laws. If now he has pitched them over with seeming violence, it is because the train must move on; and this train of events is impelled by a power higher than the Chancellor, higher and stronger than any man.

The time has fully come when the question must be settled for the whole future of society;—Whether each nation shall make its own laws, rule its own subjects, determine its own policy, subject only to the law of justice within and to the comity of nations from without, or whether an ecclesiastical power shall be recognized as higher than all governments, and competent to dictate, to revise, and even to annul their acts by the personal will of a man who claims to be the infallible medium and expounder of the will of God? To understand the question as it lies in Germany, one has but to ask himself whether the Parliament of Great Britain and the Congress of the United States shall pause on the eve of every act to inquire, will this be approved or allowed by the Pope of Rome?

Some affect to think that there is no longer reason to fear the aggressions of Rome; that Bismarck exaggerated the danger to Germany from Ultramontanism, and appealed to political fears and religious prejudices to cover his ambitious designs; that he, in fact, restored the papacy to vitality, and converted infallibility from a theological juggle into a political weapon, by the consequence he gave to what he himself has pithily styled, 'The Church of the Vatican.' But in reality the personal power of the Pope within the Romish Church was never so immediate nor so absolute as it is to-day. Wherever the movement of modern society has unhinged the Roman Catholic Church from

the State, it has thrown the hierarchy into personal dependence upon the Pope. The bishop who can no longer fall back upon a powerful prince or patron to support his independence receives implicitly the mandates of Rome. And the doctrine that the Pope is the supreme and infallible autocrat of the Church and of the world, which in the Middle Ages was the ambitious assumption of individual pontiffs, is now *obligatory* as a dogma of the Church upon every true Catholic. All faith and all authority are centred in him, and the whole hierarchy hangs upon him, and is the instrument of his will. Ten years ago, speaking as for the Pope, Dr. Manning put into his mouth these words:—

‘I acknowledge no civil power; I am the subject of no prince; and I claim more than this—I claim to be the supreme judge and director of the consciences of men—of the peasant that tills the fields and of the prince that sits upon the throne; of the household that live in the shade of privacy and the legislator that makes laws for kingdoms; I am the sole, last supreme judge of what is right and wrong.’*

If, ten years ago, this seemed a rhetorical extravagance, to-day one must accept Dr. Manning’s testimony that ‘the Holy See is Ultramontane, the whole episcopate is Ultramontane, the whole priesthood, the whole body of the faithful throughout all nations, excepting only a handful here and there, of rationalistic or liberal Catholics—all are Ultramontanians. Ultramontanism is Popery, and Popery is Catholicism.’†

This compact, unified power, seeking always its own supremacy, is ready in France to ally itself with Legitimists or Imperialists; in Germany with social democrats or with Polish revolutionists; in Spain to bless the Carlist banditti; in the United States to work by free-schools or against them; and in every land, whether through the laws, behind the laws, under the laws, or over the laws, to seize its own opportunity.

The conflict, which we have seen to be historical and inevitable, involves the profoundest political and ethical principles, and admits of no evasion or compromise. There are three theories of the constitution of human society in relation to government and religion, or to State and Church. The first is the theory that, inasmuch as the divine is superior to the human, the spiritual to the physical, the eternal to the temporal, all the institutions of society should be ordered and controlled with respect to man as a religious being—that is, the

* Sermon in the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, *Tablet*, October 9, 1864.

† Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects.

Church should direct human society not only in matters of faith and morals, but in education, in laws, in government. This was the theory of Rome in the Middle Ages, and it is now revived in the Syllabus. The second theory is, that man exists for the State; that the State has a demand upon the subject for his supreme allegiance, and should train and govern him for its own service alike in peace and in war; and therefore, all the interests of society, material, political, educational, religious, must be subjected to the rule of the State. This was the theory evolved by the Protestant States of the Reformation, and which has since obtained in Germany.

The third theory is, that Man is the true centre about which all else should revolve; that both State and Church should exist for man, be administered by his will, and in such way as shall best promote his welfare. This is the view of civil society in the United States, and is, to a growing extent, the practical condition of society in England.

The first two of these systems have come into collision in Germany. We have no sympathy with either as a system for modern society, but in the conflict between the two we plant ourselves unhesitatingly on the side of the second, upon grounds of Scripture, of reason, and of experience; the more freely, that in Germany the theory of State supremacy and State supervision does not meddle at all with the dogmas of the Church, nor with modes of worship; does not interfere in the least with Confessional freedom; but only insists that the allegiance which is demanded of every subject shall be rendered by priest as well as laic, that the obedience to law which is required of every citizen shall be rendered by the highest ecclesiastic as well as by the meanest boor, and that the scientific preparation exacted of every servant of the Government shall be made also by the clergy under its pay.

The contending systems bring the Paparchy into open conflict with the ruling power in the State; but underlying the latter is also the nation just waking to the consciousness of a new life. Now, as between these two the teachings of Christ and the Apostles leave us but one choice. The New Testament requires that the Christian shall be a loyal subject of the Government under which he lives. 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God: whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God.'* Such is

* Romans xiii. 1, 2. The Apostle here lays down the broad doctrine of the sovereignty of the existing government, the government *de facto*

the general principle; and there are also special injunctions which may be recommended to the Pope as successor of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, in preparing his next instructions for the faithful in Germany. The first is from Peter: 'Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man [i.e., every institution of government among men, ἀνθρωπίνῃ κρίσει] for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the king, as supreme; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well. As free [i.e., be loyal, not in the servile spirit of fear, but in the free spirit of Christian love], and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness [not making your privileges in the Church a cover for Jesuitical plottings against the State]. Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king.'* The second is from the instructions of Paul to Titus for the regulation of the faithful in Crete: 'Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates.'† Like all the injunctions of the Bible, these precepts are given in broad general terms, without the limitations and qualifications of ethical philosophy; but it is enough that some of them were given under the bloody rule of Nero. Now it is impossible to find in the New Testament any injunctions of obedience to organized ecclesiastical power,‡ like those here given of obedience to civil government. It is not ecclesiastical authority, nor a corporate ecclesiastical institution, but the personal God and the individual conscience in its direct personal relations with God, which is set over against an unrighteous demand of the civil authority in that crucial motto of Peter, 'We ought to obey God rather than men;§ and in the teaching of Christ, 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's.' Of conscience as an ecclesiastical corporation, or of conscience as an imputed or a vicarious faculty, determined and exercised by one for another, the ethics of the New Testament have no knowledge. Peter knew of a conscience within himself that should obey God rather than man, but he never demanded a conscience in others that should obey *himself* officially, or his ecclesiastical successors, rather than submit to 'the king as supreme.' This discrimina-

is the government *de jure*—this as opposed to anarchy. He does not here consider the abstract right of revolution.

* 1 Peter ii. 13-18.

† Titus iii. 1.

‡ No scholar would think of quoting as parallel Heb. xiii. 17, which reads strictly, 'Follow your leaders,' with a dutiful respect and deference to their teaching and example.

§ Acts v. 29.

tion between conscience as a personal faculty by which each soul determines for itself questions of right and duty, and conscience as an obligation imposed by external authority, is vital in a case of collision between the civil and the ecclesiastical powers. The civil government cannot claim to rule the conscience. The subject has the right to protest in conscience against what he deems an unjust or an immoral law; has the right to decline to obey what he deems an unrighteous law, and to accept and suffer the penalty of disobedience. Society must recognize this right as one that may be necessary to its own deliverance from an unjust law or a tyrannical government; society cannot afford to ignore that protesting conscience which has made patriots glorious and martyrs immortal; which has displayed such moral heroism and effected such wholesome reform;—least of all could Germany afford to obliterate that right of a protesting conscience which Luther consecrated to her emancipation, when he said, '*Hier stehe ich! Ich kann nicht anders;—Gott hilf mir.*'

Shakespeare, as ever, has here given us the finest philosophical distinction in the fewest possible words. 'Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.'* Conscience and Christianity make loyalty to government a duty; yet, as between soul and State, there can be no question that a man must be loyal to his own soul at whatever cost. The personal conscience, even when deluded, should be treated with tenderness; and though society must protect itself against a fanaticized conscience, it should not assail the faculty to remedy its morbid conditions. But a *factitious* conscience which puts forward obligation to an ecclesiastical authority within the State or without it as higher than allegiance to the State, society cannot afford to parley with, nor to recognize as entitled to any concession. Such an antagonistic sovereignty would annihilate social order.

Here reason stands by the New Testament in teaching that, in a collision between the State and any organized ecclesiastical power, the higher allegiance is due to the State. Some form of civil government is indispensable to the existence of human society. Without this all is anarchy. But there is no form of Church organization the maintenance of which is essential to human society, however important religion as a soul-faith may be to social order; and the assertion of sovereignty in affairs for an ecclesiastical authority is a constant menace to that organic condition of society which we call the State. The claim of a Divine prerogative vested in a person or a power

* King Henry V., Act IV., Scene I.

apart from the constituted government to supervise that government and its laws, to define the limits of obedience, and to absolve subjects from allegiance, is destructive of all order and authority in the State, and must reduce society to anarchy. The instinct of self-preservation is for the civil power against the clerical.

Experience justifies this teaching of Scripture and of reason. The worst tyranny the world has seen, the most atrocious persecutions that history records, have sprung from ecclesiastical power, or from the temporal power as wielded by and for the spiritual. The civil power tyrannizes or persecutes from motives of interest or expediency; but the ecclesiastical adds to these that most terrible weapon of cruelty—the claim of a Divine warrant for extirpating its enemies as the enemies of God. Who would not rather take his chances as a Christian under the bloody Diocletian, than as a Christian reformer under the remorseless Alva? No inquisition was ever invented in the service of the civil power alone.

Upon every ground then, of Scripture, of reason, of society, of history, and of humanity, we are moved to side with the civil against the ecclesiastical power, in a conflict for sovereignty within the State. The harshest measures of the civil power in resisting ecclesiastical encroachment are a far less evil than is the bare possibility of ecclesiastical supremacy over the State. In the State, or rather in the community as ordered through the State, there is always a tendency to reaction from severe measures when the danger that provoked these is over. The State justifies its severities by the plea of self-protection. But the ecclesiastical power justifies its persecutions by the pleas of protecting and propagating the faith, and of executing a Divine prerogative of judgment—and such motives suffer no modification nor relaxation. Formulated in the doctrine of infallibility, and incarnated in the person of the Pope, they are for ever irreconcilable with the autonomy of the nation, and can rest only with the destruction of modern society. It is at this point that Prussia has planted herself in opposition to the Paparchy; and though her own theory of Church and State is far from perfect, and her ecclesiastical legislation in some particulars is not to be commended, yet in resisting ecclesiastical encroachment upon civil rights, she is maintaining the cause of nationalism, and defending interests common to society throughout Christendom.

The contest between Protestantism and Romanism, in respect of faith and discipline, may be safely left to the pulpit, the university, and the press. With such matters the recent ecclesiastical legislation of Prussia has nothing to do. Protestantism would but weaken itself, and would confess

the weakness of its own principles and position, by invoking the arm of the State to protect it against the spread of the Roman Catholic Church ; and the Prussian Government would weaken itself by espousing Protestantism as against Catholicism through its Ministry of Worship, or by legislating against any particular sect or confession. In laws affecting the rights, the duties, the liberties of subjects, no government can show ecclesiastical favouritism without weakening the tie of allegiance to itself. This the Prussian Government has not done. Its recent legislation was not Protestant in its motive, but political. Protestantism would be too narrow a basis for the defence of the State and the nation against the Paparchy. This is of no less moment for the unbeliever and the Jew. Rightly considered, the Prussian ecclesiastical laws are a defence of Catholics themselves, in the freedom of their faith and worship, against a Roman dictation that would destroy their independence as Germans, and obliterate their consciousness of nationality. As Mr. Gladstone has pithily said, ' Individual servitude, however abject, will not satisfy the party now dominant in the Latin Church : the State must also be a slave.' *

But why not determine the contest in Prussia by the immediate separation of Church and State—which to an English Nonconformist and to an American Christian of whatever name, would be its ready and proper solution ? Because the people do not wish that solution ; are not ready for it ; really stand in dread of it. Trained as the Prussians are to dependence upon a State provision for religion, accustomed to the impartial support of both the Evangelical and the Roman Catholic Churches from the public treasury, and constitutionally averse to sudden and radical changes, they have no desire to dissolve the connection between Church and State. The Roman Catholics are not willing to relinquish the revenues they derive from the State, nor the hope of political ascendancy in some change of the Ministry ; and Protestants fear to dissolve the existing relation of the Church to the State, lest, on the one hand, rationalism or socialism should control a large proportion of the parochial property of the Evangelical Church ; and, on the other hand, Romanism should become too formidable through wealth and organization no longer subject to State control. No statesman would venture to force a dissolution of Church and State in the present state of public opinion. Cavour's maxim : ' A free church in a free state,' does not mean that the Church should be free to conspire against the State. Tenacious as we are of Church independence,

* ' The Vatican Decrees,' p. 40 ; also p. 32.

and confident as we are of the resources of liberty in a fair and open field, we will not blind ourselves to the fact that Germany, threatened with the revengeful hatred of France, with the envy of Austria, with the jealousy of Russia, and having at Rome an implacable enemy who teaches millions of her subjects that to disobey her laws is their duty to God—that, thus circumstanced, the new composite empire of Germany is in a very different condition for experiments of ‘the largest liberty’ from England in her insular position, or the United States beyond the Atlantic. Moreover, ‘let not him that girdeth on his harness ‘boast himself as he that putteth it off,’ and the United States may yet learn that, to cope with the political schemes and encroachments of the Roman hierarchy, liberty must equip herself once more as for the final conflict with slavery.

We must therefore judge Prussian legislation not by English theory nor by American practice, but by the condition of Prussia herself. And what is that condition? In respect of intellectual freedom (*Freiheit des Geistes*), Prussia is in advance of England and the United States, especially in the sphere of theology. Here she knows nothing of that tyranny of the press and of public opinion, which, in more democratic communities, satisfies the craving of human nature for some form of arbitrary power. But in respect of freedom of political action, and of that institutional freedom which has grown old in England, and with which the United States were born, Germany until a very recent period has stood where England was 250 years ago. The reason of this tardiness of development in Germany is fitly expressed by Mr. Freeman: ‘On the Teutonic mainland, ‘the old Teutonic freedom, with its free assemblies, national ‘and local, gradually died out before the encroachments of a ‘brood of petty princes. In the Teutonic island it has changed ‘its form from age to age; it has lived through many storms, ‘and it has withstood the attacks of many enemies, but it has ‘never utterly died out.’* Keeping this distinction in view, one must judge the recent ecclesiastical legislation of Prussia by the England of Elizabeth’s time, as to its motive and necessity, and as to the theory of State control in Church affairs—though there has been nothing in Prussia so arbitrary nor so severe as the Act of Uniformity, and no attempt to coerce any man in respect of his faith. This will help us to account for a legislation which we could not at all points defend: the exigency is one in which, as in time of rebellion, the preservation of the larger liberty of society requires the seeming or temporary restriction of the liberty of the individual and the particular.

* The Growth of the English Constitution, p. 18.

It is not necessary here to enter upon a minute examination of the new ecclesiastical laws.* The policy that dictated them, the principle that underlies them, and the spirit that animates them are more relevant to this discussion than are forms of expression or modes of execution. Now the motive of these laws is not to restrain the liberty of conscience, of faith, or of worship; not to interdict, nor to control the Roman Catholic Church as a religious confession and communion; not to enforce uniformity of belief or of worship, nor to exalt one church above another, nor to interfere in any wise with the interior spiritual discipline of the churches; but their sole purpose is to defend the nation against the political action of a hierarchy that would destroy both its unity and its sovereignty. The hierarchy excommunicated Catholic teachers for refusing to teach in the State-schools the infallibility of the Pope as an article of faith; the Government hereupon withdrew from the clergy the old privilege of supervising the Confessional teaching in the public schools; and when the bishops were contumacious against this just and reasonable measure, the Government insisted that, as beneficiaries of the State, the bishops should give proofs of their loyalty. Finding that seminaries for the training of priests, supported by grants from Government, were controlled by Ultramontanes from Italy, and used for denationalizing the priesthood and making them partisans of Rome against the State, the Government now requires of the clergy, as of all officials in the bureaux of State, a preparatory training in a State gymnasium and university, *i.e.*, a good literary and scientific education; and also, as preliminary to induction into the clerical office, it requires evidence of such education, of good character, and of loyalty to the State. To guard against abuses of power the ecclesiastical reformatories are placed under State inspection. It is forbidden to use Church discipline for political ends, or for the injury of anyone in his person, his property, or his liberty; and for the protection of the inferior clergy, there is a right of appeal to a State tribunal against the oppressions of ecclesiastical power. One may also withdraw from a church without censure or damage by notifying the proper authorities. Such is the general scope of these laws. Many of their provisions are directly for the protection and the enlargement of liberty; and of the code, as a whole, it

* At a future time the writer may discuss in these pages the policy of ecclesiastical legislation in Prussia; but for the present he begs to refer to the recent ecclesiastical laws, and an exposition of the same, contained in the volume put at the head of this article, entitled 'Ultramontanism: England's Sympathy with Germany.'

must be said, though some of its demands and penalties are much too stringent for our times, yet its plea of political necessity is sound and sincere.

Roman Catholics are barred from complaining of this legislation ; first, because laws concerning the clergy similar to those of Prussia, have long existed in Oldenburg and in other German States by compact with the Pope, and what the Papacy has assented to in one part of Germany cannot be 'against God and the Church' in another ; and, secondly, as Archbishop Manning knows well enough, should temporal power be restored to the Pope, no teacher or preacher would be allowed within the Papal States except under far more stringent conditions from the Holy See, and any departure from those conditions would be visited with penalties far more severe than those of Prussian law. But the precedents and *animus* of Roman Catholic legislation, though it should shame Romanists into silence touching 'the persecution' in Prussia, could furnish no apology for religious persecution, if such there were. Religious persecution there is none, though political proscription and penalty are inflicted in ways that violate the English and American sense of religious liberty. As patron and paymaster of the Church the Prussian Government has the legal right to make regulations for the education and the induction of the clergy, precisely as the Parliament of Great Britain has re-asserted its right to legislate for the Church of England, to regulate public worship within the Church, and to create a judge of ecclesiastical causes. Indeed it may be fairly said, that the Public Worship Bill comes much nearer than the Prussian ecclesiastical laws to trenching upon private judgment and liberty of conscience. The Prussian laws do not touch the Roman Church in its worship or its internal economy ; they deal with the Church only at points where it comes into external relations with the State ; they provide that the clergy whom the State supports shall be Germans by birth, shall be intelligently and liberally educated, and shall be loyal to the Government. Upon the Prussian system of Church and State—a system by which the Roman hierarchy have largely profited, and *which they still desire to retain*—these laws are strictly defensible. It is to be regretted that the penalties of criminal offences must needs be applied for the enforcement of such wholesome regulations. We do not fancy the imprisonment of bishops for the technical offence of adhering to old concessions and usages against laws made since their own induction into office. Yet we would not waste much sympathy upon men who cling to the revenues of their office,

but refuse to comply with the reasonable conditions upon which those revenues are granted; men who assail the laws and government of their country, at the dictum of a foreign potentate, and fight the hand that feeds them.

For the principle at stake we wish Prince Bismarck well through with the controversy which the Ultramontanes have forced upon him, which the times demand of him, and in which he is the representative of social order and civil liberty. We have sometimes suspected that he had not taken into account the pertinacity of religious stubbornness, especially when the will has assumed the office of conscience. The violent declaration of the Catholic Union at Mayence against the German empire, and the attempt upon his life, engendered in this atmosphere of religious hate,* show how earnest is the power with which he is contending. The cause of nationality is in his hands, and he cannot falter. To compromise would be to fail. The nation cannot ask consent of the Pope to be. When Austria, Catholic in court and in people, attempted a wholesome reform of her school-laws, the Pope anathematized the movement, and required his bishops to resist it as a crime against the Church. In his reply of May 9th, 1873, Count Andrassy expressed his regret that 'the Encyclical should have pronounced a condemnation of things that belong to the sovereign domain of State legislation;' and he added, 'if the clergy do not obey the laws which have been enacted and sanctioned, the Government will consider itself bound to protect the rights of the State, and is convinced it will be able to compel respect for the law.' Could the Austrian minister have done less? But the note of Count Andrassy contains the very principles of Bismarck's legislation, and the Ultramontanes may yet drive Austria into the Prussian measures of defence. For a nation to allow such interference with its internal legislation would be to vacate sovereignty. The old historical struggle for supremacy has reached its last stage, a struggle between Paparchy and Nationality, the Syllabus and Society. Inevitable, fundamental, the conflict must now be uncompromising and final. Happily, Prince Bismarck has found a way to the end, by vacating the sees of recusant

- 'And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be called,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.'—

Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's Legate to King John.—Act III., Scene I.

bishops, and turning over the administration of affairs to the congregations acting under advisement from the State. The process may be slow, but it will be sure; the result, a Catholic Church in Germany that is not of Rome; a German Catholic Church, privileged, though not established, by the State, and so far popularized as to effect within the Church itself the triumph of Nationality over Paparchy. To that triumph all Christian nations should give their sympathy—

‘ And from the mouth of *England*
 Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,
 So under him, that great supremacy
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
 So tell the Pope: all reverence set apart,
 To him and his usurp'd authority.’ *

NOTE.—The publication of official letters, written by Von Arnim from Rome during the Council, was the first open step in that diplomatic quarrel which has given to the Count such an unenviable notoriety. Von Arnim is one of the most gifted, accomplished, versatile, and brilliant men that the Prussian diplomatic school has produced; and three years ago his advance by gradual preferment to the highest post in the Empire seemed assured. But he sacrificed his opportunity through pride of opinion and an imperious will that would brook no contradiction nor restraint. Admitting that he had a clearer insight than Bismarck into affairs at Rome, and that the policy he then urged has been justified by subsequent events, this surely would be no disparagement to Bismarck's sagacity. Von Arnim was sent to Rome on purpose to ferret out the intentions of the Ultramontanes, and to suggest measures for thwarting them. But when he had advised Bismarck of the tendencies at Rome and had proffered his suggestions, his responsibility for the policy of his Government was at an end, and his duty was to carry out the instructions sent from the Foreign Office. Though Von Arnim's counsel was not followed in all particulars, his ability was recognized, and he was rewarded by being sent to Paris upon the delicate and respon-

* King John, Act III., Scene I.

sible mission of representing the new German empire directly after the war. Here again he seems to have had a policy that he thought wiser than the policy at Berlin, to have attempted to dictate to the Chancellor, then to have appealed to the king against the policy of the Chancellor, and finally to have acted upon his own responsibility, regardless of the views of the Foreign Office. For this he was rebuked—no doubt in terms somewhat irritating to one of his haughty spirit—and was finally recalled.

He now sought to make political capital for himself out of his differences with the Chancellor. It was discovered that important papers were missing from the archives of the Embassy at Paris, and the publication of Von Arnim's letters from Rome gave rise to the suspicion that a similar misuse would be made of the Paris correspondence. Of some of these missing papers Von Arnim declared himself ignorant; a few he restored, but others he retained, on the plea that these were private papers, necessary to his own vindication, and he refused to admit any claim of the Foreign Office, either upon the papers or upon himself as their custodian.

With regard to semi-official papers, a margin of discretion must be conceded to an ambassador. The practice of the English Foreign Office is to number these in the regular order of correspondence, but to endorse them 'separate,' so that they do not enter into the archives of the Embassy. But in the case of Von Arnim, the papers being duly registered, it could not be left to him alone to decide upon their character. The Foreign Office was clearly a party in the case. Had he frankly submitted the papers to a court, agreeing to abide by its decision, there would have been an end of the matter; but, after fruitless negotiations, the Foreign Office had no resource but to bring the affair to the notice of the Judiciary. From that point all the steps were by order of the Court, and in conformity to the laws. The domiciliary visits, the imprisonment of Von Arnim without bail, and without an open hearing, were contrary to English procedure; but, stern and absolute as the Prussian code and its executors may appear, the Prussian courts may be trusted to administer the law impartially, without personal or political bias.

Whatever may be the final judgment upon Von Arnim's action, thus much has been gained for the future of diplomacy in Germany. Persons connected with the diplomatic service are admonished to be upon their guard against official indiscretions, and are reminded of their amenability to their superiors and to the laws. The disgraceful practice of pub-

lishing diplomatic papers for personal ends—a practice that might easily disturb the peace of nations—has received a salutary check. And, best of all, the power of the law to deal with all offences without respect of persons, is triumphantly vindicated. Bismarck has demonstrated that the law can reach an archbishop or an ambassador, as well as an assassin.

But to return to the Von Arnim correspondence from Rome; it is not so clear that in this the Count was wiser than his chief. He may have been warped by influences around him, and have shared the excitements and passions of the hour; whereas Bismarck could survey the whole field of Germany and of Europe. As yet there was no German empire; and Bismarck was true to Prussian traditions in pledging support to the bishops in their loyalty to their own government. This whole matter is put at rest by the testimony of the eminent Bavarian statesman who now represents Germany at Paris.

Prince Hohenlohe, in a speech at Kulmbach last October, returning thanks for his election to the Reichstag, said,—

‘Great astonishment had frequently been expressed, that a statesman of such acuteness as Prince Bismarck did not see the approach of the conflict with the Church, and did not betimes make preparations for it. He gladly embraced the opportunity of stating that he did not share this view. In April, 1867, he himself (Prince Hohenlohe, then being Prime Minister of Bavaria) issued his circular to the foreign powers, giving a warning which was not listened to; and some months afterwards he had an opportunity of frequently and fully discussing the matter with Count Bismarck. He knew, therefore, with what earnest and ever-increasing anxiety the Chancellor beheld the approach of the conflict, the importance of which he did not underrate. At that time—namely, in September, 1869—he himself had received the refusal of Austria and France to take any action; and in view of this refusal of the two chief Catholic powers, what could have been done by Bismarck, the Chancellor of the mainly Protestant North German Confederation, and himself, the Minister President of comparatively small Bavaria, to prevent that concentration of ecclesiastical power which afterwards found expression in the Council by the definition of the dogma of Papal infallibility?’

This testimony vindicates Bismarck upon every point raised, either by the Ultramontanes or by Von Arnim, whom they have taken into their alliance. It shows that he foresaw the evil that Ultramontanism was preparing for Europe; that he sought to save the Catholic Church in Germany from the clutches of the Jesuits, and to avert a collision between the Church and the State; and not till the hierarchy assailed the empire did he strike the blow so long deferred.

ART. II.—*A History of Greece.* By GEORGE W. COX, M.A.,
 Author of the 'Mythology of the Aryan Nations,' &c.
 Vols. I. and II. 8vo. Longmans and Co. 1874.

It has been truly remarked, that when an eminent scholar undertakes to go through and re-write, and examine in all its bearings and from its furthest sources, a well-worn subject, like Grecian history, there is a strong *prima facie* presumption that he does so only because he believes that he has something new and important to say upon it. It has also been well observed, that history is not so much a record of the facts of the past, as a record of what was said and thought about the past; and therefore, at best, only a record of the knowledge that we can have about the past. The department of criticism comes largely into all modern histories, while it was singularly absent from the annalists of antiquity. They took just what they found or heard from others; and partly through national vanity, partly from a love of the marvellous, partly because their early traditions were inseparable from myth, they related it without further care or misgiving. This is what Herodotus, Hecataeus, and Hellanicus certainly did; Thucydides virtually acknowledges that the history of his time was such as we have described, by his profession of preferring truth to amusement. At the present day, very far distant as we are from the events thus recorded, we bring to bear upon them a knowledge and a healthy scepticism which refuses to be satisfied with mere assertion. Apart from bias, which is of all things the most adverse to criticism, and which unquestionably exercised some not inconsiderable influence on the conclusions drawn by Mr. Grote, in his otherwise most critical of histories, that philosophical training of the mind, which takes nothing for granted merely because it is traditional, and yet denies nothing, if well based or well supported, merely because it is improbable, is the sole condition on which a really good history of remotely ancient times can be composed. Writers of this school—and it is the school to which Mr. Cox not only belongs, but of which we may not unfairly say he is now the leader and representative among English scholars—knowingly subject themselves to a charge of undue scepticism on the one hand and of credulity on the other; but they consciously work as the votaries of no party, but as pursuers of truth. And they will always find, at least in the somewhat narrow circle of impartial thinkers, a grateful acknowledgment of the lasting services which the application

and concentration of such minds on a given subject are certain to produce.

The well-known author of the 'Mythology of the Aryan Nations' is one of the class we have been speaking of. He has no prejudices in his historical interpretations, and therefore he has no desire to give to any political event a colouring that it does not naturally bear. Much less does he show any desire to maintain the truth of old stories merely because they are old, and have hitherto been unquestioned. He is perfectly impartial, because he has no political theory to maintain; and this is one of the strong and well-marked features of his 'History of Greece' throughout the first two volumes, which conclude the Peloponnesian War.

'To the death of Themistokles' (say to B.C. 450) 'the history of Greece is a wholly traditional narrative' (Preface, p. 1). The modern historian, he adds, can do little more than examine the evidence on which it has come down to us. Here a very serious question meets the historian at the outset: we have the writings of Herodotus and Thucydides, but from whom did they derive their information? Dismissing the latter, as one who has partially answered the question himself, Mr. Cox subjects to a very severe test the authority of Herodotus, on whom, in fact, all our early information depends. The doctrine, propounded in even more recent histories, that 'it was not till the epoch known by the name of the first Olympiad, corresponding to the year 776 before Christ, that the Greeks began to employ writing as a means for perpetuating the memory of any historical facts,'* must now submit to a considerable modification and reduction, seeing that it is impossible to prove that any written history whatever existed prior to the great work of Herodotus.

Speaking generally, we may say that Mr. Cox's most marked characteristic as an historian is his entire disbelief in the earlier Greek legends. He thinks that we can extract nothing certain from them: the 'return of the Heraclidæ,' and the legislation and agrarian innovations attributed to Lycurgus, he regards as equally unhistoric. Of the former event he observes (p. 46) that 'it is the last in the series of movements which balanced each other in the popular stories of the Greeks; and the object of all these movements is to regain a stolen treasure, or to recover a lost inheritance.' Our readers hardly require to be informed that this idea is based on the constant dread of the primitive Aryan, lest the sun should be withdrawn through the

* Dr. William Smith's 'History of Greece,' p. 12.

sins of men, and leave the world in perpetual night—a dread which was thought to give a terrible warning and significance to an eclipse. His view of the famous Spartan legislator the author still more strongly affirms (p. 74): ‘Of Lykourgos, of his life, and of his works, we know absolutely nothing. To us he is a mere phantom; and so unsubstantial did his form appear to Timaios and to Cicero, that they made two Lykourgoi, as others made two Argive Pheidons, and simplified matters by assigning to the one all deeds and schemes which would not suit the other.’ He consequently says nothing, in his fifth chapter on the early history of Sparta, of a theory in itself not improbable, but based on the assumption of an historical conquest of Peloponnesus by Northern hill-men—that the Doric conquerors and the conquered Achæan aborigines settled down at length under a kind of compromise, each supplying one of the two kings; and the conquerors and their descendants calling themselves ‘Spartiates,’ while the conquered were allowed to retain their lands, under certain conditions of vassalage, by the name of ‘Periœci.’ The popular legend evidently confused the ‘Heraclidæ,’ who were themselves Achæans,* with the Northern hordes from the neighbourhood of Pindus, who overran the Peloponnese. The Helots must, from the first, have been slaves; and we think it probable that they were originally that portion of the conquered Messenian (Achæan) people who, having made the boldest stand against their conquerors, were subjected to the most degrading form of penal servitude. This view will best account for the constant apprehension which the Spartans entertained of a rising of the Helots, and their cruel measures of repression,† as well as for the service of the Messenians on the side of Athens in the Peloponnesian War.

Even the story of the Messenian Wars Mr. Cox rejects (p. 90) as ‘not history.’ He says it is noteworthy only as exhibiting the way in which the sentiment of later ages throws itself into the form of a chronicle. Nevertheless, in the ‘comparatively modern romances of the Messenian Wars,’ he recognizes a latent fact, supported as it is by the existing fragments of the poet Tyrtæus. It was a rise of the old Achæan population, and a not altogether unsuccessful one, against their conquerors. The extreme probability of such an event should make us cautious of rejecting accounts which, though mixed up with the marvellous, may yet have been substantially true. We know

* Dr. Donaldson on Pindar, *Pyth.* i. p. 61.

† Mr. Cox (p. 78) follows the view which makes a large part of the Helots to be Dorian, as well as the Messenians of Naupactus.

that though subject nations may, and sometimes do, 'settle down' in apparent acquiescence to the real or supposed thralldom they have learnt how to bear, the dormant spirit of resistance may break out at any time. The histories of Ireland and India alone have read us that lesson to our cost.

There is one important point for the right understanding of Grecian history which Mr. Cox has explained with great clearness in his second chapter, on the 'Origin and Growth of Hellenic Civilization.' It is the principle of total isolation which every Greek city and state maintained in respect of every other. He traces this from the patriarchal or family limitations of the primitive Aryan races; and he well compares it in its disastrous results to the Hellenic people in general with the Indian law of 'caste.' The one idea implanted in the Greek mind was, that every member of every other State was an alien from his own. They had no citizenship, no rights of intermarriage, no protection of the laws, and they could hold no property, out of their respective cities. To be outlawed, *ἀτιμος*, was the heaviest civil penalty; to be accused of *ξενία*, or foreign extract, the most frequent and vexatious ground of impeachment; to be born of either parent who was not a registered citizen was to be a bastard. Every other State was not only alien, but in the event of war, and in the absence of a formal alliance, was positively hostile. Hence, he remarks, 'each war was a crusade, 'not a struggle for the attainment of some political end' (p. 20). Religious wars are generally the most remorseless; and religion, i.e., the law of exclusive family gods and local rites, was the real cause of the isolation. 'In both Greek and Roman 'we see the same hard and un pitying character; in both we 'can trace this result to a religion which appealed to no generous 'human feeling and proscribed all human sympathy, which was 'founded on fear, and had its natural fruit in exclusiveness and 'cruelty' (p. 22).

The whole history of the Greek and Latin tribes, he thinks, is 'the history of efforts to do away with distinctions on which 'their progenitors had insisted as indispensable' (p. 14). And it was precisely because the Romans adopted the device of bestowing the *civitas* on the nations they had annexed, that they secured to themselves universal dominion; while the refusal or the failure to adopt it insured the reduction of the Hellenic land to the form of a Roman province (p. 26).

Hence 'the most prominent characteristic of Greek history 'is, that the ancient Hellenic communities never coalesced into 'a nation' (p. 12). This is the gist of what Thucydides says (i. 3), that before the Trojan War Hellas achieved no exploit in

common, and its peoples were not even collectively called Hellenes, but each State had a name of its own. Thus, too, in discussing the theory of punishments, he remarks (iii. 45) that 'in the cities (*ἐν ταῖς πόλεσι*, not *ἐν τῇ Ἑλλάδι*) the penalty of death is laid down for many crimes.' He thus recognizes a distinct legislation of its own for every community. 'Mihi cum vestris legibus nihil est commercii,' says an alien-born to an Athenian in Plautus,* who is representing, as usual, Greek customs. And the principle remained up to a late time. We find Aristotle using the very same expression (*Eth. Nic. ii. 1*), where he speaks of the separate legislation *ἐν ταῖς πόλεσιν*. It was only on occasions of some threatening danger to a whole community, like the Persian invasion, that co-operation became possible; and no sooner was the danger gone, than quarrels and factions between rival States and their real or supposed partisans recommenced. In a word, the idea of a *nation*, under one government and one code of laws, as distinguished from a confederation of independent States, is, as Mr. Cox remarks on page 226, essentially a modern one. There is a remarkable passage in the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes 574, (about B.C. 410), in which a sense of the weakness resulting from the isolation of the States seems fully and plainly acknowledged. Athens and her colonies are compared to parcels of wool lying in separate heaps; and the suggestion is made, that it would be far wiser to unite in one friendly community the strangers and the legalized resident aliens (*ξένοι* and *μέτοικοι*), to restore those who had lost the franchise, and to take a strand or thread from each separate parcel, and spin one large ball therefrom to make a cloak for the people. It is clear that this novel idea was suggested by the deep consciousness that mutual jealousies between rival States were destroying the power of the Greeks. When the Emperor Claudius was advocating the claims of the Western Gauls to be admitted to the holding of offices in Rome, he made use of this remarkable argument (*Tacitus, Ann. xi. 24*): 'Quid aliud exitio Lacedaemoniis et Atheniensibus fuit, quamquam armis pollerent, nisi quod victos pro alienigenis arcebant? At conditor nostri Romulus tantum sapientia valuit ut plebsque populos eodem die hostes, de in cives habuerit.' And in confirmation of Mr. Cox's remark, that isolation engendered actual hatred of strangers, a passage from Demosthenes' speech against Meidias may be cited (p. 530). The Orator is praising the Attic law which punished assaults, and by way of illustrating it, he makes the following hypothesis:—

* 'Rudens,' v. p. 725. See on this subject Mr. Tozer's 'Lectures on the Geography of Greece,' p. 192.

' Suppose some one were to bring this law to the notice of those barbarous peoples from whom the slaves are brought to the Hellenes ; and by way of praising you and telling them all about your city, were to say to them, There are certain men called Hellenes, so civilized and so humane in their dispositions, that though they have been often wronged by you, and though *the hatred they feel towards you is hereditary*, still they do not allow even those whom they have paid money for to obtain possession of as their slaves, to be outraged with impunity.'

It will be observed that 'the barbarians' are here quite generally spoken of. The passage simply means, that all who were not Greeks were naturally hateful to them. With such principles, we cannot wonder that 'good haters' were an abundant crop in all Greek towns ; nor that the Peloponnesian internecine war became a protracted struggle of nearly thirty years. ' With all who lay beyond the bounds of his own precincts, the primitive Aryan had nothing in common. They were by birth foes, for whom, in the event of war, he could feel no pity, and on whom he could have no mercy' (p. 10). And in this one respect the Greeks remained primitive Aryans to the last chapter of their eventful history. Their patriarchal theory is strongly shown by the absolute authority and respect always claimed by the father and head of the house. To honour parents was one of the earliest and most binding of Greek laws ; to be a *πατραλοίας*, that is, to strike a father, entailed the heaviest punishment in the other world.*

It was to neutralize in some degree the practical evils of this determined political exclusiveness, that not only the great games at Delphi, Olympia, Nemea, and the Isthmus, were periodically held, and the Pan-Ionic Congress at Delos was instituted, but the centralizing influence of the worship of the Delphian Apollo was maintained. At his shrine Dorian and Ionian alike could make his offering, and obtain an oracular response. In some sort, too, the Amphictyonic associations were religious unions, with a view to the possibility of meeting on some common ground. The 'wretched centrifugal tendencies of the Greek character' were thus practically modified by the natural feeling for good-fellowship which is promoted by festive meetings. The Achæan League may be regarded as a last expiring effort for national co-operation ; an acknowledgment of the truth of the fable, that you may easily break separate faggots where you cannot break the bundle. There were other institutions, the outgrowth of which may be traced

* *Æsch.*, Suppl. p. 707 ; *Eum.*, p. 270 ; *Ar. Ran.*, p. 148.

to the same principle of isolation. One was, the obligation of hospitality to strangers; another, the religious respect of suppliants and places of asylum; a third, the strong binding power of an oath, and the fear of perjury as the greatest of crimes. It is clear that all these are based on the theory that every stranger was a natural enemy, but that some binding religious checks on a common and indiscriminate vengeance must, in the interest of all alike, be inculcated and upheld.

We have not said more on this subject than its great importance demanded; for not only the correct interpretation, but a general understanding of the Greek poets and orators depends in a considerable degree on a right view of Greek citizenship. We pass on, briefly praising the excellent and lucid chapters (x. and xii.) on the Solonian legislation and the reforms of Kleisthenes, to the very interesting, and in great part original, disquisition on the character and merits of Herodotus as an historian. (Book II. chap. i.) The Persian Wars, Mr. Cox observes, form the border-ground between history and mythical tradition. Herodotus, if not the sole, is by far the principal authority on the subject. He lived at the time when a written literature was in its infancy; indeed, there is the strongest probability that he penned his work—as the first sentence of his history tends to show—with a proud consciousness that the floating and evanescent accounts that were delivered orally by professors of history (λόγιοι) or composers of historical anecdotes (λογοποιοί) would henceforth be superseded by the fixed and ocular evidence, ἀπόδειξις, of his own written account. This, however, was not intended, nor from the very nature of the case, and the extreme delay and difficulty of multiplying copies, could it have been intended, for private reading. The singular fact that the earlier Greeks had no regular verb for ‘to read’ is in itself very significant.* Now, oral histories were histories designed to attract audiences. They must, therefore, have been sensational, exciting, and, in accordance with the spirit of the age, full of the marvellous and the supernatural. A *critical* history belonged to an age and a country which, if not far removed in point of time, was infinitely removed in philosophical spirit, scientific research, and logical induction. To Thucydides, Mr. Cox well remarks, real historical criticism owes at once its birth, and its almost complete development. The inuendoes in his Introduction (i. 22) are directed, certainly not against Herodotus in particular—of whose writings indeed there is no proof that he had

* The word they employed, ἀναγινώσκειν, has only an ethical meaning, ‘to renew acquaintance’ with a subject.

any knowledge*—but against the whole tone and character of what may be called the history-mongers of the period. They went in for the kind of history that would pay—the history that was true was so intimately mixed with it as to form no prominent part of it, much less to have any special care bestowed upon it. When persons talk, as we often hear them, of the ‘simple credulity’ of Herodotus, they are apt to forget that he is, after all, but the representative of the spirit of his age. He was in advance of it rather in the mode (writing) than in the manner or the matter of his history. His materials were, without doubt, simply tradition; and the tradition of wars is sure to be turned to the glorification of the people who preserve them. We may be prepared, therefore, to expect and believe that enormous exaggerations have crept into the tales of the wars as we have them from Herodotus. A large part of his earlier accounts, *e.g.*, of Cyrus and of Crœsus, is made up of legend and myth. Some perhaps will be startled by the calm and judicial statement of Mr. Cox (p. 264), that ‘in strictness of speech there is no tale ‘of his own time which Herodotus gives us;’ for ‘the historian ‘was only six years of age when the last event recorded in his ‘narrative took place.’ Nay, the whole history of the reign of Crœsus—

‘If we put aside the oracular answers which surround him in his glory and in his humiliation—becomes brief indeed. We may speak of the Lydian king who subdued the Asiatic Greeks. We may say that his wealth and his power rendered a conflict with the growing empire of Persia inevitable, and that, whether from his own aggression, or from the ambition of the Persian king, he was involved in a struggle which ended in his ruin. We may perhaps also say that, after the usage of oriental conquest, he lived to be the friend and the counsellor of his conqueror; but anything beyond this becomes mere conjecture or fiction, unless indeed we acknowledge further that the missions which he sent to Delphi may be considered historical, although the same character cannot be claimed for the oracular responses which are said to have been given to him’ (p. 277).

Still more briefly, Mr. Cox insists (p. 314), that ‘the one fact to which the whole story of Kroisos points is that in some way ‘or other, and by some means or other, of which we know ‘nothing, the great Lydian empire was absorbed in the mightier ‘monarchy of Persia.’

Herodotus, though credulous, so far that he shared the simple faith of his contemporaries, and had no compunction in

* ‘Journal of Philology,’ part x.

mixing the divine with the human, was impartial, in Mr. Cox's judgment (p. 260), and so far trustworthy. But the author is fully sensible of the hopelessness of looking for really authentic history in an age when it was, at best, but the telling of stories in a way to arrest the hearer's attention, to flatter his partialities, and to instruct him through amusement rather than through the study and pursuit of truth. In fact, the very science of critical history presupposes materials in some fixed form to have any application at all. To be a critic, Plato would say, you must have something to criticise. Thucydides, in his frequent appeals to hearsay and inferences, *μῆμη* and *τεκμήρια*, shows us that even he was very far from being in the position that a Grote or a Thirlwall occupies in our own times. We are too apt to forget this, and to forget also the vast difference there is between history in its birth and history in its latest development.

Mr. Cox has some interesting observations (pp. 270—278) on the alleged oracles which form so important a part in the narratives of Herodotus. He admits (p. 270) that if the fact of their delivery could be established they would go far to prove the reality of many events of which we cannot now speak with any sort of certitude. Common caution, he says, (p. 271) would call for very clear and forcible evidence, not of the truth of their predictions, but of the fact of their delivery at all.

'Oracles,' he adds, 'may be classified under several heads, and they carry with them very different degrees of credibility. Some are mere puzzles, wrought out by the ingenuity of a mythical age; some are nothing more than the expression of a shrewd and politic ambiguity. Others again serve simply for the carrying out of State intrigues; while another, and this the largest class, seems to give the form under which the events signified in them were represented after their occurrence' (p. 278).

It is evident that nothing was more open to imposture than the pretended supernatural replies to interested political or social inquirers. Nothing, too, is more clearly liable to the charge of *ex post facto* composition. There was every motive on the part of the priests to maintain the oracular credit of the more renowned shrines; and it would be strange indeed if Greek cunning could not successfully pursue this, the sole method of effecting so desirable an end. Readers of Aristophanes know the ready way in which he composes these so-called oracles on the most trivial subjects.* The only responses which Mr. Cox thinks it at all safe to accept, as having been

* *E.g.*, Equit. 197, 1087; Vesp. 160; Pax. 1062, *seqq.*; Aves, 971, 983.

really given, are those which exhibit a clever ambiguity, or in which a guarded calculation of probabilities suggested the reply. On some of those which professed a reverend antiquity modern philology would throw a doubt; for instance, Demosthenes (p. 531) cites a verse as delivered at Delphi,—

αὐδῶ Ἑρεχθείδῃσιν, ὅσοι Πανδίωνος ἄστυ ναίετε.

where the known law of the digamma is violated in ἄστυ. The same remark applies to one of four verses said to have been uttered by the Pythian priestess to the Spartan Lycurgus (Herod. i. 65):—

ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ μᾶλλον θεὸν ἔλπομαι, ὦ Λυκόργε.

In the old language the verb was *φέλπομαι*, and it was not the custom of the writers of heroic verse to make *θεὸς* a monosyllable.

The oracles about the 'wooden walls' of Athens, said to have been given to Themistocles by the Delphian god (1 Herod. vii. 141), and perhaps alluded to by Æschylus (Pers. 351) in the line—

ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ὄντων ἔρκος ἐστὶν ἀσφαλὲς,

was extorted, as Mr. Cox believes, from the priestess by the secret influence of that clever but unscrupulous leader (p. 492).

In the present age of scientific knowledge we shall hardly be thought rash in saying that oracles may fairly be relegated to the category of spirit-rapping, necromancy, witchcraft, ghosts, and 'conjuring the devil.'

The second chapter of Book II. manifests a really marvellous knowledge of Assyrian, Persian, and Egyptian history, so far as the most modern conclusions have been drawn. This part of the work, though perhaps the least interesting to ordinary readers, has been treated by Mr. Cox with especial care and at considerable length. As an introduction to a right understanding of the place which the so-called Græco-Persian Wars occupy in the world's history, as well as supplying a test of the truthfulness of Herodotus' narrative, this course was a necessary part of his plan. Indeed, this long chapter and the next, on the 'Persian Empire under Darius,' indicate a wider range of study than any other Grecian history can show in this extensive and obscure field of research. The new light furnished by the Behistun inscription on the reign of Darius is thrown with a strong and clear reflection on the statements of Herodotus. The celebrated account of Darius' expedition against the Scythians he concludes (p. 379) to be 'incredible from beginning to end.'

His judicial examination of the details of the story (pp. 380–383) is very masterly, and to impartial minds will probably be convincing. It is a shrewd remark that Æschylus (whom the learned editor of Herodotus, Dr. Blakesley, acknowledges to be a higher historical authority than Herodotus, as living much nearer to the time of the event),* in the play of the ‘Persians’ ‘makes neither reference nor allusion to the Scythian expedition, while the language which he puts into the mouth of Darius seems altogether to exclude it;’ while the still more authentic Behistun inscriptions ‘throw no light whatever upon it’ (p. 381, note). ‘We are driven,’ he says, p. 382, to dismiss the story of ‘the Scythian campaign of Dareios as unhistorical in all its details, even if it be admitted that any such expedition ever took place at all.’

So much for the ‘Father of History’ and his authority as a narrator of facts. His epical method, in Mr. Cox’s opinion, deprives his statements of any real historical character; and the statements themselves, in nearly every instance, when thoroughly examined, are shown to be highly improbable. The well-known story of the debate held on the field of Marathon, where Miltiades and four of the Greek generals wished for immediate action, while the same number were in favour of delay, in Mr. Cox’s view ‘carries with it in some measure its own contradiction’ (p. 432). Miltiades, it is said, though he prevailed in his desire to engage with the Persian army at once, nevertheless postponed the action for nearly a week, till his own day of command came in its proper order. Mr. Cox does not think it credible that Athens could have been left for all that time open to the attack of the enemy by the withdrawal of its main army; nor that ‘the huge Persian force would have remained for days idle in front of a handful of Greeks whom they had been charged to enslave, and whom Hippias was eager to punish’ (p. 432, note). He thinks that, if the conference took place at all, it must have been at Athens, and not on the field; and this is the statement of Cornelius Nepos. Of course, the question would then be, whether so small a force as the Athenians should leave their walls to give battle at once, or wait for the arrival of aid from Sparta. The alleged delay, he observes, at Marathon, ‘is more seriously impugned by the incident which was supposed to point to the existence of dark and mysterious plots at Athens in favour of Hippias and the ‘Persians’ (p. 438). The partisans of the banished tyrant Hippias, it is said, were to raise a white shield in a conspicuous

* Vol. ii., pp. 401, 402, where he may be said to have anticipated in some degree Mr. Cox’s estimate of Herodotus.

position, as a signal for the Persians to attack Athens at a time when they, the traitorous party, were ready to aid them from within. Mr. Cox thinks that their intention (which is by no means incredible in itself) must have been to induce the Persians to assault the city before any battle had occurred, and while the Athenians were facing the enemy on the field. 'The mere employment of a signal,' he argues, p. 439, 'is proof conclusive that time was held to be of the utmost consequence.' But, if the delay before the battle of Marathon was really so great, the Persians themselves must have been fully apprised of the absence of the army from Athens, and thus the hoisting of the signal would have been useless. This argument he advances, not to discredit the story itself, but to throw still further doubts on the truth of the alleged delay at Marathon. Of the battle itself, as an historical fact, he writes thus:—

'That the great question of Hellenic freedom or barbaric tyranny was settled on the field of Marathon; that this battle decided the issue of the subsequent invasion of Xerxes; and that the glory of this victory belonged altogether to the men of Athens and Plataiai, are facts which probably none will dispute. The number engaged on either side, the precise position of the Athenians and the barbarians, the exact tactics of the battle, are points of little moment in comparison.' But 'with these wonders and with perplexities of a less extraordinary kind any elaborate description of the battle and its military incidents seems at best a superfluous labour' (Pp. 436, 437).

Not less involved in doubts does Herodotus' account of the invasion of Xerxes appear to Mr. Cox. He justly calls the detailed enumeration of the Persian forces 'a gigantic and incredible total' (p. 470); and he thinks that if we 'knock off' perhaps two-thirds of the total sum as given by Herodotus, 'even this reduction fails to bring the account within credible limits' (p. 471). Even the Roman poet Juvenal* said of the popular account which was current, but evidently not believed, in his day, 'Quicquid Græcia mendax audet in historia.' It is easy for us, of course, to laugh at the stories of Xerxes throwing chains into the sea, of the rivers being drunk up, and perhaps at the camels being attacked by lions in Thrace and Macedonia; but the real question is, What is the value of a history which gives such narratives as facts, and which is so evidently written partly to amaze, partly to amuse, but chiefly to flatter the national vanity of the Greeks? Still, he admits the main facts, though he discredits the details.

‘ To a certain extent the picture of Herodotus is a true one. When an Eastern conqueror has overborne all resistance, and his army has swelled from the numbers of a formidable host to the magnitude of an unmanageable horde, he is apt to forget the conditions under which his own unwieldy power was acquired; and Cyrus, if not Dareios, might have reminded the magnificent Xerxes that the foundations of the Persian empire were not laid by men driven to battle under the scourge. He was making the confusion, which Eastern kings are apt to make, between the force of hardy warriors, urged on by the irresistible impulse of conquest, and the force of multitudes whose only object is to do as little work, and to do it as badly as they can. That Xerxes really made this blunder may be inferred, not from his conversation with Demaratos, which seems to be altogether imaginary, but from the unvarying course of all Asiatic history. Whether it be the empire of Cyrus or of Baber, of Attila or Timour, the same fate awaits them all; and in all the principle of weakness is the servile fear of one man, in place of a reasoning and hearty submission to law ’ (p. 475).

But then, ‘ in this wonderful war, beyond the great issue ‘ between freedom and law, on the one side, and despotism with ‘ the scourge on the other, everything turns out in a way which ‘ could never be anticipated ’ (p. 479).

The celebrated story of the resistance of a handful of Greeks at Thermopylæ against the countless Persian hosts, and their final defeat by the treachery of Ephialtes, and his guiding the Persians by the path called *Anopaia*, over the heights of Oeta, is very ably dissected.* Mr. Cox thinks that, as this pass must have been known, at least to the Phocians who were serving with the Spartans under Leonidas, it was very bad generalship in that leader to have left it so imperfectly guarded. It was held, according to Herodotus, by a band of Phocians, who, on being attacked by Hydarnes, under the guidance of Ephialtes, were soon routed and driven into the heights, where we hear no more of their resistance.

‘ On Anopaia ’ (Mr. Cox says, in a note on p. 509) ‘ the Phokians seek what they suppose to be a stronger position, looking simply to their own interest, and in utter forgetfulness, it would seem, of the purpose for which they were on the mountain at all. Having made this blunder; or, rather, having exhibited this weakness, they fail to make the best of the splendid opportunity which still remained of

* Mr. Tozer, ‘ Geography of Greece,’ p. 223, observes: ‘ It was by the gorge of the Asopus ’ (not the Theban) ‘ that Hydarnes commenced his ascent of the mountains; which, when continued through the forests on the upper slopes facing Doris, resulted in his descending on the rear of the Greeks.’ Anopsea, he says, is the ascent up the steep precipices of Mount Callidromus.

falling on the Persians in their descent. Leonidas now gives up a strong position for a weaker (the wider for the narrower part of the pass of Thermopylæ), in order, seemingly, to make a greater display of personal valour. In either case, the generalship, if the story be true, is little better than that of savages.'

Mr. Cox might have remarked that the name of Ephialtes, which means one who makes a sudden spring or attack,* is rather in favour of the mythical character of the whole adventure. But the above are by no means the whole of the difficulties he feels in accepting the story as history. The absence of the Athenians altogether from Thermopylæ, when there was ample time to have sent a strong force to support the Spartans, is a 'difficulty that meets us at the outset of the narrative; and it is perhaps one of the most perplexing in a story which for nearly half a century had to float down the uncertain stream of oral tradition' (p. 501). One cannot help, indeed, suspecting that the real point of the narrative, from whatever source Herodotus derived it, was the glorification of Spartan valour rather than a concern for historical truth. Even assuming, from some unknown cause, the absence of the Athenians, Mr. Cox reckons that Leonidas' army, with all its reinforcements, still amounted to 8,300 men (p. 513); and he cannot understand or excuse the infatuated negligence of their not occupying all the mountain passes. Still further, when Leonidas found the Persians were in his front, he might even yet have retreated—and as a good general he should have done so—for he had time enough to dismiss, it is said, a large part of his reinforcements. He should himself not have thrown away his own and about a thousand other lives in a perfectly hopeless resistance, but have resumed the offensive or defensive in some other position. As it was, he preferred a chivalrous self-sacrifice to a really patriotic course. Mr. Cox has no sympathy with Mr. Grote's defence of Leonidas' conduct on the score of 'his own personal honour.' He insists that 'the imputation of bad generalship is the price which Leonidas must pay for the glory of his self-devotion' (p. 515).

For the famed battle of Salamis Mr. Cox affirms (p. 543) that 'there is scarcely a single alleged incident of the fight of which we have not accounts more or less inconsistent with, if not exclusive of, each other.' Neither in this, nor in the equally famous retreat of Xerxes, though the narratives are contained both in Herodotus and (with some important differ-

* Hence it is the name of one of the giants who were said to have made war on Zeus, from ἐπι and ἰάλλειν (φιάλλειν).

ences) in the older play of the 'Persians,' are the grounds for doubt any less than those which meet us in the earlier events of the war. The account given in the play attributed to Æschylus, that the Persian army made its way over the Strymon, which became hard frozen in a single night, is not mentioned at all by Herodotus. Mr. Cox deals with it briefly and decisively (p. 552): 'Ice, capable of bearing tens of thousands for even two or three hours, must be at least twelve or eighteen inches in uniform thickness; and the formation of such ice in a single night in the latitude and climate of the mouth of the Strymon is an impossibility.' He does not mention what, to the critic of Greek poetry, is almost equally plain, that the whole passage itself in the 'Persians' describing the escape of Xerxes is spurious, and the composition of a much later age. In the age of the best period of tragedy, such iambic verses as—

Θρήκην περάσαντες μόγις πολλῷ πόνῳ,

or—

στρατὸς περὰ κρυσταλλοπήγα διὰ πόρον,

were not composed. The whole passage has long ago been condemned on the internal evidence of bad versification,* as well as from the palpable absurdity of the same messenger who arrives in haste at Susa to announce the defeat, also describing the disastrous return home, and the long sufferings of the defeated army. For, irrespective of the question of time, how could a messenger despatched direct from Greece possibly know anything about the progress of the army through Macedonia and Thrace? No authentic account exists of what became of Xerxes and his host, or how they left Greece. The total isolation and non-intercourse of the Greek States, already alluded to, was unfavourable alike to the collection and the comparison of any common evidence on the subject.

The earliest—indeed, very nearly a contemporary—account of the simple facts that the Medes were defeated at Salamis and Plataea occurs in Pindar's First Pythian Ode, which was written B.C. 476, only four years after the sea-fight, the date of the 'Persians' of Æschylus being some four years later. Pindar, moreover, being a Theban, lived within a very few miles of Plataea, and must have had a perfect knowledge of the general facts at least. He says, with a brevity which is remarkable,—'I

* See Paley's Æschylus, on Pers., 499. The plays of the great masters of tragedy we know to have been repeatedly reproduced in much later ages, and thus there was an ample field for interpolation by actors and playwrights.

‘shall win from Salamis’ (*i.e.*, from celebrating it) ‘the thanks of the Athenians, and at Sparta I will speak of the fight before Cithæron, in both of which conflicts the Medes, with their crooked bows, were well beaten (*κάμουν*).’ At the end of the same ode there is an interesting allusion to Cræsus, in terms which incidentally show the precise sources from which Herodotus drew his narratives. ‘The posthumous verdict of public opinion alone indicates the life of departed men, both to historians and to poets. Cræsus’s character for kindness is not forgotten, but the cruel tyrant who burnt men alive in the brazen bull, Phalaris, relentless in mind, a hateful report everywhere holds.’ The ‘historians and poets,’ or bards, *λόγιοι καὶ ἀοιδοὶ*, here mentioned, are the men who, before writing was in use, gave public recitations in prose and verse on the lives and deeds of great men. Herodotus mentions the Persian authorities in history, *Περσέων οἱ λόγιοι* (i. 2), and from such tales, exaggerated in their very nature, because designed and composed expressly to amuse rather than to instruct, Herodotus, it is all but certain, derived his information. The general sum of Mr. Cox’s severe critical scrutiny of all these narratives culminates in a question which to some will appear rather startling. What, after all, is the credit we can reasonably attach to Herodotus in describing such events at least as were not contemporary with himself? And yet, on the other side, he sometimes professes to have drawn his facts from actual witnesses, *e.g.*, his story of the banquet given to fifty Theban and fifty Persian chiefs (ix. 90), he avows that he has given from Thersandros himself, an Orchomenian, who was present. Granting all this, and even the good faith of Herodotus in telling it, Mr. Cox still thinks (p. 572) the informant, Thersandros, had ‘false impressions’ about the matter he related. Of course, such a view goes far to upset all personal evidence whatever. Still it is no paradox to say that there are cases in which the weight of internal evidence, *i.e.*, of probabilities, will outweigh even the most direct testimony. ‘We cannot,’ he says, ‘trust even for a few months or days the memory of a man living under the influence of a system so hostile to the growth of the historical faculty.’ The sentiment attributed to the Persian at the banquet, ‘yet a little while, and of all these but a very few shall remain alive,’ he regards not only as essentially Greek, but as in effect a repetition of the sentiment attributed to Xerxes when he proudly surveyed his fleet at Abydos on the Hellespont, that ‘at the end of a hundred years not one of all that great host would be alive.’ The incident may be trifling in itself, but it becomes impor-

tant from the declaration of Herodotus that he had it from so direct a source as served to convince him of its truth.

We cannot follow Mr. Cox through the complicated details of the celebrated battle of Plataea. We will only mention one point, which is the story in Herod. ix. 46, that Pausanias asked Aristides to change places with him in the disposition of the troops, because 'no Spartan has yet been engaged with the Medes.' To which Mr. Cox well observes, 'The heroism of Leonidas and his men had thrice made Xerxes leap from his throne in dismay; and yet this later story could assert with unblushing effrontery that no Spartan had ever yet fought with a Persian' (p. 580).

The appendices to vol. i., especially that on the supposed navigation of the Phœnicians to Britain for the tin trade (E) are important essays in themselves. Mr. Cox shows with great learning, and after patient examination of all the ancient accounts, that both Greeks and Romans had such vague and false ideas of the geography of the north and north-west coasts of Europe, till at least the time of Tacitus, that their accounts, conflicting as they are, and unsupported by any known Phœnician monuments, of Phœnician traders to the British coasts, cannot be relied upon. In fact, the 'Cassiterides,' or tin islands, are perhaps as mythical as the Eridanus, or amber river, and the gardens of the Hesperides.

Passing over with high commendation the two excellent chapters in vol. ii. on the transition from the simple precedence of Athens (*ἡγεμονία*) to its acquired empire (*ἀρχή*), and on the life and policy of Pericles, to whose great genius and admirable character Mr. Cox does the fullest justice, we come to what may be called the great event of Grecian history, the thirty years of the Peloponnesian War. One of the most striking incidents of the earlier part of the war is the celebrated escape of the Plataean and Athenian garrison from the city when closely besieged by the Spartan and Theban forces. The account given in the third book of Thucydides of their daring escape by scaling the walls in a dark and stormy night, is perhaps the most exciting and romantic episode in Greek history. It is related by Mr. Cox in pp. 171—173, and further enlarged upon in Appendix K (pp. 603—606). The account of Thucydides curiously illustrates the difficulties that beset the statements even of those who lived at the time, and may be reasonably supposed to have had an intimate personal knowledge of the scenes they are describing. But it would really seem as if Thucydides was writing a sensational adventure rather than a true story. Mr. Cox has shown that surrounding the city

with a *double* wall of lofty masonry crowned with towers* at close intervals, and protected by a double moat, was virtually an impossibility. It is more likely that what the historian distinctly calls the enemies' circumvallation was in fact the old city wall. 'The double moat,' it is to be feared, was wholly an invention, for not a trace of it is now to be found, nor, indeed, of a *double* wall at all, though very considerable remains of the Platæan walls of various dates, some parts very ancient, still exist. A rather full account of them is given in Dodwell's 'Classical Tour through Greece,' vol. i. pp. 277—280. The ruins, he says, stand on a low, oblong rock, the narrow extremities of which face north and south, the longer sides east and west. How, it may be asked, was it possible to make double trenches, and fill them with water in such a situation? Or where is the clay of which Thucydides expressly says the walls were built? The circuit he gives at 3,300 yards, or a little under two miles.† In some parts the walls are in high preservation, but he believes they are of the age of Alexander. Of the *original* walls he finds few and imperfect remains; but they are of stone, not of brick (the material spoken of by Thucydides), and have been nearly rebuilt from the foundations. They are eight feet thick, and fortified by square towers,‡ with some few round ones. But no trace of the double wall, he adds, built by Archidamus, is to be seen. He considers that it was merely a temporary work, and not intended for permanent preservation.

Colonel Leake, in describing the existing walls of Platæa,§ states that the north-west wall remains, in part later than the battle of Platæa, i.e., B.C. 479. The town stands on a slope of Mount Cithæron, so that there is an upper and a lower town. The former may yet be distinguished as a kind of acropolis, if an interior inclosure can so be called. He says this inclosure has 'towers so formed as to present flanks to the inner as well 'as to the outer face of the intermediate walls;' whereas 'the town walls have towers like those of the Turks, open to the interior.' He adds, 'that there are remains of a third and 'more ancient inclosure still higher up.' In giving the circuit of the present walls at two and a half miles, he suggests (p. 360)

* These towers were as large as an ordinary church tower, and occurred at intervals of about 120 feet all round a wall of nearly three miles in circuit!

† The investing walls of the enemy, had they existed at all, must of course have taken a much wider external circle.

‡ This fact is very significant, and goes far to prove that it really was the city wall which Thucydides mistook for the investing lines of the enemy.

§ 'Travels in Northern Greece,' vol. ii., chap. 16.

that the town anciently may have been confined to the southern part of the ruins.

Bishop Wordsworth, in his 'Greece,' p. 246, goes so far as to say that 'while scarcely a fragment remains of the city ' which wielded the sway of the whole province of Bœotia, the ' walls of Plataea remain in nearly the same state as they were ' two thousand years ago.'

None of these travellers say a word about any vestiges of a trench or moat. It is well known, however, that scarcely anything is so indelible by time as a moat or a fosse.* Even when filled up there is nearly always a subsequent subsidence and depression that serves to mark the outline. This remark is verified by perhaps every Roman or British camp, and every ruined castle in this country. Now here we have a very deep and wide double moat described, of some three miles circuit, of which no trace whatever remains. Can it ever have existed? Then, if it did exist, how was it filled with water so deep that the escaping party forded it with difficulty (*μόγῃς ὑπερέχοντες*, iii. 23), up to their necks in water? These considerations appear to justify Mr. Cox in the conclusion (p. 606) that 'whatever may have been the way in which the Plataians made ' their escape, the besiegers never built the concentric walls ' described by Thucydides in iii. 21.' Truthful in the main as the great historian shows himself to be, there are other passages in which his fairness is impeached, if not his veracity. Thucydides speaks of Themistocles and Pericles with impartiality; of Brasidas, if not of Nicias, with the same kind of admiration which Tacitus shows for Germanicus; of Cleon, with a manifest desire to bring prominently forward 'his blunders and shortcomings, his bluster, his arrogance, his incompetence as a ' military leader' (p. 273). In the 'Melian controversy,' which preceded the too celebrated and most infamous massacre of those islanders by the Athenians, Mr. Cox does not hesitate to express his conviction (p. 315) that 'the historian has for ' once dropped his function of recording facts rigidly as they ' occurred, and that he has left us in this so-called Melian conference (Thucyd. v. 90, *seqq.*) an ethical picture like that which ' Herodotus has drawn of the Persian despot in his overweening ' arrogance and pride.' This judgment is greatly strengthened and confirmed by the constant effort shown by Thucydides to be thought a proficient in that kind of popular technical

* Any one who has examined the still perfect moat and steep high banks at Castle Rising, Norfolk, dating about A.D. 1100, will feel the truth of the remark; though very many other examples may easily be quoted even in this country.

eloquence or word-building, which is so condemned by Plato, but was so admired by the Athenians. All the speeches of Thucydides show his extravagant fondness for *ρήτορική*. They may be based (as he himself says they were) on the general outline of what was really said;* but their composition—and we must include that of the Melian controversy—is essentially that of the sophist and the rhetorician. This direct impeachment of Thucydides is, we think, a new feature in the treatment which Grecian history has received. We will only here stop to remark, that the concluding chapters of the seventh book of Thucydides—if really written by him—contain certain marvellous statements of the destruction of the Athenian army in Sicily, which must at least be received with great caution. Is it conceivable that an army of 40,000 fighting men could do so little to defend themselves, that in one week only 7,000 of them remained to be marched as prisoners into Syracuse? Mr. Cox contents himself here with remarking (p. 419) on the folly of the captors, who preferred mere revenge to the large sums offered as ransom for the Athenian army. But he holds that ‘in the enthusiasm created by their victory the Syracusans had resolved that the whole Athenian armament should be destroyed ‘like vermin in a snare’ (p. 406).

It is evident that Mr. Cox has taken very great pains with the narrative of the Sicilian expedition, and it is certain that he has composed a most interesting account of it (Book III., chap. vii.). Commencing with the elaborate account of Sicily after the fall of the so-called tyrants, and with a description of Syracuse and Agrigentum, and the general condition of the Hellenic cities in the island, he relates somewhat briefly the first expedition against Sicily under Laches and Choroëades, B.C. 427.† The parts taken in the later expedition, B.C. 415, by Alcibiades and Nicias, are very well explained. Mr. Cox shares in Mr. Grote’s estimate of both Cleon and Nicias; the latter certainly, though no coward, and an honest man as honesty went at Athens, was feeble as a general and wanting alike in talent, promptitude, and that successful daring of which both Demosthenes and Brasidas were the representatives. Of Alcibiades Mr. Cox entertains the very worst opinion.

‘Without a conscience, without a heart, caring for nothing but

* *ἐχομένῳ ὅτι ἐγγυτάτω τῆς συμπάσης γνώμης τῶν ἀληθῶς λεχθέντων*, i. 22.

† It may here be remarked, that this event, which is rather lightly touched upon by Thucydides, iii. 86, *seqq.*, may be supplemented in some important particulars from the ‘Wasps’ of Aristophanes, where, under the name of *Labe*, the general is charged by Cleon with concealment and embezzlement of spoils taken in the expedition.

his own grandeur, as ready to make oligarchs his tools as to cheat and dupe a demos, taking no thought for the disasters or miseries which his schemes might involve, defying the magistrates, insulting the law, Alcibiades presents an image of violent selfishness and ingrained treachery, standing very near the pinnacle of human wickedness' (p. 287).

It has not, we think, been generally remarked, that the character of this man for reckless expenditure and what we call 'debts of honour' (*ὕπ' ἐράων καὶ χρεῶν*),* had been notorious, and that he had been advised by his friends to retire from Athens for a time (*ἐξίσταςθαι*), as much as ten years before. Thucydides expressly says that he hoped to repair his broken fortunes, by holding the office of general in this ill-fated expedition (vi. 18).

The generalship of Nicias is throughout impeached as hesitating and weak. He was unable to draw a line between the functions of the general and those of the politician:—

'There can be no doubt,' says Mr. Cox, p. 368, 'that had Demosthenes and Lamachos been sent out at the first, Syracuse would have fallen in the first summer, nay, the conquest of all Sicily would in all likelihood have been achieved while Nicias was frittering away time in seeking to patch up alliances with Sikel tribes, who fell away as soon as their chief was dead.'

Without making any allowance for the serious bodily ailments of the unfortunate general, who was afflicted with gravel, Mr. Cox adds, 'We almost blush for the determined sluggishness which insists on remaining idle in the luxurious temperature of a Sicilian winter, when Brasidas could work hard through the frosts and icy winds of the Thraceward Chalkidike.' In this view of the character of Nicias, Mr. Grote, as is well-known, agrees, against the estimate of Thucydides, who everywhere speaks of him as a far-seeing, cautious and prudent, if not a fortunate, general. Aristophanes more than once satirizes his religious scruples,† and calls him *μελλονικός*, i.e., *cunctator*. Mr. Cox thinks that prompt action on his part in completely investing Syracuse before the arrival of Gylippos, must certainly have been followed by success.

'But instead of urging on this work with the utmost speed, he wasted time in building the southward wall double from the first, while much of the ground which should have been guarded by the eastern wall was left open. The Syracusans were therefore able still to bring in supplies by the road which passed under the rock of

* Aristoph., *Acharn.*, 615, B.C. 425.

† *Equit.* 31, Av. 639.

Euryelos; but even thus their prospects were sufficiently gloomy' (p. 379).

Still more strong is his condemnation of Nicias, in p. 385—

'It would have been well for him, and happy for themselves, had the Athenians long since put him aside as a thoroughly worthless general, and had they insisted long ago on some small performance in place of vague and delusive promises. To their misfortune they believed him when he extended the scale of the armament intended for the expedition to Sicily; to their utter ruin they believed him now, and took his letter' (that sent soon after the arrival of Gylippos) 'as a picture not of things as Nicias saw them, but of things as they were in themselves.'

Again—

'The reply of Nicias' (to the proposal of Demosthenes to withdraw the troops from Syracuse and to give up the expedition as an acknowledged failure) 'betrays an imbecility, an infatuation, or a depravity which has seldom been equalled, perhaps never surpassed; and we have to remember that it is given to us by an historian who reviews his career with singular indulgence, and who cherished his memory with affectionate but melancholy veneration' (p. 399).

It must be said, that in refusing to move, Nicias was hoping against hope. He may have been deficient in judgment, but his pluck and bravery in holding his ground amidst such terrible disasters, and while afflicted, like the late French Emperor at Sedan, with a painful bodily disease, may at least claim our respect. But Mr. Cox affirms that Nicias—

'was afraid to go home, and he was a coward where Demosthenes, in spite of his failure, was honest, straightforward, and brave. Nay, more, he was ungenerous as well as cowardly. He had no right whatever to slander his soldiers who had patiently submitted to his mischievous inaction, and had done their duty admirably under Lamachos: least of all was he justified in ascribing an exacting severity to a people, whose crying sin it had been to place unbounded confidence in his mere respectability' (p. 400).

In saying this, Mr. Cox quotes the opinion of Mr. Grote, to which we ourselves incline, that Nicias was 'a perfectly brave man.' He was brave, perhaps, rather as a soldier than a man.

The concluding narrative of the expedition (pp. 409—424) is most brilliantly written. Mr. Cox throws no doubt whatever on the facts, but fully accepts the statement of Thucydides, that the vast armament and fleet which had left the Peiræus the year before came to utter destruction. In our view, it is a suspicious circumstance that he says nothing of any prisoners

having in the end escaped; for the concluding words of Book VII. are somewhat ambiguous: πανωλεθρία δὴ, τὸ λεγόμενον, καὶ πεζὸς καὶ νῆες καὶ οὐδὲν ὅτι οὐκ ἀπώλετο, καὶ ὀλίγοι ἀπὸ πολλῶν ἐπ' οἴκου ἀπενόστησαν. In strict grammatical rendering, these last words mean 'few out of many left the camp to return home-wards.' If he had intended to say that few ultimately returned home, he ought to have said εἰς οἶκον ἐσώθησαν. It is to be observed (in connection with an opinion entertained by some of the ancients,* that the eighth book of Thucydides' history was not really the work of the author,) that the concluding chapters of Book VII. (from chap. lxxi. to the end) contain many remarkable forms and expressions, suggesting to a critic of the Greek language that it may have been left unfinished—possibly from want of information as to what really did become of the survivors of the Athenian army at the last—and was supplemented by a later hand, and in the 'sensational' rather than in the calm style of strict truth.† If Mr. Cox's words are not too strong, 'so ended an expedition which changed the current of Athenian history and therefore, in more or less degree, of the history of the world' (p. 422), it would be hard to overrate the importance of these chapters being found, on close verbal inquiry, to be of doubtful authenticity.

On the whole,—especially considering that the war with Sparta was vigorously continued even after the Sicilian disaster,—one cannot help suspecting that many more found their way back than history records. It seems quite incredible that so vast a force should have been so helpless in their retreat, in the midst too, not of a Scythian wilderness, but of a fertile country, teeming with flocks and provisions of every kind. Above all, why is there not the remotest allusion to this wholesale destruction either in the tragic poets, Sophocles and Euripides, or in Aristophanes, though they continued to write, and are full of political allusions, for many years afterwards? And if both fleets and armies were wholly destroyed, how can we account for so large a fleet as 150 triremes at Arginusæ only eight years afterwards? If all this is strictly fact, Mr. Cox may well say (p. 548) that, 'so far as the general conduct of the war was concerned, Athens

* Marcellinus, Vit. Thuc., λέγουσι δὲ τινες τὴν ὀγδόην ἱστορίαν νοθεύεσθαι καὶ μὴ εἶναι Θουκυδίδου, ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν φασιν εἶναι τῆς θυγατρὸς αὐτοῦ, οἱ δὲ Ξενοφῶντος. Others attributed the completion of the work to Theopompus, a contemporary of Xenophon.

† Such words as καταδρασάμενοι (71), πρῶτον μὲν, answered by ἔπειτα δ' ὕστερον (72), παραδεδώκοιεν (73), ἐμπαλασσάμενοι (74), διακλαπέν (75), τοὺς πρώτους χρόνους, οἱ ἥλιοι, δίψει (77), seem more characteristic of the later Attic. The style, too, of these chapters seems artificial and imitative.

‘ since her overwhelming losses at Syracuse had maintained the
 ‘ struggle with a spirit and success as astonishing as any of
 ‘ which history gives a record.’

It is remarkable that though Thucydides, in describing this memorable siege of Syracuse, must have either personally visited the ground, or have received the most accurate plans and description of it from some of those present, yet the operations he describes are so complex that different interpretations have been put upon them. Mr. Cox gives three plans of the Athenian works (pp. 375, 377, 383), which agree in the main details with that of Dr. Arnold (Thuc. vol. iii. p. 268), and Mr. Long’s in Plate XII. of his Classical Atlas. A favourite Greek manœuvre was cross-walling (*ἀποτειχισμός*), or intercepting by a diagonal or rectangular work the wall of the enemy. It was thus that the causeway between Megara and its harbour Nisæa was cut (Thuc. iii. 51). We think Mr. Cox is right in placing the two intercepting walls of the Syracusans, the *ἐγκάρσιον τεῖχος* and the third counterwork, one to the right, the other to the left of the central Athenian fort, the *κύκλος*. The Athenian plan was to block off the whole peninsula of the Epipolæ from sea to sea, to prevent attack from the highland above by way of Euryelus. The Syracusans desired to leave one side or the other open, so as to get round to and assail the *κύκλος* in which the Athenian munitions were in part deposited.

‘ In the terrible scenes which followed the victory of the
 ‘ Athenians at Argennoussai we cannot but feel the greatness of
 ‘ the loss which has deprived us of the guidance of Thucydides.’
 Thus Mr. Cox commences his concluding chapter, in which he gives us the last scenes of the Peloponnesian War, the condemnation and execution of six of the generals at Argennoussai, and the capture of the Athenian fleet at Ægos Potami by Lysander. The whole of this chapter is of special interest; and though Xenophon and Diodorus are but poor substitutes for Thucydides, the later period at which they wrote at least brings us to the time when contemporary written history was fully established, and therefore the details of these events may be taken as authentic. The great sea-fight between Athens and Sparta off Chios (Argennusæ Islands) had taken place in stormy weather; and there seems to have been some dispute among the Athenian generals, whether they should pick up the crews of the disabled vessels, or sail at once to join Conon’s smaller fleet at Chios. Some of the Athenian ships, it appears, were water-logged and sinking; and when an order was, too late, given for rescuing the crews, the violence of the storm prevented its being carried out; and the large number of about 1,500 sailors

perished.* For this remissness of duty, as it was considered, (the real culprits apparently being Theramenes and Thrasybulus), the generals were impeached on their return to Athens. The generals pleaded the storm, which made action impossible; their enemies denied the fact of the storm, and attributed it to their want of promptitude. Among these accusers, evidently to screen himself, was Theramenes, who had been expressly commissioned to the duty. He felt that he could save his own life only by sacrificing theirs. Mr. Cox says 'the whole career of Theramenes absolutely reeked of villainy'† (p. 556). Through his agency the six generals were, in defiance of all proper processes of the law, condemned and executed. Mr. Cox holds them to have been entirely innocent, and expresses his horror of the debasement of the Athenian demos who could thus requite brave and honourable men, one of whom was the son of their greatest statesman and general, Pericles.

'One thing only,' Mr. Cox adds, p. 567, 'we have to remember throughout this terrible history. The execution of these ill-used men was not the work of demagogues; and the assertions of Diodorus, that they alone brought about these judicial murders, is a libel. The excitement was stirred up and the flames fanned by men who were oligarchs at heart, who had subverted the constitution once, who were going to subvert it again, and who in the mean season found it convenient to use the demos, as an instrument for attaining their own ends.'

The demoralization of the Athenians, and their growing contempt for law and justice, was the real cause, as Mr. Cox well shows, of their final overthrow. Bad and cruel, selfish and avaricious as the Spartans were, their courage and their dogged

* Mr. Cox expresses a doubt (p. 551) if the recovery of the floating bodies was an express point in the order, as Mr. Grote thinks. He says he can find no statement about floating bodies, and he doubts if they would float at all. Such, however, is the interpretation commonly put, after the scholiast, on a verse of Aristophanes, *Ran.* 192, *εἰ μὴ νεανυμάχηκε τὴν περὶ τῶν κρεῶν*. The 'battle for the carrion' must mean the dead bodies: and *κρεῶν* is substituted for the similar word *νεκρῶν*, after a favourite fashion of the poet.

† Aristophanes, *Ran.* 918, calls him *Θηραμένης ὁ κομψός*, 'the man of clever eloquence;' and he alludes to his escape in this verse, *πέπτωκεν ἔξω τῶν κακῶν οὐ Χίος, ἀλλὰ Κεῖος*. He was one of those men who will swear black is white or white is black with equal indifference, if it suits their purpose (See *Ran.* 540). Yet there were not wanting among the ancients high eulogists of Theramenes; among them Cicero, *Tusc.* i. ch. 40: 'Quam me delectat Theramenes! quam elato animo est! etsi enim flemus cum legimus, tamen non miserabiliter vir clarus emoritur—lusi vir egregius extremo spiritu, quum iam prae cordiis conceptam mortem contineret.'

endurance prevailed in the end. Wholesale massacres and the most brutal cruelties were common to both sides during the protracted struggle.* The adverse judgment of Plato, only a few years later, on the morals of his countrymen, and the morbid despair which he shows of their justice under the demagoguery of rhetoricians and pseudo-politicians, is well known from his 'Gorgias,' 'Republic,' 'Politicus,' and other dialogues. On the much-disputed subject of the Sophists, and the influence of the philosophical schools on the age, Mr. Cox has said next to nothing in the present volumes. This subject stands over for discussion in the next part of his work. Mr. Grote's generally favourable judgment on them is well known. Plato speaks of them with ill-disguised jealousy or dislike, probably because he regarded them as more or less directly concerned with the death of Socrates. For Xenophon's marked disparagement of his country, and his sympathy for Spartan institutions, it is as difficult to account as for Alcibiades' cosmopolitan and traitorous idiosyncrasies. At once an Athenian, a Spartan, and a Persian, he was false to all, and true, if ever true, only to himself.

One of the highest praises of Mr. Cox's history is, that it is not only readable, in respect of clearness of style and uniform elegance of composition, but it is everywhere thoroughly interesting. No other Grecian history possesses this quality in so high a degree. The style of Mr. Grote's history is too scholastic, that of Curtius, by Mr. Ward, too German, to be very easy reading even for proficients in history. Both are diffuse, and both, perhaps, devote too much space to the discussion of pre-historical and merely speculative points—a fault, if it be one, from which Thirlwall's Grecian History is not exempt. We are confident that Mr. Cox's is the best that has yet appeared; for while it is very full in all its details, and so leaves nothing to be desired on the score of completeness, the author has had at his disposal, and possesses both the learning and the judgment to use, the researches and discoveries of scholars up to the latest time.

* Mr. Cox thinks that, of the two sides, the Spartan was the worst. 'No crimes committed by Athenians in their worst moods ever approached in intensity of horror the enormities perpetrated both by the government and the citizens of Sparta' (p. 576, note).

ART. III.—‘*The Adornment of St. Paul’s.*’ *

A Description of Mr. Burges’s Models for the Adornment of St. Paul’s. E. STANFORD.

‘As I was one day walking near St. Paul’s I took some time to survey that structure; and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew.’ (*Guardian*, Sept. 21, 1713.)

The writer in the *Guardian* tells us how he had an alchemist in pay, and ‘in a golden dream’ had been engaged in seeking ‘charitable’ ways and means for the disposal of his vast anticipated wealth. St. Paul’s thus early shared an ordinary fate of eminence to be the means of demonstrating mild insanity. In physiology we know that ‘dilatation’ is a very common evidence of weakness. Men who in most affairs are tolerably sane are known to have strange whimsies tending to the grandiose. They feel, they often say they feel, their minds dilate; and when in this condition they are really dangerous. No excellence can be too great, no eminence sufficiently commanding, and no quality of any kind too high for their unhealthily enlarged capacity. Their strange idea of their own ability or great discernment leads them into escapades and schemes and undertakings, where no sense of right and wrong, of decency or delicate forbearance, follows them. The one diseased compartment of the brain outweighs and painfully obscures its healthier faculties; and, variously as occasion offers, prides itself in persecuting a distinguished heiress, in parading an obscure adventurer, or, with sumptuous adornments, ‘finishing’ the acknowledged master-work of some distinguished ‘undilated’ mind.

As we have seen, St. Paul’s was very soon the subject of this kind of persecution. While it was building men with crotchets hung about it in a threatening way, and often caused the ‘king’s surveyor’ trouble and anxiety. When it was finished they assumed possession; and, to assert their strict proprietary right, enclosed it from the common, mentally constricted, remnant of mankind, by a high palisading of cast iron, greatly to the amazement of the excluded public, and to the indignant architect’s vexation and disgust.

This was the earliest work for supplementing or ‘completing’ Wren’s design. The casting and the cost, above eleven thousand pounds, the mere mechanical and mercenary elements, without a trace of the artistic, were the glories of the work. Like Mr. Burges’s design, it was a nine days’ wonder; ‘the most ‘magnificent iron balustrade perhaps in the universe;’ the

* See Note on p. 93.

manifest effect of 'dilatation.' True, the people could not cordially appreciate it; that was due to its superiority. It shut the Church in, and hid it; that was its object: the building was above the 'undilated' mind, and should be made select, and screened from observation. It seemed hideously ugly; that was the public ignorance: what should such common people know of architectural proprieties? Such is the style of argument for 'ecclesiastical completions.'

The balustrade became accepted as a fact, and, as often happens, revered as a nuisance. All the world imagined that a thing in every respect so bad could only be allowed in deference to some 'higher law,' to interfere with which would be profanity. This is the usual way. Such work is questioned, wondered at, and then submitted to; and possibly, at length, after a century or more of suffering and popular endurance, the 'magnificent' intruder is discredited, and, like the railing round St. Paul's, is gradually cleared away.

A hundred years ago another scheme was launched against St. Paul's. Reynolds, the foremost painter of the period, and a great man in his way, combined with West and Cipriani, Barry, Dance, and Mrs. Kauffmann, all of moderate abilities or less, in offering to paint and furnish, gratis, for the decoration of the Church, a 'series' of large pictures designed to illustrate the Bible history. The Dean and Chapter rose to the bait, as Deans and Chapters do. But the sagacious Bishop, who had probably acute remembrance of 'religious art' in academical designs, and may have had prophetic visions of the Boydell Shakespeare in his mind, opposed the scheme; and so this second project for the adornment and completion of St. Paul's was happily prevented.

Things remained stationary for many years, and then the furnishing with sculptured monuments began. Howard, the philanthropic martyr, was first introduced without his pantaloons. Those were the 'classic' times, and gradually art advanced by retrogressive tailoring, until at last we reach the Adamite and nude, with many statues of the virtues and superior intelligences, and of decorous wild beasts, that make St. Paul's look like a half-enlightened statuary's dream of Paradise. These things were done by 'men of eminence' and deans; and they were quite the fashion of the day,—for works of sculpture solely. We have never heard that deans abandoned their habiliments and aprons. Their deficiencies were not external, but entirely intellectual. They, unhappily, were not

'indued with *architectural* sense and souls.'

For Deans and Chapters then, like others of that time and this,

were practically ignorant of art, and, trusting in 'dilated' connoisseurs, were led 'by tension;' and they followed like a herd, not knowing whither.

This brings us to our own day. Ever since the Church was built, St. Paul's has been the subject of capitular and dilettante ignorance and folly. The modern monuments and statues were designed by persons said to be 'of eminence,' and probably, such is the state and practice of the sculptor's art, were actually carved by workmen hired by the day. The two large languid-looking specimens of 'poultry' in the aisle show what an average dean is worth as a protector of the Church. The hideous gigantic statues of some worthy men, whose names have been 'before the public,' are a posthumous penance that no hero, statesman, artist, or philosopher ought to be subject to. These ghastly monsters make the nave and transepts look like a cold purgatory, the very contrast to a place of thankful prayer and praise, of human sympathy and spiritual life. The monument to Wellington, it may be hoped, will be the last climax of absurdity. No one can see it, and it prevents the Church from being seen. It has been cleverly built up in a recess or architectural box, and is effective merely as a blind to obscure the light of the most useful window in the nave. Whether the edifice refers to Wellington few, possibly, will care to notice; but as a monument of dull opacity, it will at once be felt to be appropriate for all connected with its composition and arrangement. The tall, ungainly structure has a sheltering canopy. Why not, then, place it, like the Scaligeri tombs, outside the Church, that people may admire the toy which cost so large a sum and took so long in making; and that the Church may be at once relieved of lumber and restored to light.

For years the general consensus of artistically educated minds has been entirely adverse to the architectural treatment of St. Paul's. This is admitted. And yet, notwithstanding past experience and failure, the Cathedral clergy now proceed to bring the evil to its culmination. Destitute of proper knowledge, they have turned, just like their predecessors, to the dilettanti, the loquacious gentlemen who, having no ability in work, think their much speaking will insure at least their being heard, and even, possibly, deferred to. Their loud, grotesque presumption promises success. The Dean and Chapter have not yet discerned the difference between abnormal dilatation sprung from mental weakness, and true architectural capacity, and so they yield to folly.

Some people never profit by experience, and among these the clergy are exemplary in architectural affairs. The clergy of

St. Paul's have always trusted largely, and with undeviating failure, in inflated reputations. And yet now, again: the Dean and Chapter, having cash in hand, are jauntily proceeding in the old way, but with the last new-fangled equipage, to just the same result.

Their first detailed programme was, in all its circumstances, so ridiculous that its immediate condemnation was inevitable. Mr. Burges's design became a byword, and the 'completion of St. Paul's' sank to a joke. This the Executive Committee could perceive; and so, with some apology, the public were informed that the 'design' meant nothing. Mr. Burges was at play, showing his paces, taking his preliminary gallop. Wait, and we should see.

The Dean of St. Paul's, in a letter published in the *Times* in May, 1873, informed the Lord Mayor that 'Mr. Burges can do 'nothing in St. Paul's till his designs, after a criticism which is 'not likely to be lenient, shall have been finally approved. It 'will be time enough to protest against him when we and the 'public are able to judge of what he proposes to do.' 'I am 'fully aware,' the Dean adds, 'that we are all of us on our 'trial.' Nothing could be fairer than the Dean's appeal.

On the 4th of May, 1874, Mr. Burges's designs were revealed to those of the public who might think it worth while to go to an exhibition of the Royal Academy; and on the 19th of the same month, Mr. Burges was commissioned to proceed with the decoration of the choir. Thus the Dean's 'time for the public to be able to judge and to protest' was just fifteen days.

The order given by the Executive Committee does not, however, stop the case. The 'exhibits' are in court, and for the benefit alike of the Committee and the public we shall proceed to criticise, with every desire to be 'lenient,' the models that Mr. Burges has prepared, following, with constant reference, the authorized Description.

We are told in this Description that 'the general principle on 'which Mr. Burges has constructed his models is'—not the scrupulous completion of Sir Christopher's design, which is the object for which the public sympathy and help have been invoked, but—'to give greater light and brightness and more 'colour to the Cathedral.' And yet, by a second inconsistency of fact and statement, there is not, in the whole scheme, the least attempt to give this necessary light. It is evident that no alteration of surface within the building can give more light, it can only reflect it. The light must come from without; and, consequently, increased area of window opening, and

clear clean glass, are the two things needful for the church and the 'principle.' These obvious necessities have been entirely neglected in the models. Mr. Burges removes the obscure old glass, which might have been done long since, greatly to the help of popular and capitular judgment on the requirements of the building; but he substitutes *disfigured* coloured glass for that which now is only dirty, and thus the first article of the 'general principle' is elaborately ignored.

One reason given for the 'general principle,' which has thus been neglected, is that 'the tone of the materials of which the cathedral is built, is not only sombre but dull in the extreme. The texture of the stone renders it especially liable to the collection of dirt. The surface, from its very nature, absorbs instead of reflecting light' We began with a dereliction of principle, and now we have a total misstatement of fact. The stone is *subject*, not 'liable.' The two words have a different meaning; and it is the Dean and Chapter, not the stone, that are 'liable *for* the collection of dirt.' We cannot blame the writer. He has doubtless carefully set down what he was told, and will be thankful for correction.

St. Paul's is built of Portland stone, which is in colour almost a pure white, and next in tone to statuary marble. The unsmoked parts of Somerset House, compared with the Bath stone buildings on the west side of the bridge, the more exposed surfaces of the exterior of St. Paul's, and the exteriors of the Bank, the Horse Guards, and the chapel at Whitehall, show the warm white of Portland stone. The description, therefore, when it declares the tone of the material is sombre in the extreme, says in effect that white is black.

The texture also of the stone is fine and uniform. On the exterior of St. Paul's the London smoke has, by its acid, partly destroyed the surface, and has obtained a too conspicuous lodgement for its blackening carbon; but the persistence of this smoky desecration is entirely due to the neglect of Deans and Chapters, who have been engrossed with fancy finery, instead of doing first the duty that they owe both to the Church and nation.

We are then told that 'the surface of the stone absorbs instead of reflecting light,' from which it seems that the Executive Committee is 'liable' to err about 'reflection,' and that with them a polished surface only can reflect, the moon and planets being miracles, or at any rate peculiar. We, therefore, beg them to observe and learn that all things visible reflect some light, and that the light reflected varies in amount with what is called the tone; that polish, or, as the description calls it, 'brightness,' affects the direction only, not the quantity

of light; and that a chamber lined with polished coloured marbles must be darker than if lined with pure white stone. A coal-cellar lined with the polish of plate glass would be almost, or quite, as dark as if the glass were absent, but, with the least light, a coat of whitewash on the glass would quickly answer our 'first question that required settlement, how brightness should be given.' This curious doctrine of 'reflection' is again repeated, and we are told that the colour of marble is 'brighter' than that of stone; whereas it is obvious that there can be no question of brightness in material, but only in colour; that there is black marble—which, as we shall see, is to be freely used to 'brighten' the interior of St. Paul's—as well as white, and that marble is generally darker and not brighter than stone, and is almost universally darker than Portland stone, as is shown by the high price of white and statuary marble. The description errs, because it confounds brightness with polish, and does not speak a language known to art, but talks like a housemaid, who admires and maintains the 'desired brightness' in her fire-irons and fenders.

A mosaic picture has been recently inserted in the west-end of the Morning Chapel at St. Paul's. Its value, as a work of art, is less than that of a like area of ordinary stone. It is, however, valuable as a sample of the 'brightness' to be gained by the proposed adornment of St. Paul's. Impressed by the description, the confiding public would suppose that this mosaic is a luminous and radiant surface, enlightening the gloom of the surrounding stonework, which, we have learnt, is 'sombre in the extreme.' In actual fact the 'picture' is a patch of 'dirt,' a dismal, dark defacement of the pure white stone. The whole scheme, then, is founded on a delusion. No doubt 'light' and 'brightness' are to be 'desired' somewhere, but not, it seems, supremely in the *fabric* of St. Paul's.

'Mr. Burges came, therefore, to the conclusion that marble 'should be a substitute for stone.' It would be very satisfactory to know that Mr. Burges had 'come to a conclusion;' but what is really meant is that Mr. Burges, finding that the Executive Committee wanted not 'light' and 'brightness,' but polish and sparkle, and being apparently associated with them in ignorance of the distinction between light, polish, brightness, reflection, and tone, proposed to substitute for the present light-reflecting, bright material an inserted facing made of various-coloured marbles and mosaics, ranging from mottled soapy-looking grey to black, which would make a glitter, would look costly, and would also make the building actually dark.

So much for the 'general principles on which Mr. Burges

'has constructed his models.' Let us now turn to the building, and consider how these utterly erroneous principles are to be applied.

First, we may broadly state that polish is entirely objectionable in the walling of St. Paul's; and so, by a sound artistic sense, Wren evidently felt it to be. Wren was an engineer and a composer. His architectural details are not generally good. They are debased from Roman work, as that again was copied from inferior Greek details, the product of an age when architecture had become more technical than artistic. In the Athenian Doric of the Parthenon the mouldings and enrichments were all made subordinate to the noble sculptured decoration of the tympanum, the metopes, and frieze. The large columns, therefore, were all fluted, lest their size of moulded form should overpower and injure the effect of the superior carving. The flutes were shallow, and the separating arris was made delicate and small, that no harsh line or shadow should obtrude upon and vex the eye. Even the width of fluting was considered. The repetition was not overdone, and the eye could easily appreciate the beauty of each gradually foreshortening shade and curve. The work was perfectly artistic, and its every form and line was worthy of Athena. In later years the popular Corinthian style became mechanical. Sculpture was seldom used; the frieze was bare or commonplace, and poor in decorative work. The capitals and columns were the principal adornments of the building, and these secondary features were the chief resource of third-rate men. The column was made 'elegant' and slender, and the flutes were deepened, with broad fillets intervening, giving much sharpness of effect at very little cost of thought, or of refined and tender handiwork. The capital looked costly and elaborate, and appeared to be complex enough to satisfy the little minds that live on mystery. But in later times the inartistic Romans managed to invent a double intricacy, and the capitals called 'composite' are thus the climax of the Roman classic art, the highest step of complicated commonplace. These things were Wren's artistic stock-in-trade for the renaissance decoration of St. Paul's.

Many of the Greek and Roman buildings were of marble, but it was not 'polished.' The 'desire' of men was not for 'brightness' as our Executive Committee understand the term; and although it was said of Augustus that he found Rome brick and left it marble, there is no hint or record that he hewed off the inside facing of the Roman temples to insert a marble polish.

Wren's mind was of the imperial stamp, above mere costliness and brilliancy. He knew that true artistic decorative art was dead, he therefore used his pseudo-classic details as a picturesque and customary substitute for art; a polite covering for the nakedness that, owing to his want of practical artistic faculty, must otherwise have been the harsh alternative. Wren did all that was within his power, and by stretching and patching, and many grotesque contrivances, that remind one of savages clothed accidentally in Frank costume, he gave a characteristic style of decoration to the church; which, by much make-believe and kind appreciation of Wren's difficulty, and of his well-meant effort, may be allowed to pass in silence, but should on no account be emphasised, or made to attract attention.

There must be reason and method even in 'the things of art.' Where refinement of expression and detail are needed, as in the moulding of the human face and form, or in the delicate and sweeping outlines of Greek architectural curves, and where the ordinary light is ample and the distances are short, marble may be used with excellent effect; and no objection can be made when marble, being a local product, and the ordinary building stone, has cheapness and facility to justify its use. But in the interior of St. Paul's there is no special grace of outline, nor any delicate refinement of expression or of form that needs a close-grained pure material, susceptible of moderate polish. St. Paul's is essentially a picturesque, and not a 'polished' building; and it should be left, as Wren designed and built it, with its present simple, unpretending, picturesque material.

It is quite true that 'polished marble is used in most Italian 'Cinque Cento churches with any pretension to richness of 'decoration,' but the essence of the remark is in the 'pretension.' The thing is truly a 'pretence,' and it is due to the folly of the world that they are taken in by such a travesty of decoration. 'The disappointment produced' in Mr. Burges's mind by the discovery that painted imitations of marble, &c., are untrue, is doubtless genuine and justifiable; but in that case there is no regret that the imitation is permanent, and has cost a quarter of a million of money. The thin slabs of marble now proposed as what is called a 'decoration' for St. Paul's, are not an obvious fiction, like the ordinary painter's graining, but an elaborate falsehood, carefully arranged to deceive both the eye and the understanding. Thus, 'the corner pieces are to be made 'L-shaped in horizontal section,' that the world may think that that is actually the thickness of the marble.

The 'Italian Cinque Cento churches' are unfortunate examples for quotation. They are our chief monumental specimens of

art debasement. The church of Sta. Maria dei Miracoli, at Venice, is referred to in the description as a worthy precedent. This church is probably well known by sight to visitors at Venice. It stands on the canal that leads from the Rialto to Murano; and when suddenly discovered, as the gondola approaches, the impression that it makes is one of amazement without admiration, and of amusement without delight. The design was the result of public competition, and it bears sufficient evidence of its bastard origin. The poor 'architect' was evidently at his wits' end to gain approval, and there is nothing that seemed possible in architectural decoration which he did not strive to introduce, so that the suffrages of all men might be, in hope, at least, secured. The result is, that the church is not a work of true imaginative art, but an egregious job of joiner's work, that looks most like a huge portentous cabinet or band-box. No one with the slightest architectural discernment could have quoted such an architectural joke as something worth our imitating at St. Paul's, and yet this is the one pattern given us in the authorised description. However, for an independent judgment, we can turn to Mr. Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' where we read that the 'Miracoli' is 'the most interesting and finished example in Venice of the Byzantine Renaissance' (not of the Roman, like St. Paul's), 'and one of the most important in Italy of the Cinque Cento style. All its sculptures should be examined with great care, as the best possible examples of a *bad style*. Observe, for instance, that, in spite of the beautiful work on the square pillars which support the gallery at the west end, they have no more effect than two wooden posts. The same failure of purpose exists throughout; and the building is, in fact, rather a small museum of unmeaning, though refined sculpture, than a piece of architecture.' And so the public is invoked to aid in making Wren's great work a base and halting imitation of a building thus denounced as bad in style, devoid of architectural effect and boldness of purpose, unmeaning, and, in fact, not architectural at all.

This, then, is to be the style of the work. Of the material, we hear that it is proposed to case the piers of the nave and choir arcades, and the side walls with white Sicilian marble. This sounds very elegant and 'sumptuous;' but Sicilian marble is not white, except by accident. 'White' is the comparative commercial term, and not an accurate description. Its colour when quite new—for it discolours rapidly—is a cold and clouded grey; not 'veined,' nor bright in purity of tone, nor warm and solid looking, like good building stone, but the most chilly

unattractive specimen of marble that is ever used.* It is the lowest priced and least considered marble in the market, and is chiefly used by chronically bankrupt builders as the material for bed-room chimney-pieces, made, 'box-fashion,' of thin slabs. Can it have been this choice example of the speculating builder's art that gave the Executive Committee the idea of a marble sham encasement for the choir and nave piers at St. Paul's?

The walls thus being changed from warm and solid white to cold and soapy-grey, the flutes of the pilasters are to be 'filled' in with coloured marble, the lower third black, the two upper 'thirds red, as in various Genoese churches.' We have already noticed the severe emotion that the thought of imitation marble done in paint excited in the 'decorator's' mind; but here we have the converse, imitation of mere painter's work in parti-coloured marble. In principle, of course, the thing is architecturally scandalous; and the effect is worthy of the principle. Nothing is more impoverished in idea, or meaner in result, than this gridiron pattern, placed directly in the line of sight. It is the very lowest depth of architectural debasement; and the Genoese churches, which are thus quoted as our worthy guides, are the completest combination extant of that vain costliness and sumptuous show which throughout Christendom have been for centuries the churchman's notion of 'high art,' and which may be historically traced from the 'ecclesiastical completion' of the Lateran basilica at Rome, to the latest specimen of a reredos in an Anglican cathedral.

'The capitals are gilt, portions being burnished, to obviate 'the heaviness that might arise from one-coloured gold.' No; the heaviness does not arise from the gold, but from the designer of the gold. Gold should be used with special care in artistic decoration. The old artists used it as a flat background; but on raised surfaces it should merely glorify high lights, and never be made subject to a shade, as in a capital full gilt it must inevitably be. It is further objectionable to cover the material of the capital entirely with gold. The impression given is that the capital is made of metal, and is thus incongruous with the surrounding stone work; and the gilding is accepted, not as a mere artistic ornament, but as a very needful covering. Gilding should be, and appear as, a rare pigment. The capitals should be merely touched with gold.

'The panels, with the piers and walls, are decorated with *opus sectile* in geometrical figures, or with marble tarsia work on a 'black ground.' And so blackness is to be the 'bright' alter-

* The pedestal of Lord Lyons' statue at St. Paul's is Sicilian marble of the best quality. Its colour is a blueish grey.

native for the white stone which we have learned is 'sombre in the extreme.' The Executive Committee or the public must be colour blind. This '*opus sectile*' is a strenuous elaboration of the merest nonsense. Probably no greater waste of time and money ever was invented. The tarsia work is slightly better, and may be endured as an occasional relief from serious work; or as a pastime, as it was, in fact, to the monks in Italy, who were thus kept out of further mischief. But to pay money for such poor mechanical and futile stuff is to encourage mental degradation.

'To complete the decoration of the whole church on a single 'system,' as the description proposes, would be a weary and intolerable art negation. No building of the dimensions of St. Paul's can be *artistically* finished on such a system of mechanical monotony as the description has revealed. Art is not stagnant, but progressive. The project of the Executive Committee is immobile—without the gift of life, a stiff conglomerate of monotonous absurdity and dull conceits. Let the Committee do their 'decoration' in the appropriate way, with painted wall papers, 'Dutch metal,' and varnish; and then, when they have had their turn in the Cathedral, others may clear the place, and decorate the church with serious reticence and some regard for Wren.

The true 'Completion of St. Paul's' would be attained by the employment of the most varied and the best artistic power in furnishing the church with useful or entirely ornamental works of art and handicraft in boundless and *unsystematic* fancy, but of true imaginative excellence. The present failure of the church is its great want of what the Italians feelingly call 'simpatico.' There is no human sympathy about the place. The choir and nave are stately, after the manner of the modern world, and the main dome is grandiose and impressive. But mankind want more than this; and in our 'gothic' buildings they obtain, and cordially feel, a sense of joyous human effort and success. But, though the thought and observation of the public are untrained, their sensibilities become awakened by artistic sympathy with the old workmen; and so a medieval church, affording perfect satisfaction to the social and imaginative instincts of the world, is said not to require completion, but mere 'restoration,' and is not denounced as 'cold and unadorned.'

The want is palpable enough; but the supply fails. The modern world has, in its heedless, headlong race for wealth, quite stamped out art; and in the 'Academy,' or out of it, we have no artists worthy of a place in the Cathedral. The Executive

Committee, in a letter shortly to be noticed, speak of employing artists of 'high recognized distinction.' If the mosaic decorations, and the monumental sculpture in St. Paul's, up to the very latest, have been thus 'recognized,' then the Wellington absurdity, the Salviati patchwork, and the two illustrations of senility that grace the dome arcade, are sorry specimens of 'high distinguished' art.

This high-flown nonsense about 'recognized distinction' must not be suffered to mislead the unsuspecting public mind. No one, with faith in God and human nature, would deny, but on the contrary, all men of sense would steadily maintain, that latent art capacity and capability exist, as a 'prevenient grace,' among us, and require but general sympathetic sound discernment to educe them. But our 'cultivated' public has, by strenuous neglect, entirely lost this natural power of art appreciation; and it thus happens that the Executive Committee finds itself so wanting in perception, and in the merest elements of artistic knowledge, that it mistakes pure white for black, and seeks to make the church look 'bright' by added darkness.

What is really wanted is not 'height' but breadth of recognition, and *a common public capable of marking the distinction between good art and bad.* Executive Committees are of little use if their constituents are but half interested, and nine-tenths uninformed. High art, like any other practical enduring excellence, is the result of educated multitude, and not of some small 'recognized,' or even 'high distinction,' among unpractized connoisseurs and fashionable coteries.

The Executive Committee represent the public and the church; and as the clerical and public taste is false and sensual, and entirely undignified, the scheme for forcing upon Wren the character of merryandrew in solemnity, with artistic semi-savages to please, is probably consistent. But we respectfully appeal from the Committee to its several members, and request them to continually bear in mind this thoroughly depraved condition of the public taste, and also, mentally, to admit, and practically to follow the admission, that as a body the Committee can do only harm; accepting at its worth the solace that no architectural committee ever has done otherwise. These things are certainly deplorable, and even hope seems hopeless. But if each member joined himself to a true working artist, and, after a complete and necessary separation from our vulgar-minded world, endeavoured to produce, for the adornment of the Cathedral, some appropriate work of art, hope would revive, and we might soon expect to see the modest but assured commencement of an artistic, architectural millennium.

‘The nine panels under the apse windows are to be of ‘bronze’ (darkness again), ‘and represent severally our Lord ‘as King, and the Acts of Mercy.’ Why the acts and mercy have capital letters is not clear, but the whole thing degrades our Lord to the professional exigencies of a foolish scheme.

‘Following the English custom the choir is made very rich ;’ which means either that the most prominent part of the church should have supreme decoration, or that the ministers of religion, the ‘servants of all,’ should be exalted as the lords of God’s inheritance. In the former case the dome should be predominant above the choir, as Wren himself proposed ; in the latter case there must be sufficient ‘sumptuousness’ and show, to satisfy the craving of the sensual and the worldly minded.

‘Where gilt ornaments occur on a gold ground, the latter is ‘glazed with a reddish colour, and would then look like red ‘gold.’ ‘False heraldry, metal upon metal,’ said Master Mumbazen. Gilt ornaments ought never to occur on a gold ground.

The attic, the plain space of wall above the choir, is a mere stilt, which Wren adopted to obtain sufficient height, without a huge and overpowering ‘order.’ Wren gave no importance to this attic, but made it plain and simple, as a mere expedient, to be kept from observation. He even, with great judgment and good taste, refrained from carving certain portions, as he had originally designed to do. Wren’s was no pigmy mind, subject to sumptuousness, but it was free to act with sound intelligence ; and when he saw that what he had proposed would draw attention to the attic, he left the panels ‘unadorned.’ But the description tells us that the attic, which Wren thus so carefully kept plain, is actually ‘a very striking and important feature of the building,’ and that it is to be treated like ‘a frieze composed of human figures ; the panels are to be filled ‘with subjects ;’ and there are also to be ‘holy personages,’ which reminds us sadly of Isaiah and his nurses in the spandrel of the dome. ‘The material to be used is majolica,’ which, as a continuous architectural decoration, is incongruous with marble. The general effect of these porcelain objects, placed upon the shelf of the main cornice, will at once suggest their similarity in material and position, and in decorative charm, to a row of China plates, ‘white, lightly shaded with green, on ‘a blue back ground,’ artistically arranged above a kitchen dresser.

The enrichment for the smaller domes is a ‘very favourite ‘mode of treatment’ in the worst period of art. ‘The filling

'of the panels with the heads of cherubs,' which in the undertaking trade are known as 'glory boys,' is certainly an odd way to obtain the 'desired brightness.'

In the apse there are to be some 'shields bearing the instruments of our Lord's Passion on a *black* ground.' We are now passing, not from the sublime to the ridiculous, but from the ridiculous to the revolting, from the false to the impious. This vulgar use of the instruments of our Lord's Passion is an evidence of that too common quality of mind which is entirely destitute of elevated thought. It thus habitually seeks to degrade all sacred things to its own level; and employs them, quite professionally, as expletives, which of course disgust and pain the wisely reverential, but may gratify, and possibly 'impress,' the silly and the sanctimonious.

The accepted scheme for finishing St. Paul's is a compound of base art, with notions scraped up from the dregs of medieval ignorance and superstition. Thus the gigantic 'figure of our 'Lord in the apse dome,' is doubtless 'in accordance with the 'tradition of early Christian art;' that is to say, with feeble efforts to describe the human form which scarcely reach the level of imaginative art. This 'majesty,' as it is technically called, is a profane anachronism, utterly incongruous in style and in effect, with the whole architectural scene, and even with the sumptuous decorations that are projected to surround it; and it is almost incredible that intelligent and educated full-grown men can seriously propose or submit to the consideration of such monstrous inconsistency and big-babyism. It seems that the educated world are so completely ignorant respecting art, that they are entirely at the mercy of a few pedantic sciolists, who find no difficulty in getting them to wonder at, and even to admire, a barbarous and impious outrage.

The coarse monstrosities, which the description says are seraphim, are equally abominable. They are a slavish copy of the grotesque attempts of a dark age to realize the invisible. The medieval originals may pass as curiosities, but these imitations are an insult to religion, and would be a disgrace to the consenting clergy of St. Paul's. The huge senseless figure, with its attendant savage archaisms, is but a travesty of sacred things; and the presumption of this vain pretence to give a counterfeit presentment of the 'Man that spake as never man spake,' and whose looks must equally have been above the imagination of humanity, is as disgusting as the irreverence is hideous. Our Saviour is thus to be degraded by His own ministers; and, for 'artistic' purposes, is placed in the same category with Gog and Magog, and with the black portentous

image on the arch at Constitution-hill. This, then, is to be our experience of the 'revival' of what the connoisseurs call 'ecclesiastical,' and some call 'sacred' art.

In the pavement we again have '*opus sectile*' in large pieces. 'There is a white path on either side of the nave, the centre consisting of a coloured pattern, and the whole suggesting the 'idea,' not of a pavement, as one would naturally suppose, but 'of a broad carpet, running the entire length of the Cathedral, and leading up to the altar.' There is no 'altar' at St. Paul's, nor any sacrifice. The Cathedral is for the service of the Protestant religion, not of the Lutheran, nor of the Papal Church. Wren provided no 'altar' but a 'communion-table.' He did not even know the ecclesiastical meaning of the word, but called his 'four pillars supporting a canopy over the 'communion-table a magnificent design of an altar.' The proposal that should 'suggest the idea of running' for the floor of a church is strange art; and that what should seem the solid, permanent, and firm foundation for the surrounding architectural display should be made to imitate a mobile textile covering for a floor, is worthy of the genius of an upholsterer. The use of white as the main tone of the pavements is as nearly as possible the opposite of their proper treatment. A floor should be comparatively dark, to throw up the light walls and piers by contrast. The notion of echoing the vault above by panelling the pavement is ridiculous; the use of 'heads and arabesques' as ornaments in pavements is, in spite of all 'authorities' and precedents, a barbarism; and all the nonsense about 'four streams flowing from the altar,' with harts drinking, flowers, and so forth, the whole being 'emblematic of Paradise, as so frequently seen in early 'Christian art at Ravenna, Rome, and elsewhere,' is but an evidence of that contracted scope of mind which can effectually grasp but one idea; and having, therefore, no capacity for judgment of the due relationship and proper use of things, makes its own study paramount in all affairs, and counts its geese as swans. If we imagine an Executive Committee undertaking to 'complete' Titian's Assumption of the Virgin by the insertion of the quaint effigies of Mary that were frequently exhibited in old Byzantine art, the folly of this early Christian climax of the decorators' scheme becomes absurdly evident. The thing is foolish, but a folly when it gets inside a church is called a solemnity, and 'cultivated' people then accept the nonsense seriously, and show it reverence.

The entire scheme is foreign to, and totally incongruous with, Wren's work. St. Paul's is in a category quite distinct from,

and of a style and character entirely above, the Italian Renaissance churches, of which it is proposed to make it but a mongrel copy. It has at present an impressive simple dignity, which is the first artistic requisite for any church. Even in his failings Wren was dignified. There is a constant frank acknowledgment of imperfection in his work, and at the same time a genuine politeness in the endeavour that he always makes to screen his numerous shortcomings without resorting to the mean expedients of tawdry ornament or costly display. This dignity is entirely wanting in the Genoese and Roman ecclesiastical show-places. Englishmen, who go wandering in listless ignorance about Italy and other parts of Europe, are taken by the cicerone to admire the splendour of the public buildings; and from St. Isaac's at St. Petersburg to St. Martino at Naples they have the constant ring upon their ears of '*tout en marbre.*' Few of these pilgrims ever form the vaguest estimate of the intrinsic value or the worthlessness of what they see. They gaze on all with indiscriminating eyes; and so come back to England with their brains 'marmoreated,' and with gold and polish, cost and splendour, sumptuousness and all associated vileness, as their elements of art. This is pure flunkeyism; and with it art, which is a queen, has no association. Art is majestic, simple, mentally intelligent, and morally above the world, not of it. Its true element and means of demonstration is the boundless and divine creative power in the mind of man, and not the cost and polish of a mineral that should humbly serve as a mere useful vehicle of thought.

At St. Peter's, the vast scale of the building, the general absence of high polish, and the great average distance of the piers and walling from the observer's eye, prevent the glare and prominence and glittering brightness that at St. Paul's are so excessively 'desired;' and which would make the moderate dimensions of the church appear almost minute. The piers and arches and the aisle walls would come home to the eye; and the church, excepting always the great central dome, would lose all majesty and space, and be accounted but a vulgar, showy little building. The cross dimensions of the church are small compared with those of many churches on the Continent, and appear less wide than those of some at home. The addition, therefore, of this heavy tone of dark mosaic, bronze, and parti-coloured marble, in the choir, would be an architectural injury expensively obtained. As to the argument about cleanliness, that is absurd. The alteration now proposed would evidently tend to increased dirtiness. The Dean and Chapter could not be expected to keep 'bright' and polished all the costly and

elaborate decoration schemed by Mr. Burges, when they fail to clean the homely work designed by Wren.

The entire 'adornment' is without the feeblest scintillation of the light of art. The coloured marble is but a thing of commerce, representing so much money, and the meanest effort of the workman's skill. 'I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance, and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed from morning to night in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase it, in polishing marble.' This was a century and a half ago; now the greater part of all the polish we produce is pure machine work, representing nothing but the cost of coal, and oil, and engineers' attendance. The Executive Committee fail to see that the chief decoration they propose is but a coarse display of money, and of the civilized vulgarity that has become the characteristic and concomitant of modern Christendom; and, consequently, they intend to give us, in the choir, a specimen of clerical vulgarity full blown. This style of costly decoration has been used to grace impiety and immorality, both clerical and lay, of every form, for near four hundred years. Caserta and Versailles were triumphs of the art. The tawdry chapels that encumber and degrade the churches and basilicas of Rome show that 'the sanction of religion' has been given to a style of which the Kursaal at Homburg, and the Conversations Haus at Baden, are both 'bright and finished' specimens; and so the citizens of London may expect that their Cathedral will in time become a costly imitation of 'a den of thieves.'

In front of the Cathedral is a range of granite posts, moulded and highly polished, to the fashion of the day. These posts are typical. The costliness of their material, their dullness of idea, the unsympathetic quality of the stone, the brilliancy of their mechanical get up, and the sharp sunshine on their polished sides, combine to make them perfect specimens of modern art. There has been here no artist workman's eye to carefully contrive that all surrounding objects shall enhance, and not detract from, the acknowledged beauty of the building; but, in the workman's stead, the draughtsman and the manufacturer have ranged these smooth and polished surfaces along the front, so that their brilliancy distracts the eye from the *façade*, and, with their smooth, mechanically-moulded forms, causes the building to appear uncouth, and very much in need of what is called 'completion.' A row of ancient cannon-posts would be a fitter and far cheaper fencing for this homely building of unpolished stone.

Our brilliant scheme need not, however, be confined to the Cathedral; for at Westminster, the Abbey, gradually shutting out the light in solemn mourning for distinguished engineers, will shortly be in need of the 'desired brightness.' And a committee will be formed of Dean and connoisseurs, to patronize some eminent 'Rachel' who will, professionally, undertake to substitute for perishing and coarse-grained stone a smooth complexion, soft and delicate, that will rejuvenate the church and make it 'beautiful for ever.' But the distinguished Bond-street artist only fleeced her customers, she did not flay them. Her art was lavished on the actual skin; she did not substitute a new integument, by way of 'finishing' the patient.

So much for the description; but there is another utterance that requires some notice. The majority of the Committee have informed the public of their reasons for adopting Mr. Burges's design. They have not waited for that public judgment which the Dean last year so earnestly desired and promised to consult. They have decided; and they now are 'grateful for fair criticism.' We shall continue our endeavour to obtain a share of this reward of gratitude.

'After a fuller investigation, we have discovered that, with the important exceptions about to be mentioned, Sir Christopher Wren left no suggestions and designs to be carried out.' These exceptions are two: the 'four pillars and a canopy,' and the dome mosaic. These two things were actually all that Wren required to 'complete' his work.

A considerable sum of money has been given by the public for a special purpose, and to use it otherwise would be sheer malversation. This money has been got under the promise that it shall be used to finish Wren's, not Mr. Burges's, designs. These are our premises. We leave the Dean and Chapter to complete the syllogism; and the Executive Committee will assist them; for they say—'We have not the slightest clue whatever as to the way in which Wren would have treated the nave and choir; but it is not conceivable that he would have decorated the dome and the east end of the church magnificently, and have left the rest of the building cold and unadorned.' This thing, so 'inconceivable,' is exactly what Wren actually did, with care and judgment; and the egregious folly and impiety that have filled the public mind with reasonable fear and natural disgust, are to be perpetrated because ten gentlemen, of various degrees of insight and ability, and of no artistic practical experience at all, cannot conceive that Wren knew when to stop, and when his work was finished; or, that he had the merest elementary artistic knowledge. Wren knew

well, as the 'complete' exterior of the Cathedral shows, that ornament and grace require emphasis and contrast, and that decoration, to be properly effective, must be localized and limited. For instance, in the interior, he did not paint and gild 'as for a decoration' the entire church, but merely 'the east end;' and this only until he could get the materials, not to turn this paint into marble by scarifying the building, but 'for a magnificent design of an altar, consisting of four pillars wreathed (i.e., twisted or carved) of the richest (costliest) Greek marbles, supporting a hemispherical canopy, with proper decorations of architecture and sculpture.' Not a word about colour on the building, except, by way of apology, for its temporary use. This 'canopy' was, in fact, to be a sympathetic piece of furniture, a real work of architectural and sculptured art, akin in some sort to the Belgian pulpits, or the monument of Maximilian, or the genuine Italian tombs; an opportunity for Grinling Gibbons, the art-workman, and in style a perfect contrast to the feeble-minded box of polished marbles, set on stilts, that looks so pitiful and shamefaced at the south-east corner of the dome.

The dome, again, he would have treated as a glorious climax to the church. The architecture generally he kept cool and distant, to retain, as far as possible, the effect of airiness and space, together with the monumental power of solid masonry. But the interior dome is raised, apparently, above the building, like a firmament; and without coloured decoration it looks dull and cavernous and misty, and it seems, and is, too high. It wants the strong effects of colour and of gold to bring it down, and nearer to the eye. Thus, also, by its tone and power of coloured decoration, it would supply at once effective contrast and harmonious sympathy with the more simple architectural display. Wren's use of contrast was magnificent. He was not great in 'opus sectile' and 'tarsia work;' the entire Cathedral was the subject of his grand artistic strategy. He would have crowned his solid masses of supporting stone with a huge hemisphere of overhanging splendour, and would have smiled with negligent contempt at this laborious scheme of little patches of *black* marble and majolica and bronze.

But though Wren wished to give full glory to the dome, he never hints at polish; and of mosaic work he only says that it is 'more durable' than painting, and 'at St. Peter's has a splendid and magnificent appearance.' If, as the Executive Committee 'conceive,' Wren had wanted the richest Greek marbles and mosaic work and gilding for the rest of the building, he would not have been silent about it. He was as free to

tell if anything was wanted to complete the choir and nave, as to suggest mosaics to adorn the dome. Perhaps it would be as easy and as charitable for the Committee to conceive that Wren really did not mean to say what he has actually said, as to believe that he would have said some wondrous nonsense when he had completely finished, and so held his tongue.

These gentlemen appear to have no knowledge of the use and power of contrast in the arts. With them, too much of a superior thing is 'inconceivable.' The cheek of beauty has its well-contrasted pink and white, but our 'Executive' would never be content with such a loss of opportunity. By them it would be 'inconceivable' that nature, having tipped the cheeks with soft and delicate carmine, has, without oversight or error, left the rest of the complexion 'cold and unadorned.' The skin of the Red Indian would be their true sample of high art; and ladies might beware of some attempt to make their charms 'complete' and so to carry out Dame Nature's 'evident intentions.' Dark eyes, again, would be a source of trouble 'inconceivable;' and for 'complete adornment,' the brigade of shoe-blacks would be needed to illuminate the fair, but 'very sombre,' skin, and thus to give the 'much-desired brightness.'

The persistent assumption that Wren had not completed his work, reads like a case of mental aberration. 'If further proof were needed, that the systematic decoration of St. Paul's was contemplated by its architect, it is supplied by the fact that every Act of Parliament relative thereto, passed in Wren's lifetime, is entitled "An Act for the completing the building and adorning of the Cathedral."' If this quotation supplies evidence that the *intended* adornment was not carried out, it equally proves that the cathedral was not built. In fact, however, it effectually proves that Wren's whole church was *built, completed, and adorned* at the same time, and as the work went on. Every moulding and column and carving was an *adornment*; and the very omission of some carving, here and there, with evident intention and excellent result, proves that the 'adornment' of the walling was complete.

This project for the completion of Sir Christopher's design is a delusion. There is not a particle of truth in it, except it may be in the possible mosaics in the dome. And to desecrate the church with a hideous caricature of Christ and seraphim, and call that a completion of Sir Christopher's design, with an aside that Wren had no design at all for such completion, is an outrage both on the religious instincts of the living and on the sacred memory of the dead; an insult to the man whose name is constantly invoked as the great motive for a scheme which,

were he living, he would most eagerly denounce. As to the dome mosaic, we may wait with patience for its execution. No one in Europe has been yet discovered fit to undertake it, and the European public is entirely incapable of making the discovery. To touch the dome at such a period of universal ignorance and incapacity would be to play the fool with Wren.

A word in season may be offered with becoming deference to the Dean and Chapter. If we have used a phrase or two not full of approbation of Church influence in architectural affairs, it shows no want of personal respect for the Cathedral dignitaries, or of esteem for their profession. A marked distinction of the early Christian character and life was that the brethren were 'full of goodness, filled with knowledge, and able also to admonish one another.' The memory of many a sermon makes us feel that this great Christian grace has not been made reciprocal, and so complete. On this account it is that we 'have written the more boldly in some sort,' with reference to the clergy, 'as putting them in mind' that when they deviate from clerical affairs into the world of art, some preparation, not entirely pedantic, or at second hand, is needed. Where this is wanting there will ultimately be no satisfaction, even in achieved success, but only sorrowful amazement, and a sense of sharp responsibility. We therefore venture, with much deference, to submit an early illustration of this common way in which the priesthood err. Moses, the lawgiver—those who read their Bible may remember—went as a pious layman up into the holy mount; and Aaron stayed below. Being thus left without judicious guidance all the multitude became impatient, and were 'set on mischief;' stupid, in fact, as in their ignorance most people are. Aaron then did not turn as Moses used to the 'wisehearted' workmen. His quick appeal was to the sumptuously endowed, to 'whomsoever had any gold.' These then contributed their golden earrings, not their brains; and Aaron, probably, like others nearer home, not seeing clearly what he was about, prepared an impious, and doubtless hideous form; and, just as at St. Paul's, 'there came out this calf.' 'And Moses said unto Aaron, what did this people unto thee that *thou* hast brought so great a sin upon them?'

The Executive Committee at St. Paul's are, like most public bodies, open to rebuke on every side. Their state of difficult and anxious search is not, however, new in history. A young man, we read, once asked a Greek philosopher to advise him whether he should marry or remain *in statu quo*;' and for reply was told it mattered little; for in either case he would

repent it; so, likewise, whether the Committee do little, or do much, or even cease to do, their 'trial' will proceed. But, taking matrimony as a figure, let us advise them to postpone their decoration of St. Paul's until they have arrived at architectural maturity. At present they are babes in art, subject to untaught tutors and to infantile delusions; and they are also apt, like youth, to go astray. But here we drop the mentor; and, referring to the ten signatures of the majority of the Committee to their published letter, we can testify our unreserved respect for every individual name. These gentlemen are all distinguished, either by their aptitude for business, or for their mental culture, or, by a favouring Providence, they are otherwise endowed. But in the world of art they range themselves in other categories. There are the clergy who pretend to have a little architectural knowledge, and are dangerous; then come the connoisseurs in church design, more knowing and decidedly maleficent; and the remainder are those gentlemen of excellent intentions and absorbing zeal, who 'have gone into captivity because they have no knowledge.' These shortcomings it is exceedingly painful to proclaim; but it is, still more, needful. We would of course be silent were it in our power; but danger presses, and we thus remonstrate, not that we respect these gentlemen the less, but that we reverence Wren more.

What should be done about the decorations of St. Paul's it is not necessary now to state; but what the Executive Committee, the subscribers, and the public should endeavour to attain is obvious. They should seek to learn what art really is, and then they should so cultivate that knowledge that they may entirely free themselves from the misleading guidance of a class of men who pass among the clergy and the architectural trade for connoisseurs. These people, like the conies, are a feeble folk, remarkable for want of mental scope, and grasp, and penetration. They, with various diligence, have climbed some barren heights of worthless knowledge, where few care to follow them, and being thus relieved from the correcting pressure of opinion, they become inflated and are like windbags, destitute of solid weight but occupying an absurd offensive prominence and space in public observation. These ridiculous distentions must be softly punctured, and allowed to quietly collapse; and then the public sight will be relieved and, by judicious use, it will become both powerful and clear.

Two courses, in the meantime, may be offered for consideration. The Executive Committee, by their prompt heroic action with the small 'Fine Arts Committee,' have proved themselves quite capable of dissolution. Could they not make another

application of this power, and, with a conscience quite assured of popular respect, dissolve themselves? Or, if the natural recoil from such a sacrifice should prove too powerful, let them at least avoid all further demonstration of their, very pardonable, incapacity. The scheme that they have chosen for their entertainment at St. Paul's is ignorant, ridiculous, presumptuous, and bad past all belief. Wonders repeat themselves; and that an 'architect' should have been enabled to design so strange a thing is capped by the amazing sanction of the 'Executive' majority. Not many months will pass ere the Committee find some doubts arising in their minds, and these perhaps will grow and fructify, with multiplying seeds of knowledge and enlightenment.

However, the Committee are entitled to the public sympathy and thanks. They are not the only people who have been honourably zealous from an inferior motive or for a mistaken idea; and are to be distinguished from the multitude who have no zeal for anything at all. They have been placed, by those incapable of judging of their fitness, in a situation having duties utterly beyond their cumulative power. The public were annoyed and scandalized at the condition of the church. They were 'not satisfied with it, though they could not tell why;' and they were glad that any gentlemen should undertake to find both cause and remedy. A meeting was convened, and the chief talk was of the undiscovered, but assumed, necessity for 'finishing' Sir Christopher's design. This was the leading subject of discourse, but there were various motives influencing various minds; and, as at a meeting held with reference to a 'church,' some eighteen centuries before, 'some desired one thing, and some another; for the assembly was confused, and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together.'

But what the public want is clear enough. Their great desire is showiness, and that coarse sense of moral influence which any demonstration of their ruling deity is sure to give. Mammon must always be exhibited in some material form. This is 'impressive.' It gives 'dignity,' and it evinces 'culture;' marks, or even is, civilization, and can stir the gross imagination of this 'age of progress and enlightenment.' The public cry for art is a false cry. They have its name upon their lips, but their heart is far from it. Their understanding does not reach, nor does their mind accept it. That which the public most desire, the modern 'architect,' the publican, the ritualist cleric, and the manufacturer of fashions can most most properly supply. Each has his special means to gratify and lead the

public taste. They want, as we have lately heard, 'more ornament, more ritual, more stateliness.' With them the evidence of 'art' is in 'enrichment,' and its calculable or incalculable cost. Were a true artist to arise, even a Giotto or Massaccio would be repudiated by the 'cultivated' public, and, therefore, by the Executive Committee; unless indeed he had, by some good fortune, a distinguished reputation; that is to say, the power that fashion gives its favourites to quote their price at a 'high' figure in the market. It is this public, in respect of art, the most degraded and elaborately corrupt in history, that now pretend to 'finish' Wren; and that 'resolve' to mutilate and make ridiculous a noble monument, admired for two centuries past, and made to be revered and carefully preserved as a delight, for centuries to come. The present public have unbounded opportunity to show their taste in every kind of building, from a railway tavern to a ritualist church, from a west-end club or hospital, to an insurance office or city bank. These might be thought sufficient to assuage the absorbing craze for 'brightness,' and to save the masterpiece of Wren from the tormentors. The scheme proposed is not alone an outrage on the present and the past, but is a fraud upon the unprotected future, a violation of a sacred trust, which an efficient court of equity would punish and prevent.

The latest news of Mr. Burges's designs is, that the Chapter, accepting those for the apse alone, have requested the Executive Committee to delay the work until after their next meeting. This changes nothing. The principle of the scheme, as we have been carefully instructed is, that 'the whole of the interior is to be completed on one system.' The apse will be the initiative work, and, as with Dante's portrait, one part first is thus to be 'adorned' and then the rest will follow. Mr. Burges is at present confined to the apse. The public, therefore, should at once perform an 'act of mercy,' which we were told is fitting for the place, and by a new process of 'Orientation' eject the 'decorator,' and thus save Wren's work from injury and insult, and the Cathedral from an insidious and outrageous venture of churchwardenism *in excelsis*.

In the meantime a great amount of simple household work is wanted at St. Paul's; much energetic 'charing' is required. The ordinary staff of servants there is clearly insufficient; and the Committee, if they would but help, might really earn their title of 'Executive,' by thorough doing, in the place of futile scheming. They might entirely clean the church, outside and in; and while this work is going on they will have time to

think, and form some true art notions of their own. Then, as their minds thus healthily expand, their views will moderate, and thus, perhaps, will not be found so utterly 'beyond their measure.' The Executive Committee, learning wisdom, will endeavour to preserve the good they have in Wren's great masterpiece; and, when severely tempted to 'complete' it, calling to mind a useful proverb about letting things alone, they will remember that there are a thousand specimens of decoration quite as 'sumptuous' and 'bright' as those that Mr. Burges so admires at Genoa and Rome; but that for the men of London there has never been but one Sir Christopher, and that in all the world there is but one St. Paul's.

And now, again reverting for a moment to the writer whom we quoted from the *Guardian*, that 'charitable' correspondent, at 'the long [expected hour of projection,' received a letter from his 'operator,' which evinces so much wisdom, candour, and refined politeness, that the Executive Committee may esteem it worthy of approval, and, in some respects, of imitation. Let us suppose the recipient of the note to be the body of subscribers to the 'Fund for the Completion of St. Paul's,' and it would run as follows:—

'After having got out of you everything you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you that I know no more of the philosopher's stone (architectural 'completion') than you do. I shall only tell you, for your comfort, that I never yet could bubble block-heads out of their money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to persons of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded you yourselves can best tell.

'I have locked up the Laboratory, and laid the key under the door.'

NOTE.—All honour to the Dean and to the Executive Committee of St. Paul's! The scheme which we have carefully described has been abandoned, and the Cathedral is for the present saved. This is the first and most important subject for congratulation; and a second is the resolute revolt of the Cathedral clergy and the Executive Committee from the pernicious influence of 'eminent' professionals and ecclesiastical art connoisseurs. St. Paul's, instead of being made a martyr to fanaticism and ridiculous conceit, will be a monument of their discomfiture, and may possibly become the scene and subject of a 'new,' beneficent 'departure' in artistic architectural affairs. We cordially congratulate the Dean on the salvation of his

noble church ; and, with great respect, would compliment him on the frank, unhesitating way in which he recognised the public judgment, and then made this judgment the instructor of his own.

Our criticism of the scheme for 'the adornment of St. Paul's' was written, and in print, before this ultimate decision of the Executive Committee was announced. The reason given for this decision is indefinite—no doubt wisely so ; and thus our article will serve to supplement the published statement. The public did not altogether understand the evil of the scheme. They 'were not satisfied with it, though they could not tell why.' This want of accurate discernment we have sought to remedy. Instincts are not 'unerring,' out of the House of Commons, and many a decision of the public will is seriously deficient in instructed mind. In this case of St. Paul's it will not do to snatch a verdict from a half intelligent tribunal. St. Paul's must not escape alone, or only once. Our object is to make the public understand what is the principle and root of the whole question ; so that in every case they may be able not merely to object or to concur, according to their fancy, but may decide with conscious aptitude and sound discrimination ; and then for ever, and entirely, repudiate the class of notorieties that have so nearly compassed the artistic ruin of St. Paul's. For these reasons we have determined that our article shall stand.

ART. IV.—*The Bible's Place in a Science of Religion.* An Outline. By the Author of 'Belief: what is it?'

ADHERENTS of the religion exhibited in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures are in the present day often significantly called upon to apply to them the scientific method of study, by which all adequately ascertained knowledge has been arrived at. The demand is made by way of challenge, in the apparent or assumed confidence that the result of such an inquiry will be the renunciation of Christianity. It is with the opposite anticipation that the writer of this paper would seek to apply the inductive method, as severely as possible, to the matter which the documents named present to observation. Of course only an outline of the argument can be attempted in the space here available.

The position assumed by science towards the Bible has varied in a remarkable manner during the progress of modern physical knowledge ; but the changes have illustrated not any failure

discovered in the reasoning of the Scriptural personages, but only too great haste to generalize on the part of those calling themselves scientific reasoners. The mediæval error of making the Scriptures a universal authority was a mistake not of theology, but of science; which then thought that it had found a short road to physical knowledge, in assuming as Divine dicta on that subject any Scriptural expressions which seemed applicable. Natural, to hasty reasoners, perhaps, but unworthy of inductive philosophy, was the recoil which the scientific mind suffered itself afterwards to make, when, in casting off its self-imposed bondage to the very letter of the Scriptures, it rushed into the rejection of their authority upon any matter, even of history, because it thought them convicted of scientific error. The modern attitude of scepticism towards Scriptural religion, while avoiding the blunder of trying to ignore important historical documents, departs as much from inductive reasoning, when it makes the very indefinite postulate, that the supernatural be held to be inaccessible to scientific investigation. The term *supernatural* must be defined before it is used in reasoning; and even then inductive philosophy investigating *natural* phenomena cannot limit either the direction or the extent of its progress, but must go on so long as it has foothold, irrespective of where it may have to go.

The demand, however, to have the data of Christianity examined scientifically, is a fair one, and not too soon made, if only sceptics themselves be quite willing that it should be responded to. And yet it deserves to be noticed that the fault of modern theology not being scientific in form, is chargeable upon scientific rather than upon theological habits of thought. The Hebrews had not a philosophical theology. Their religious convictions and habits of thought had respect to a history; and were formed by the most strictly inductive reasoning upon facts observed and experienced. But at the time when the earliest Christian theologies were constructed, Greek philosophy was in a position to force the spirit of system upon every speculation which concerned a theme so extensive as that of religion. Even when the Protestant systems were formed, all educated minds were under the dominion of the philosophy of Aristotle. Bacon had not yet formulated into scientific exactness the process by which common sense has always reasoned accurately in most of the departments of familiar knowledge. Philosophy was regarded as too exalted a thing to be approached by such a vulgar method of investigation, and had a manner of reasoning of its own. A cosmogony was essential to all philosophies of human affairs; some grand hypothesis must be presented con-

taining the explanation of all things human and divine. Theologians did not escape the scientific dream of universal knowledge. The creeds that were framed were all, to some extent, cosmogonies; and the impressive creations of pre-Adamite history, which were thought necessary by Milton in his 'Paradise Lost,' show the propensity which, in their religious thinkings, the greatest minds of the age had to construct hypothetical systems of the universe, instead of inductively gathering true religious knowledge from the historical facts of the Bible.

Whatever else may be found by the hopes of Christians, or the apprehensions of sceptics, in the documents forming the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, these documents present to inductive examination certain particulars of a precisely scientific kind, which are capable of being proved or disproved, exactly like questions of history or biography. The case presented, and which alone the writer proposes to treat, so far that is as to furnish an outline of the argument, is, *in cumulo*, as follows:—1. The Christian thoughts respecting God and the connection of mankind with Him, are thoughts which took possession of individuals and communities as detailed in the Scriptural documents during a progressive history of 4,000 years. 2. The Scriptural books are a chronological series; and the religious ideas which they exhibit as coming into men's minds in successive generations, show a progressive order of increase—every historical period manifesting an advance upon its predecessor in respect of the number and distinctness of the thoughts expressed. 3. The progressively increasing body of religious conception was no eclectic structure; but was a homogeneous growth, during the whole progress of which, from a meagre beginning to large dimensions, no advance had to be resiled from, nor any incongruity to be expunged, but every development and increment formed manifestly a portion of one whole idea. 4. The successive developments and increments of the homogeneous body of thought appear in the history as arrived at, by the individuals or bodies there recorded, through the same inductive process, of reasoning from observation and consciousness, which yields to mankind daily their most confident knowledge of matters of ordinary life. 5. The body of ideas was continuously formed, in the midst of facilitated or compelled comparison with all the successive systems of religion which have been famous in the world. 6. It began with the commencement of human history; and is the only historical faith traceable to primitive times, or which has shown itself capable of taking possession of the human mind in all conditions of individual or national life,

and of surviving all fluctuations of civilization. 7. The individuals and communities, in whose minds the successive ideas of that growth of faith arose, were in all moral qualities superior, even to the extent of contrast, to the known framers or adherents of all other individual or ethnic religions, and, in consequence, were better fitted to form true conceptions upon high moral and spiritual subjects. 8. The general order of human affairs is seen all along the history going on in harmony with the notions which the Scriptural thinkers formed respecting the Divine nature; and one specific chain of events, extending over many centuries is observed to be in accordance with the particular anticipations of a certain worldly future which they formed and recorded. 9. The picture presented by the whole collated facts is that of a great mundane order, due to the action of a Pantocrator between whom and mankind a peculiar relationship subsists.

These generalizations are all matters strictly appropriate to scientific investigation, whatever inductive reasoning may be obliged to add to them as resulting inferences. Even scepticism cannot allege that any bugbear of the supernatural lurks under the first data here presented by Christianity; and for an important part of the investigation the points under examination are such as science holds to be distinctly its proper material.

I.—Historical Rise of the Christian Conception of God.

The first point which induction has to determine is nothing more than this: Did an alleged growth of religious idea take place in the first 4,000 years of human history? Whether the thoughts which successively arose were correct or mistaken, and whether the origin of them was human or superhuman, are matters which do not in any degree affect the historical fact of their having occurred. How, then, could such a fact be established? The evidence offered is precisely of the scientific kind. The progressive growth of thought is found embedded in a series of ostensibly chronological documents of a historical nature. If the numerous documents of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures be a chronological series, representing human life at successive periods of the world's history, then the succession of religious conceptions which exhibit the growth of Scriptural religion, or Christianity, is a historical fact. But the historical status of these documents is exactly a subject for scientific judgment. And the evidence forthcoming for their having that status is of the several kinds which a scientific investigator of history demands.

II.—*The Books of Scripture a Chronological Series of Historical Records.*

A peculiarly strong argument *in defence* of this position of the Scriptural books is furnished by the history of criticism upon the particular point in question. All the progress of criticism, adverse to, as well as advocating the historical character of those documents, has been to establish that character for them; and an all but universal denial by sceptical writers of mark has, as the result of more than a century of critical inquiry, been converted into practically universal admission. The least historical looking portion of those books, the prophetic utterances, are now studied by conflicting schools of Biblical criticism in Germany and elsewhere, as unquestionably reflecting recognized historical periods of Hebrew life in which they must have been written.

The *positive evidence* for the historical character of the Biblical narrative is exactly of the kind for which a court of evidence would look. It consists of corroborations derived from other histories, and from geographical, monumental, and linguistic sources.

The earlier Hebrew documents, when compared with fragments which remain to us of Egyptian, Phœnician, Mesopotamian, and Syrian history, exhibit an agreement with these, as to general representations and particular events, ranging from the traditions of the Creation and the Deluge, to minute particulars of the wars of the Hebrew kingdoms with neighbouring peoples. More minute corroborations, furnished by the monuments of Egypt, Assyria, and Palestine, verify the accuracy of the Hebrew books, from dates as early as the Confusion of Tongues, and the topography found in Genesis, chap. x., which was already antique when Genesis was written, on to the taking of Babylon by the Medes; and specially certify a long list of facts in the histories of Abraham, Moses, Joshua, David, Jehu, Hazael, Hezekiah, &c. A chronological order of Hebrew narrative posterior to the time of Moses is thus verified by documents belonging to the history of other peoples. The verification of the Hebrew records in this manner is the distinguishing achievement of recent historical research; and no limit yet presents itself to the accumulation of corroborative facts which are now in the course of discovery.

A chronological order of events which were ancient when Moses wrote, is recognized by linguistic scholars as undoubtedly indicated in the form in which those events are recorded in Genesis. The notices bear the recognized signs of transcripts

from older documents, or of closely verbal traditions; being in the form of registers and archaic narratives. They are besides expressed in words which, along with a number of the names of the earlier personages mentioned, belong to a language which must have existed before the Semitic tongues took their characteristic form.

In addition to these evidences, geographical knowledge of Palestine now furnishes a verification of the Scriptural narratives such as no other history possesses, because no other national history could have been presented in a setting of such multiform associations of scene and climate as Palestine supplies. The force of this particular proof is sufficiently illustrated by the two following extracts. Commander Lynch, reporting the United States Expedition to the river Jordan, says—

‘It is for the learned to comment on the facts which we have laboriously collected. Upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was sceptical, and another, I think, a professed infidel. After twenty-two days’ close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we were unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain.’

M. Rénan, a witness against his wishes, gives a more widely applicable testimony :

‘Toute cette histoire, qui à distance semble flotter dans les nuages d’un monde sans réalité, prit ainsi un corps, une solidité qui m’étonnèrent. L’accord frappant des textes et des lieux, la merveilleuse harmonie de l’idéal évangélique avec le paysage qui lui servit de cadre furent pour moi comme une révélation.’

It is in a long series of documents, certified as to their historical character and chronological order by the kind of evidence thus briefly summarized, that we find, deposited in continuity, the successive developments and increments of religious thought, which finally resulted in Christianity. Whether Christianity be a religion of certain knowledge, or an imaginative faith, we shall have sufficient proof that it *actually* arose in the world, a growth of religious ideas going on from the earliest human period to the time of the Roman Cæsars, if we find the entire body of that growth, root, stem, branches and fruit, lying before our eyes, embedded in the succession of historical records, which represent the successive periods of that portion of time.

III.—*The Growth of the Christian Idea.*

A full picture of the development and increment of the Christian idea would occupy a large space. We are but out-

lining the inductive reasoning which the subject invites, and should compel. An outline, however, will sufficiently exhibit the connection of the facts, and the logical force of that connection.

Though at a subsequent stage of our investigation human history may be found to begin with the Scriptural account of the Creation, the history of man's spontaneous religious thoughts starts from a later period. We have the record of these only from the time at which the conduct of mankind showed that some great moral act on their part had been followed by certain notions and feelings respecting God, which became characteristic of the race, and were of oppressive effect.

The first human conception of Godhead, as history has preserved it, was of a being who was the Avenger of Crime. We have that thought presented to us as oppressing all antediluvian life. It is expressed in all the traditions of the antediluvian world respecting the expulsion from Eden, the terror of Cain, the reasonings of Lamech, the preaching of Enoch described by Jude, and the anticipations of a retributive Flood. The seeds of a less despairing thought, that mercy was not absent from the Divine character, had a place in the minds of some of the primitive generations. Such a faith appears in certain of the names given to their children by individuals in both the Sethite and Cainite branches of the race. It was a faith that could support itself upon the tradition of God's peculiar promise made to Eve, upon his forbearance with Cain, and upon the intercourse he was believed to have held with Enoch. But the darkness of the antediluvian ages was hardly broken by those faint streaks of light.

We have to go on to the next historical period, that of Abraham, for a much advanced view of the character of God as the Enemy of Evil. Then, however, we find that the Avenger of Crime who, in connection with the Deluge, was thought of as separating Noah and his household, that He might destroy the corrupt and impenitent world, had come to be regarded as in human experience the same enemy of evil, but a deliverer instead of a destroyer. He was then thought of as separating Abraham and his household to be a preserved and protected seed of salvation in the world, whose increase should bring blessedness to all the families of the earth.

In the succeeding historical period, that of the Exodus and the Pilgrimage, we find a much developed conception of the Divine character. God, who before the Flood was dreaded as the terrible avenger of sin, had come to be believed in as propitiable by sacrifice, and approachable in prayer. Jehovah,

who by that new name, was thought of as having been the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but as having only appeared to them at long intervals, was looked up to as the constantly present Protector, Provider, and Guide of their descendants, dwelling in a tabernacle with them in the midst of their mean precincts. The experienced or imagined protection received from Him in the Wilderness bore fruit in the faith which was expressed afterwards by Jephthah's daughter in a state of society the reverse of exceptionally enlightened. She spoke of Him as an Avenger to Israel, but for and not against them—taking vengeance for them of their oppressors.

The development of the original conception which mankind had formed of God as a Being angry at sin, continued to advance until in no long time an understanding had evidently arisen that the essential feature of His character was holiness, and not punitive authority. The Psalms best exhibit the sentiments which possessed the Hebrew mind between the times of the Judges and that of the long captivity. Reading these along with the history, we perceive that Jehovah, who was thought of by the men of the Wilderness chiefly as approachable by means of sin-offerings and oblations, was by-and-by contemplated as pleased by obedience, and gratified by the love of mankind, honoured chiefly by faith, and glorified beyond all things by holiness; angry only with the wicked, and taking vengeance on the nations which tempted His people to sin. The whole experience of the Monarchy was believed by the Israelites to be a manifestation of this character and purpose in their Jehovah; and when the fall of the kingdoms was approaching, religious thought beheld Him employing the outer nations to chastise and correct the unfaithfulness of His peculiar people; but was able then to behold Him ruling all those Gentile peoples themselves by the same holy law. Faith had grown to think and speak of a Divine law which exacted retribution for all sins done against known right, and of a providential fostering and guidance which were extended over all well-doing, whether the sinners and well-doers were Tyrians or Babylonians, Elamites or Canaanites, children of Egypt or of Israel. From avenger to judge, from judge to protector, from protector to deliverer, loving provider, never slumbering guide, merciful holy ruler, the conception had passed on in its confident growth.

The last phase of pre-Christian faith shown by history had its period from the fall of the kingdoms onwards. It was an expectation which grew to be cherished, not only within, but widely beyond the borders of Israel, that, in some manifestation

or other, a Divine personal Deliverer was coming to the earth to save mankind from the miseries of their condition.

It would be of value in showing how the Christian conception of God arose, the growth of many generations, if we were to trace, from their rudimentary to their mature condition, the individual figurative ideas, under which God was contemplated by the Hebrew people in so rich a variety of thoughts combined. Take as an example that of a shepherd. That metaphor, employed to represent an existing faith in the Divine care over human objects, appears first, without expository associations, in the last words of Jacob, calling Jehovah the Shepherd of Israel. It re-appears in the Twenty-third Psalm, setting forth a care much more near and selecting in its character. David there expresses his trust in Jehovah as his personal Guardian and Guide, the Shepherd of him who was a shepherd himself, protecting, nurturing, and delivering him through all his eventful life. The Psalms of Asaph look often to the object of Israel's faith in this character, and see Him 'leading Joseph 'like a flock,' 'guiding His people like a flock by the hand of 'Moses and Aaron,' 'taking David from the sheepfolds from 'following the ewes great with young, and bringing him to 'feed Jacob His flock and Israel His inheritance.' In Isaiah's time, the Shepherd of Israel is no more contemplated by the religious nation as its own exclusive portion; but, with wider appreciation and sympathies, as the Shepherd of a flock which is widely spread and is gathered from many ways. And their needs are many and varied, but 'He feeds His flock and carries 'the lambs in His bosom, and gently leads those that are with 'young.' In the last conspicuous period of the sacred nation's errors and afflictions, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Amos, and Zechariah all represent faith as looking to God's future providence, with a much advanced expectation from Him of the care needed by a flock at the hand of its shepherd. Before their vision He appears punishing the under shepherds for their negligence, and Himself rescuing His sheep, 'as a shepherd taketh out of the 'mouth of a lion two legs or a piece of an ear;' but in His gathering them out of all countries into which they have been driven He is seen in a new aspect, even 'wounded on account 'of them in the house of His friends.' And when He is 'stricken and smitten with the sword' Himself, He yet 'turns 'His hand to cover the little ones' when 'the sheep are scattered 'abroad.' The idea is manifestly expanding and ripening towards the wondrous completeness in which it is to appear in the fulness of times, when the sheep will be thought of as 'knowing the shepherd's voice' and refusing to 'follow a

'stranger,' and the 'good Shepherd' will be believed in, that He even 'giveth His life for the sheep.'

We must omit other examples of figurative titles, and shall notice briefly the personal relationship which the Hebrews from period to period contemplated as uniting them with the Divine Being. A relationship of personal connection and mutual intelligence took more and more possession of their thoughts; and their progressive conceptions of it perhaps the most effectively exhibit the growth of religious idea which we are studying.

The Repressive Governor of the antediluvians appears the Guiding Protector of the last family of the Old World; but to the new generations, He is a Merciful Saviour, interposing without any punitive severity, to restrain the first highly dangerous development of human error.

Abraham could think of Him as manifesting a closely personal regard. He was the Friend of the patriarch, known to him by a new name. He was the Shepherd of his grandson's life, and the Deliverer, Dwelling-place, Fortress, Salvation, and Strength of the tribes of his descendants in the desert. He was in their eyes the Judge of all the earth, ruling for their welfare; and they thought of themselves as a people whom He had chosen for Himself to show forth His praise. Job, the Eastern chief, had celebrated God in figures of distant dignity as the Creator of all things. The soul of Moses, in approaching Jehovah, drew near to one who spoke face to face with him, as a man speaketh to his friend; one who had chosen Israel to be His own, and they sat at His feet.

He who in the troublous times of the Judges was looked to as the Avenger of Israel's wrongs, the Judge of all the earth, was in the quieter life of the Monarchy adored for a loving-kindness which made Him 'the Judge of the widow from His 'holy habitation.' The King above all gods was thought of as sorrowing, even as a man dependent on affection might sorrow, over the thought that His people were hardening their hearts against Him as their fathers had done.

A nearer approach of faith succeeded. The family affections appreciated in human life asserted themselves in religious thought as entering into man's connection with his Maker and Judge and King; and Jehovah was looked to as the compassionate helper of man, even as a father pitieth his children. He was worshipped as the Father of the fatherless, and as a correcting parent, who chastened His children in love, so that they cried unto Him: 'My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth.' The period marked by the names of Hosea and Isaiah exhibits

a progress of religious thought to contemplating God as afflicted for human sins with the intensest agony known to mankind, viz., the grief and self-sacrifice which a parent can endure for a beloved, erring child. But faith then began to look upon a relationship expressively in advance of that of father and child—which, with all its riches of affection, carries with it the idea of unavoidable connection—and to think of Jehovah as looking upon man with the most distinguished selecting love that is known to human life. He whom the wandering tribes believed to be propitiable, whom their children's children when settled in Canaan thought of as their Protector, whom the psalmists called the Shepherd, the King, the holy Judge, the pitying Father of His people, was thus spoken of by Isaiah, 'Thy Maker is thy husband;' and Hosea depicted human repentance, under the redeeming discipline of Jehovah's providence, as that of a contrite wife crying, 'I will return to my first husband, for then was it better with me than now.' In the afflicted period of the later Kings and the Captivity the ideas abound of a grieved father and a husband of the youth labouring to recover an erring child or an unfaithful wife. The object of faith appears as a redeemer of the body and the soul together, who is to heal for ever the disrupted relationship, and establish a 'new covenant which shall no more be broken.'

From the midst of these thoughts faith is seen, then, also projecting upon its vision of future times, an expectation of salvation in which the helping Deliverer, recognized before in so many expressive forms, was to come to His needy ones even in visible manifestation—'God with us'—Himself bearing their griefs, carrying their sorrows, afflicted and smitten for them, or by them, while they should be healed by His stripes, and saved by their knowledge of Him.

The period called the fulness of times added another tie of closeness to the representative relationships before contemplated. God was looked upon as manifesting in His desirously helping love, the closeness of a common nature with the objects of His care; appearing in the sympathetic position of a brother to mankind; taking, as of one kind and condition with themselves, their estate of suffering and dishonour that He might win them to trust in Him, and help them to rise to a kindred nature and united happiness with Himself. And there followed that idea, the conception and belief of even a union of being, completing, and assuring the fulness of saved life.

In the religious thoughts preserved to us in the New Testament books God is seen to have been desired and believed in by mankind as a comforting Saviour, who should even dwell within

men, the Helper of their infirmities, the effectual Teacher and Guide of their faithful souls. And religious men thought of being themselves one with God as a vine-branch is one with its stem, or as living stones would form part and portion of a living building, of which He himself should be the chief corner-stone. In the religious contemplation of that age He was the Head of a unique body of spiritual life, existing in the universe, of which His human creatures were the many members, no longer thinking of themselves as separate from Him, but as possessing an essential unity with Him, as well as a distinct individuality of their own.

The outline now given is sufficient to demonstrate the remarkable scientific phenomenon which belongs to the history of that portion of mankind described in the sacred books of the Hebrews. The growth of such a homogeneous body of religious ideas concerning the nature and position of man, is a fact which the scientific reader of history must study as an important part of certain knowledge, for it is unique in the history of the human mind.

That growth of religious idea would, however, be separated in our study from a most important historical element belonging to it, if we did not notice the fact that the Hebrews, from first to last, believed themselves to be the subjects of supernatural influence. They looked upon personal intercourse with the Creator of all things as a common occurrence in the history of their race, and they believed that certain portions of the growth of religious ideas which characterized their race had been directly communicated by Him. They read, as a series of connected facts belonging to their history, that in the leading events of that history God had revealed himself to Adam, to Cain, to Enoch, to Noah, and Abraham, and Jacob. It was part of their most familiar thoughts that He held constant communication with Moses for forty years; that He was for many generations recognizably present in the midst of the Hebrew people, in the Tabernacle first, and afterwards in the Temple; that He had, during that period, by means of a well understood oracle, been the Guide of their race; and that Gentile inquirers, as well as descendants of Jacob, had, as a well-known resource, sought counsel or direction at His mouth, and did so not merely in religious but likewise in worldly difficulties. A leading feature of their national history, often in their thoughts, and also in those of their heathen neighbours, was that He had, during their whole national existence, interposed at times in the national policy, and in the conduct of moral life,

by a well-known instrumentality of prophets endowed with superhuman powers of knowledge and action; who were in the habit of appearing upon emergency, or who dwelt in the presence of the nation, and were public characters, as well known as the ministers of religion, or as the councillors of state, which several of them had been. We have to bear in mind that those events which the Hebrews believed to be the remarkable, but not uncommon, events of their religious history, were in their common thoughts essential portions of the living body of their *national* history. The connection was in effect so essential that in Hebrew politics, during every prosperous period of that long section of history, the supernatural element originated and guided the great historic mass of the natural. It was the ground of the national policy. But that supernatural, or superhuman, or what scientifically should be merely termed extraordinary element of Hebrew national life—which is extraordinary to the habits of thought produced by modern experience, but was in a sense commonplace to the Hebrew mind—appeared, towards the close of the Hebrew kingdoms, exercising a special function in the development of religious thought. It was under the impelling influence of the Prophets that the religious part of the nation began generally to look far onward into the future, and to see there, with growing distinctness, the approach in personal manifestation of a Divine Saviour, a priestly, kingly Prophet, who should visibly Himself bear their griefs, and deliver them from all evil. That particular conception of religious idea—the expectation of a personal Saviour—had been taking form in the minds of the Hebrews from an early period, and was visible perhaps even in the days of Samuel; but the full development of it, which occurred in the time of Uzziah, was believed by the men of that generation to be an actual revelation.

Inductive reasoning has to deal with the whole growth of religious idea now outlined, and with the Hebrew belief as to the extraordinary circumstances amidst which it arose—not treating it, of course, in the first place, as religious truth, but undoubtedly as an historical phenomenon, unique in duration and in philosophical pretensions. And inductive reasoning has to add, from universal history, the important fact that, in no long time after the remarkable expectation of a personal Divine Saviour possessed the Hebrew mind, and became widely known to surrounding nations, there appeared in Judea a remarkable individual claiming to be the expected Saviour, who fulfilled both the circumstantial and the uniquely moral representations of the Hebrew prophets. And it has to add the other fact, very

important, and very relevant to the question of the soundness of Hebrew religious opinion, that from widespread belief in that Person, as being the expected and the actual Redeemer of mankind from evil, has proceeded all the moral civilization and social happiness which makes Christian life a contrast to all foregoing or surrounding civilizations.

The scientific facts we are now in possession of are these: A certain homogeneous growth of religious conception arose in the minds of a particular portion of the human race during the first 4,000 years of human life; and that portion of mankind believed themselves to have passed their mundane existence under a certain Divine control and enlightenment. We have yet the inquiry before us, and it is an unavoidable one, because strictly within the domain of science—What evidence is obtainable from the historical circumstances in which the successive religious ideas arose that they were or were not formed upon sound induction? At our present point of investigation, however, we may ask a not unimportant question—What will sceptics who profess allegiance to science do with the connected mass of historical phenomena now presented in outline? Here is a momentous body of facts belonging to the subject of Anthropology, which brings Scriptural religion within the province of inductive knowledge, whether philosophers will or not. The continuous growth, during the world's first 4,000 years, of a religious conception which became the historical source of all known moral civilization, is a fact of positive knowledge, which no discovery of facts of a different order respecting man can make to be other than of vast inductive consequence. The attacks made in our day upon Scriptural religion are made chiefly by means of inferences from biological speculations as to the origin of man, and from observations in geology as to the age of his dwelling-place. Let us distinctly see what force any inferences from these subjects can have against the Hebrew history of religious thought. The history of families, dynasties, and civilizations in Britain would not be in the slightest degree invalidated or confirmed by the proof of the extremest hypothesis of Darwinism. Greek civilization would remain as important a fact in anthropology as it is now, though a fossil man should at some period be quarried from the marble of Pentelicus. So would the body of religious thoughts which arose in the Adamic race, as detailed in the Scripture histories of 4,000 years, continue a part of the positive knowledge possessed by science, even should it be discovered that a man-like race had existed before Adam, or that the human form had been evolved from a

remote protoplasm. The thoughts concerning God which grew up in the circumstances detailed in the Scripture history are historical facts, whatever their value may be as human opinions. Anthropological science has had to consent to examine, as facts of value in determining man's nature and position, ethnic systems of religious opinion, even when they are demonstrably mythical. The imaginary character of national myths does not detract one whit from the value of the fact that they were professed opinions of the races to which they belong. But philosophy must assign to the Hebrew religious opinions more than the limited importance belonging to mythical faiths. The Hebrew opinions come to us in chronological documents, and are portions of the transactions of a professed history which sceptical science itself says is in its human elements undoubtedly real history. We are ready, therefore, in closest observance of scientific order, to inquire as the next and unavoidable consideration arising in our investigation—How came these successive conceptions of Scriptural religious idea to be formed?

IV.—*The successive Scriptural Ideas were formed by Inductive Reasoning.*

The data of the Scriptural religion are:—*First.* The historical phenomenon that that religion arose, thought by thought, in continuous growth, over the period of human life extending from its origin to the time of the Roman Cæsars. *Second.* The grounds upon which the successive religious ideas came to be confidently entertained. To this second department of Scriptural facts we are now to address our investigation, for the purpose of judging as to the soundness of the opinions formed by the successive constructors of the Scriptural body of religious belief.

Were the successive convictions which took possession of the minds of the Scriptural race inductively established? Were they the results of observation and experience, arrived at after sufficient comparison of all kinds of facts bearing upon the opinion, and after sufficient testing of the correctness of the opinions by fitting proofs?

As good an instance as we can select is the belief which Abraham added to the religious convictions which existed before his time. The special faith which he added to human belief concerning God was that God had revealed to him a certain purpose of His will, viz., that he should become the ancestor of a great nation, and that in him all families of the earth should be blessed. The question here presented is duplicate; did Abraham really believe that, and was he correct in so believing?

In whatever way conflicting critics account for Abraham's religious emigration, whether by a spontaneous impulse or by an objective call from Jehovah, there can be no question that the latter was the motive influence of which the Patriarch himself was conscious; and that he departed from Ur of the Chaldees, and at a period considerably later entered upon his nomadic life in Canaan, in the expectation of becoming the father of a race which should bless the earth. We can see that expectation operating as the master thought of his life during the first twenty-five years of his sojourn in Canaan. It is absolutely necessary to be taken into account in order to understand the characteristic parts of his conduct. His frequent reference to his childlessness; his yielding to the expedient proposed by Sarah; his evident clinging during thirteen years to the thought that Ishmael was the expected seed, which drew from him then the regretful prayer 'Oh that Ishmael might live before thee;' and yet more, his ability, in obedience to the Divine command, to address himself long after to slay Isaac, the declared seed, in the full belief that he would yet, through him, be the father of many nations—these are all parts of his life which can be accounted for only by the fact that he thought habitually of the promise originally made at Ur as a great reality. We have taken Abraham's case as an example of the development of religious idea in the minds of those of the Scripture characters who believed their new thoughts to be due to revelation; and we have to observe here that, as in his case, the detailed conduct of them all obliges us to conclude that, whether they were mistaken in their belief or not, they themselves believed in the reality of the supernatural communication.

Was then Abraham mistaken or rational in his evident belief that God had appeared to him in Ur of the Chaldees? The question narrows itself to that issue. In answer to it we have many valuable facts. Neither Abraham's time of life, nor his position, nor his conduct favours the supposition that he was at all likely to be ruled by imagination. He was of the mature age of seventy, and as the director of a very large Eastern household, must have been well disciplined in judging of human fancies. His emigration was not a thing rushed into in the heat of the moment of fancied inspiration. It was deliberate enough, and included a long journey fitted to waken him up from any mere dreams, as he passed with his great caravan through peopled districts and among social equals; and it was checked by a prolonged halt at Haran, made apparently for the ease of his failing parent. In the land of his wanderings, his life, for a quarter

of a century preceding the birth of Isaac, does not show the blind fixedness of idea which belongs to fanaticism, but often the divided thoughts natural to a faith which had to support itself by rational argument, and had only at long intervals obtained verifications of any kind to give it assurance. We see him twice guilty of weak tergiversation, under feelings of uncertainty whether God would protect him. Disappointment and wonder at the non-fulfilment of his expectation of children marked his habits strongly, and once led him to ask a testing proof of the reality of the Divine presence to him, when he thought Jehovah was renewing the promise of seed. Yet, throughout all, Abraham believed that in Ur of the Chaldees God had given to him a definite promise. Estimating the Chaldean from what we thus know of his whole character and habits, we judge him a man subjectively likely to form a cool well tested opinion rather than otherwise; just as afterwards the difficulties made by Jacob, Moses, Gideon, and others, to whom we refer the first entertaining of certain ostensibly revealed ideas, oblige us to look upon them as persons not over willing to assume that the Divine presence was with them when it seemed to be directing them to difficult thoughts or duties.

But apart from the likelihood of Abraham's forming a sound opinion as to the event which determined all the rest of his long life, we have to observe the very important fact, that the narrative allows us to be as confident judges of the correctness of his belief as he was himself; and it enables us to set clearly before our minds the process by which his belief became verified to him for ever—a matter not of belief but of knowledge. The birth of Isaac was an objective fact, which necessarily inferred the reality of the whole series of supposed Divine communications which led up to it. When Abraham was living at the mouth of the Euphrates he thought that God, at a particular time, called him to go to a land to which he would lead him, and promised him the paternity of a great nation, in whom the world should be blessed. After what length of time we know not, he found himself in the centre of Canaan, and he thought that God told him that he was now in the country designed for him, and again promised him seed to possess that land. A period of disaster followed, which unsettled his confidence in the Divine protection, and led to his failure of faith in Egypt, and to the humiliating reproof administered to him by the heathen monarch. Upon his return to Palestine rich and too full of herds and flocks for convenient neighbourhood to the original inhabitants, so that Lot and he had to separate and take

different sides of the country, Abraham thought that the Lord repeated, with amplifications, the promise of that land to his seed. Some years later, on his return from the defeat of the Mesopotamian invaders, he believed that God again appeared to him in a vision; and on that occasion his disappointment at his continued childlessness broke out in words, and he received a most expressive assurance of the largeness of the promise that was made to him, and he asked and obtained also a verifying proof that God was then actually speaking with him. It was even after this that, at Sarah's request, the marriage with Hagar was resorted to, and a child was born which to his never-ceasing expectation appeared the promised seed. Thirteen years more elapsed before any further Divine intercourse is recorded as interfering with Abraham's own thoughts. Only then, when he was ninety-nine years old, and had lived thirteen years in the indulgence of the thought that Ishmael was the child of promise, was the near approach announced to him of the fulfilment of the promise made at Ur. The Lord appeared to him as he sat in his tent door in Mamre, and, in human form, spoke face to face with him. He told him that Ishmael was not the seed that He had spoken to him of, but that a son, Isaac, should be born to him, at a set time, in the next year. That birth took place just as promised. What did the fact of its occurring in the expected circumstances demonstrate? It settled the reality not merely of the last circumstantial promise of the event itself, but of the whole succession of recollected visions and communications back to Shechem and Ur, ever since Abraham began to live by that faith. Were those visions and occasions on which 'the Lord spake unto Abraham' imaginary? Then the birth of Isaac should have been an imagination also. Was it a substantial fact? Then Abraham's five-and-twenty years of apparent communication with God was also a grand reality, and no imagination. Like the insertion of the connecting shaft which puts the several parts of some complex machine into gearing, and demonstrates their interdependence, that one objective event, by itself, fixed at once the objective reality and the connection of the whole succession of visions and promises, and demonstrated that they and all the providential constraint and guidance, and protection which Abraham had experienced during those twenty-five years were the several parts of one arranged system of events. The Divine communications, which up to that crucial test of reality, had been matters of faith to Abraham, became what, in scientific language, we call matters of knowledge. The possibly subjective became objectively certain.

That transformation of the possibly imaginary into the certainly real by proof of the event, which appears in the first long chapter of Abraham's history, was, to the end of Hebrew history, the manner of proof upon which part after part of new truth was added to the growing religious conceptions and faith of the Hebrews. The entire succession of supposed Divine communications and corresponding worldly events perpetually mingling, lies as open to our investigation as the detail of Abraham's mixture of beliefs, reasonings, and experiences. But it has also to be noted, as bearing upon the inductive soundness of the entire body of Scriptural faith, as well as of its successive particulars, that the series of anticipations and events presents itself to our view, at every stage, both in the ostensible declaration of Divine purpose, and in the experience of worldly fortunes, as the development of the grand mundane system which Abraham thought was revealed to him. In the progress of Hebrew religion the supposed revelation was made always in the name of 'the God of Abraham;' and the worldly events that followed were developments of the future offered to Abraham. We begin to see that double phenomenon in the histories of Jacob and Moses. The ostensible revelation which began the peculiar worldly career of each of these men was made in the name of the God of Abraham. The result of their worldly fortunes was that the one found he had to begin and the other that he had to complete the first national portion of the Abrahamic system, as revealed to Abraham. We can trace the same double phenomenon on to the last recognized fulfilment of the purposes of the God of Abraham, as it is announced in the Christian Scriptures. From the gathering together in Egypt of his seed into a nation, to the coming of the Desire of all nations, Abraham's seed in genealogical descent, the form of the seeming revelation, and the effect of the actual occurrence, were continuous parts of the plan announced in Ur of the Chaldees.

In dealing with the inductive soundness of the great homogeneous body of religious opinions (as we in the meantime call them), which were formed by the Scripture characters, we have now to add to the scientific facts already secured, another of a character quite free from the supernatural. In the unique growth of religious idea which is detailed in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, the Abrahamic system of ostensible revelation and corresponding worldly events was but a part of the entire phenomenon. Before that system began, and during its development, other bodies of thought arose in the homogeneous growth of religious idea; and they arose and developed and were

added to, all without any supposed revelation. The Abrahamic system was, in fact, embraced in a much wider progress of human thought and fortunes, in the midst of which it lay, a special line of events, whose relationship to the whole was to appear when its special future was fully come.

In all conditions of human life, every contemplative individual forms for himself a prevailing sentiment upon any subject which has affected him strongly. That sentiment is the result of thoughts first suggested by his circumstances, and of feelings borne in upon him by his own experience. Such spontaneous thinking was the chief source of the dark antediluvian faith. It appears in the story of Babel. It gave birth to the extraneous faith of the Gentile nations respecting the peculiar position of Israel in the world. The Psalms are full of spontaneous thoughts of this kind, which had flowed forth from Hebrew experience of worldly life; and they embrace most of the periods of the national fortunes from the Exodus to the Babylonian Exile. One of the finest examples is presented in the faith of the twenty-third Psalm, which looks to Jehovah as the Shepherd of man's happiness and his safety. We are to seek the origin of the rich sentiment of that Psalm where its imagery directs us—that is, in David's recollections of his own care over his father's sheep in the fertile pastures and the dangerous ravines near Bethlehem. His experience of a protection, guidance, and deliverance as full of care and loving kindness, in helpless periods of his own life, made him think of Jehovah's keeping of him as proceeding from the same kind of provident love as he was conscious of having himself exercised when he could be thus watchful and kind to his fleecy charge. The mass of Hebrew religious thought which came in this manner from men's circumstances and their-experienced hearts into their formal imagery of religious truth is very great. A multitude of worshipping names used of God—such as 'portion,' 'dwelling-place,' 'refuge,' 'fortress,' 'father,' 'king,' &c.—represented ideas that were not revealed but spontaneous. These spontaneous thoughts were spontaneous exactly in the sense in which our own religious reflections are; and this fact is to be noticed here, because it shows that the growth of religious faith, found in the Hebrew history, was one composed very largely of materials which those who dread having to deal with the supernatural have no reason nor any excuse for declining to consider scientifically; whatever the consideration of them may compel scientific induction to infer from their connection with the supernatural parts of Hebrew faith. But the scientific fact has now to be taken into account, that these

spontaneous thoughts were of homogeneous character with the thoughts called revealed thoughts; that they arose in the minds of religious men together with these; and sometimes were not quite separable from them in the consciousness of the thinkers; and they were co-operative and co-efficient influences with the revealed ideas in carrying on the religious progress of the Hebrew people to their high theology.

We may complete this outline of the proof that the religious ideas of Scriptural faith arose from inductive reasoning upon experience, with a brief notice of how that point is established with respect to the leading parts of that faith by the kind of evidence which is the recognized proof of historic realities. Sceptics say—Why are we to imagine that since so much is mythical in other ancient histories the old Hebrew stories are not mythical? The truth is, that there is abundance of myth to be found attaching to early Hebrew, and also to early Christian times, but it is to be sought in the Rabbinical stories, and the monkish Gospels. The Scripture story is to be classed, not with the myths of ancient peoples, but with the authentic histories which also those peoples have left us; and which are verified by, or built upon, such extant monuments as those of Egypt and Assyria, such historical institutions as the Olympic games, and such records as the Roman conquest left in the names of places over all the known world of the time. The topographical nomenclature of the Holy Land was largely a record of the occurrences from which the special thoughts of Scriptural religion took their rise. Jehovah-jireh, Bethel, Mahanaim, Jehovah-nissi, &c., were names which to the generations living near the time of their origin certified transactions that were to be never forgotten. The religious festivals of the Passover, of Tabernacles, and afterwards those of Dedication and of Purim were as strong testimonies to great religious facts of Hebrew faith as the observance of birthdays is in family life. The form of the religious creed of the Hebrews is the strongest certification that their successive additions to their belief concerning God were the results of observation. Their articles of faith were simply a succession of narratives, which had recorded portion after portion of the national experience of Jehovah's dealings with them. The chapters of that confession of faith were in succession compiled and publicly recited by Moses, Joshua, Samuel, the writers of the historical Psalms, the prophets, Nehemiah, the leader of the restoration, and the first historical preachers of Christ—viz., Stephen, and Peter, and Paul.

V., VI., VII.—*Scriptural faith formed by the morally highest of all known races; amidst comparison with the great heathen faiths; and alone appreciable by differing races and times.*

We may omit in an outline such as this any detailed proof that the inductive construction of the Scriptural body of religious convictions was carried on in the midst of admitted or compelled comparison with all the famous ethnic religions. The whole Old Testament history was that of a continuous comparison of the kind.

We may also pass over the argument derived from the exceptional moral fitness of the Scriptural race to form or judge of elevated religious conceptions. It will not be questioned. Nor will the exceptional duration of the Scriptural faith be denied; that it began with the beginning of human history, and beheld during its growth the religions of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome arise and pass away, mere episodes of national superstition which were isolated as well as temporary. The gods of the Nile or of Mesopotamia did not become the gods of Greece; and if the Romans adopted the objects of Greek worship, it was in name only, and with different personalities.

We have still, however, to consider what is the inductive value of the combined facts which are presented to us in the one religion which has been mundane in duration, and in the capability of being appreciated. It is not enough to find all other faiths essentially deficient; what of absolute faith and positive knowledge is there in the exceptional one?

VIII., IX.—*The succession of Scriptural Conceptions were part of a Mundane Order, under a Personal Governor with whom the human race is in peculiar relationship.*

That which is presented to us in the long body of historical facts—beginning with the earliest antediluvian conceptions of God, and going on to the appearance of Jesus Christ, and the consequent moral civilization which distinguishes Christian countries—is the co-existence, throughout the first 4,000 years of human life, of three distinct lines of connected phenomena.

1. There is a line of supposed revelations respecting the nature of God and His designs. These, from beginning to end, are in absolute harmony with one another, but expand continuously in extent, and in definiteness of moral conception. And amidst their moral representations they contain the intimations of a series of mundane events through which the moral design was to be wrought out.

2. There is another line of progressive thoughts which arose in

the minds of men independently of these revelations, the results, as a whole, of observation and consciousness. They were reasonings and feelings which had the same spontaneous origin as the prudential considerations and philosophical ideas of individual modern life. But, in the experience of the persons recorded as having formed particular anticipations or plans founded upon thoughts of either of these separate kinds, the spontaneous thoughts were in such close coincidence and co-efficiency of action with those supposed to be revealed, that the thinkers themselves evidently were unable at times to determine, among their thoughts, what was their own, and what had been communicated to them. They could not have placed apart in two orders the elements of their own mental operations so confidently as Biblical critics now do for them.

3. These two coalescing lines of mental experience which carried on a growth of constantly expanding ideas respecting the nature of God and His general will, and a growth of ever developing conceptions respecting that part of His will which resulted in the Abrahamic system, are seen in the narrative to have been accompanied or followed by a third line of phenomena—viz., a succession of general and particular events of personal, family, or national fortunes, the connected chain of which realized the connected forecast of the supposed revelations.

What is science to do with this tripartite mass of interwoven and inseparable phenomena, which made the history of at least 4,000 years? There is no doubt as to the historical persons who were the chief actors in the Scriptural narrative having believed that they received revelations of coming events from God. There is no doubt but they formed age after age such ideas concerning God as no other race of mankind approached. There is no doubt but these arose in their minds, in large measure by spontaneous reasoning, but partly, they thought, by Divine suggestion, so that they could not always say how much of the new ideas they had thought out for themselves, and how much came into their conceptions *ab extra*. And there is no doubt but the connected line of revelations of worldly events believed to be made in the name of 'the God of Abraham' was followed by a corresponding line of experienced events, fulfilling the supposed predictions and making up the historic Abrahamic system. Nor is there any question that the general ongoings of the world, connected and unconnected with the Abrahamic system, entirely corresponded to the character attributed to God by the Scriptural race. The former correspondence is part of the world's history. The latter was perceived and confessed often by the heathen neighbours of

the Scriptural families and nation ; and their compelled testimony on the point has been repeated in modern times from an unexpected quarter. The æsthetic philosopher Goethe, whose Epicurean proclivities did not promise any recognition of Scriptural sentiment that could be withheld, came to the conclusion that the God of Providence is the severe Jehovah of the Hebrews.

Science cannot help asking what could have been the source of this three-fold order of events. Severest induction will at once conclude, as it would in the case of any natural phenomena thus connected, that, whatever power produced the systematic succession of the events of human fortunes, extending over so many centuries, the same power must have been the cause of the anticipations of those events, which came in definite form into the minds of the Scripture personages. An intelligent Power alone could have brought to pass the pre-described Deluge, the precisely dated birth of Isaac, the exactly defined Babylonian Captivity, &c. The same intelligent Being, a person powerful over all the affairs of this earth, and likewise having access to the mind of man, must have instructed the foreseers of those events, viz., Noah, Abraham, Jeremiah, &c. to foresee them.

But, further, with respect to the multitude of spontaneous ideas, concerning God and the proper life of mankind, which are recorded in the Scripture histories, it is evident that the human spirits in which those spontaneous thoughts arose must have been in a strangely close connection of mental and affectional action with the intelligent Power who was the source of the world's ongoings, and of the recorded human anticipations of a particular portion of these. Those spontaneous thinkings are seen, throughout many recorded individual lives, to have harmonized with the so-called revealed thoughts in forming both the religious belief and the worldly plans of the individuals. A particular observation of the matter and manner of the spontaneous thoughts may lead induction to infer what relation there really was between the thinkers of those thoughts and the all-originating cause of the other two successions of phenomena.

Distinctly spontaneous thoughts and feelings upon all kinds of personal and providential affairs, and as distinctly communicated thoughts upon those subjects, are seen, in a sufficiency of clear examples, to have been homogeneous as well as harmonizing. They coalesced emotionally, as well as logically, and they were also at times concurrent. 'In the multitude' of the religious man's 'thoughts within himself,' 'the comforts of God' delighted his soul. The two classes of thought were of one likeness and aspiration, and meeting together in man's spiritual life, the complex material always gave rise to one

spontaneous choice of conduct, one guiding taste and liking, a consistent habit of soul as truly one and not divided, as is the composite breath of man's bodily life. Such was evidently the psychological condition of Abraham, Moses, and David. Paul almost describes his own conscious life as of this kind. Must not then God, the personal Being who was believed upon frequent testing evidence to be the revealer of the one set of thoughts, and mankind, the conscious authors of the others, have been in a potential, and also an actual connection of spirit, and of objective life, with one another throughout the thronged progress of those 4,000 years? Must there not have subsisted between the two a relation bearing a likeness, or sameness, of propensities of thought, and including a connection of personal life, which produced harmony or even communion of action? The coincidence of idea and design which occurred was such a coincidence as we are accustomed to think of as occurring in the separate thoughts of persons of the same kin, upon any matter of family business, or even of mere general interest; and which we do not look for from persons not so connected. In what we may call the ostensibly divine, and the ostensibly human orders of spiritual action, the prevalent conceptions and characteristic ways of looking at things, exhibited a sameness which, if found in two separate nationalities, would be confidently regarded by philosophers as proving identity of race. Are we to make the same inference here, and conclude for a family connection, and a subjective sameness subsisting between the revealer and the spontaneous human thinkers?

It is of course quite open to anti-supernaturalists to assert, subject to the difficulties they raise thereby, that there were not two orders of thoughts in the minds of the Scriptural personages, but that the so-called revealed conceptions as well as the spontaneous were entirely their own. A momentous dilemma, however, at once presents itself before this explanation. If there is but one order of thought, and that human, in the Scriptural religion, then Scripture history when collated with all other history presents us with this fact in anthropology that Christianity is the subjective religion which during all historic generations was elaborated by the most highly civilized of the known races of mankind in moral respects, as the result of their world-wide experience of life, and of their conscious propensities of thought and feeling. That is the least possible inference from the scientific facts of history which have to be reasoned upon. But an essential part of the historical data of Scriptural religion stands in the way of this subjective explanation. For Scriptural religion which is the

only continuous phenomenon of religious ideas that ever appeared in the world was, in its long homogeneous development, accompanied and followed by a companion system of family and national or mundane events; and these proved to be the progressive fulfilment of a connected line of anticipations that were included in the order of ideas. To account for that objective order of events (which was always chronologically out of the reach of the anticipators to produce), another personality is requisite. And the common sense explanation of the whole phenomena, and that which induction would at once recognize if left free from hypothetical difficulties which 'philosophy' and not science puts in the way, is that which was invariably adopted by generation after generation of the persons who thought the thoughts, and observed the events in question. That explanation is that the Scriptural religion is an objective faith; and that it was given to man by the author of all worldly events; and that there is between Him and the human race, of which the Scripture personages were average examples in everything but special fortune, a correspondence of nature, and a communion of life.

The existence of an inevitable Mundane Order has been the rational or the superstitious creed of all states of human life. Among many peoples not possessed of the historical documents of the Hebrew Scriptures, that order had been explained by various hypotheses of Pantheism. Inductive study of the subject, when it is able to collate all the observed and recorded material bearing upon it, must adopt Pantocratism as the explanation. And it seems not improbable that the study of mythologies and other illustrative records of ethnic religions will yet show that in heathen philosophy Pantheism was a deteriorated condition of thought; that an earlier belief in Pantocratism had existed; and that it had sunk into Pantheism, through losing sight of the historical Person whom pristine faith contemplated as the author of the mundane order.

X.—*The Scientific Reason for the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures being of authority in Religion.*

The conclusion to which we have come has an important bearing on the theory of Inspiration. It narrows the vexed questions of that department of theology, and almost reduces them to questions of nomenclature only.

A view of the Hebrew race like that which was held by the Pharisees—viz., that the Hebrews were the only race of mankind who stood in a religious relationship to God—would naturally suggest for the Scripture documents the character of a

succession of sacred books resembling the Sibylline leaves, as if they were records of Divine dicta, or of human utterances divinely confined and guided. Such, however was not the character of the Hebrew race, whose position was not that of *sole relationship*, but of *selected agency*. They were, in fact, only the central portion for a time of a Pantocratic order. The Abrahamic race were upon the stage of history for only half the chronological period embraced in the growth of the Scriptural body of religious conceptions; and the Abrahamic system itself was from the first understood to embrace in its beneficent design the whole of mankind. The religious scope of the sacred books of the Hebrews is with perpetual recurrence declared to have comprehended all peoples, and to contemplate all times. The descendants of Jacob were themselves to impart their religious knowledge to 'the stranger within their gates, and to the 'nations around their border.'

Inductive examination of the successive writings which form the Bible would assign to them a character exactly accordant with the religious Pantocratism thus indicated. The religious utterances found in them are partly dicta. Much more largely they are human reasonings and conceptions; great part of which the reasoners were conscious of having themselves originated, but many particulars of which they could not confidently assign to that source. These reasonings and conceptions are such that, reading the Scripture history as part of universal history, we ourselves cannot assign them to a purely human source. For, on that supposition, we cannot give any rational account of how theistic and spiritual conceptions of so exalted a kind appear in the records of the Scriptural families, when races far beyond them in other intellectual manifestations had very degraded religious notions; and we cannot rationally explain how the Jewish branch of Abraham's descendants were so accomplished in this respect compared with all the other Abrahamic families. The theory of a spontaneous origin of their religious ideas will not account for these differences. But while most of this elevated Hebrew faith does not bear the form or character of Divine dicta, the occurrence to the Hebrew race systematically of such exceptional ideas seems to oblige the adoption of some theory of Pantocratism.

The position, however, which we find both the dicta and the spontaneous ideas occupying in the documents brings both classes of thoughts into one order. They never were isolated utterances, like the Sibylline leaves; but the revealed and the spontaneous thoughts alike came forth in close connection with historical circumstances, which fixed them in their place and meaning in the

Mundane Order. The dicta were ostensibly given as *rationalia* of the world's ongoings. The other thoughts were inductive reasonings upon these ongoings; but containing bright suggestions, happy thoughts—what, in other subjects, we call flashes of inspiration—which often guided the religious reasonings, and with the unique result of systematically guiding them aright, and of never needing to be corrected by further experience. The Hebrew documents, which are actually histories of successive prominent portions of mundane affairs, but which contain Divine dicta of religious idea, and also human conceptions on the same subject such as no race formed spontaneously except the Scriptural one, are simply records of a Pantocratic guidance of mankind to know God. In the latter 2,000 years of the period embraced in the documents, that guidance of the world was mainly through the agency of the Jewish community, but by no means without occasional direct communication held by God Himself with other historical peoples. In the 2,000 years preceding the existence of that people the government was ostensibly mundane.

The position which inductive examination would assign to the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures is thus not that of an inspired book in the sense of a book of dicta; nor the history, as it has been called, of an inspired people; but the history of a religious Pantocratism. Biblical critics would long have had difficulty in ranking the New Testament epistles as historical exhibitions of religious conception. The form of religious statement in them is sometimes largely philosophical, as could hardly have been avoided in writings addressed to communities whose intellectual civilization was moulded by the Greek philosophy, which has also very largely given its own form of thinking to all subsequent dealing with theological subjects. But the religious representation given in the New Testament is essentially historical. The foundation of it is a human biography in which the body of Hebrew prophecy was fulfilled. The very Epistles can be understood only by the historical occasions of their having been written. And we have to study the character and connection of thought in them by the light of the religious history and the habits of thought of their individual authors; and by that means we arrive at the universal truths which they teach.

Scientific investigation of this matter has, of course, to meet questions suggested by the occurrence of exceptional penetration and wisdom and sentiment outside the Scripture histories. We apply the term 'inspired' strictly to such Scriptural conceptions as in their nature and their position in history could not have

originated in the minds of the persons first entertaining them, and which those persons thought themselves certain of having first received from God. We cannot deny something of the same character to other thoughts of the same persons, which the thinkers were sure they did not intentionally originate, but which 'occurred' to them, and which yet turned out to be part and portion of the joint body of idea, conviction, worldly anticipation, and worldly fortune which was carrying on their lives, and making them in some cases evident constituents in the chain of events which formed the Abrahamic system. But, then, what are we to make of the bright ideas, the exceptional conceptions of high order and of comprehensive value to human life in this world, which 'occurred' to the great minds of heathenism? Why not call these inspired, as well as the great thoughts of the Hebrews which we have classed as only 'occurring' to them? And why not as well call divinely inspired the happy thoughts, successful guesses, 'inspirations,' which still occur to great minds, and which are the beginnings of great helps to moral and social civilization on the earth? The answer is simply, 'Why not?' The Scripture histories, in their instances of ostensibly Divine communication, travel far enough beyond the 'peculiar people' to warrant any such extension of range in our theory of inspiration. The cases of Job, Melchisedek, Balaam, and Nebuchadnezzar make a sufficient heading for a department of extraneous revelation—if, indeed, to think of it as extraneous be not a theological prejudice akin to the wrong notions prevalent in the latest period of Jewish nationality. We have just now indicated a reason why inspiration may not always infer religious authority. The dicta of the Vedas, and of Confucius, and of the Greek philosophers, would not take rank as authoritative teaching with the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, even though we were to admit that the minds from which they proceeded were by Divine gift raised far above their contemporaries. Their teaching was not of the particular form which makes Scriptural teaching authoritative, because bearing the evidence of truth within itself.

How do the Scriptures discharge their function of an authoritative religious guidance if they are not essentially Divine dicta of truth? They teach by a history. Minute examination will show that even the dicta contained in them were never left to be interpreted deductively as *principia*, but that they came forth in the midst of practical expositions of their intent which were afforded by the Pantocratic government which uttered the dicta. The very dicta themselves teach not

by words, but through transactions. An early example is the monotheistic revelation made to Moses at the beginning of his mission. The meaning of the great truth 'I am that I am,' was to be exhibited immediately on the Nile in the contest of Jehovah's messenger with the 'no gods' of the Egyptian theory; and it was to be impressed upon the minds of Israel and the surrounding nations by a like practical exemplification during a course of demonstration extended over the whole period of the life in the Wilderness and the conquest of Canaan. The prophetic dicta reveal their significance to us by the same means. They were to be understood only by the event; and the religious importance of their language lies not in the expressions used, but in the transactions foretold. So in the New Testament; the Divine expression 'Heavenly Father' is not left to the interpretation of that relationship and of what is open to man to expect under it, which human habits might suggest. The fatherhood meant is exhibited in specific affections, designs, and government. The infallible Scriptures, in fact, teach, not by fallible expressions, which lose their exact meaning in passing from one generation to another, and over which translation always casts a veil, but by great transactions, which are part of the whole world's knowledge, and by the actions of common relationship and the reciprocities of human feeling, which are familiar to all men. These histories and affections are a universal language, which does not change with age or race, or lose its force in the rendering of the narrative into different tongues. The Bible's most effective lesson in religious truth, the kernel of its high theology, is a human biography, which makes those who read and ponder it aright feel that the subject of it is also divine.

In concluding this application of the scientific process of investigating truth to the data of the Scriptural religion, it ought to be remarked, as a circumstance highly relevant to the claim of full scientific accuracy here made for that religion, that the whole historical development of that great system of conceptions is a most true example of the way of guiding human reasoning which the history of exact science shows to be necessary to mankind's certain progress in knowledge. It was a process in which mankind generation after generation were made to infer and adopt, bit by bit, the accumulating knowledge, by the common sense induction by which they were confidently and correctly guiding their common life amidst the workings of the laws of nature and of society. In subjects outside of physical science the slowness of the inductive method

has again and again led to attempts to reintroduce the deductive reasoning of unscientific times into the process of investigation. Periodically the mistake has been discovered, through the failure of seemingly faultless logic to keep the reasoner clear of evident blunders; and the truth has been felt anew, which Lord Bacon taught at the birth of modern science, that the human mind makes secure advances in acquiring new knowledge only when it is conducted from one generalisation to another under the constant suggestions and corrections which are afforded by plenty of facts.

Exception may perhaps be taken to the argument now outlined being termed a scientific treatment of the subject, since it does not formally meet the scientific objections and difficulties which have been brought against the Scriptural religion, and which have been called very great objections. There is, however, no law of war which obliges a combatant to accept battle on the field chosen by his opponent if he can command a choice himself. It is this that the writer has sought to do in the present article. He has sought to present in the data of Scriptural religion a great body of scientific facts, which must remain positive knowledge in the department of religion, whatever new knowledge may arise in physical science. That body of facts is as unassailable from the ground of anything that concerns the structure of the earth or the origin of man as would be the family history of any English house or the records of any well-known nation's political development. It is, however, satisfactory to be able to present, in the growth of the Scriptural faith amidst a world of other religions, a real instance of what Darwinians only suppose, in their theory of natural selection, and the want of any example of which they try hard to get over,—viz., the unsound perishing before the healthy, or, as they express it, the Survival of the Fittest. And it is satisfactory to present in the deposit of religious ideas found in the chronological strata of Scripture history a better example than geologists bring forward of their own scientific kind of facts; the deposits being in this case contemporaneously recorded in chronological documents, while in geological science the order and the age of the different strata are only inferred, and that in the face of formidable heresy upon that essential article of the scientific creed.

And it is satisfactory, above all, to find that Scriptural religion, or Christianity, presents itself in the character of an essential portion of Anthropology, which sceptics in religion now make much of as a science of certain knowledge. In the most scientifically certain department of that

study of man, the Living Soul, viz., the history of all that man himself has observed or become convinced of respecting his own nature and his position in the universe, the Bible occupies a larger space, with its collected facts and inductive convictions, than all other existing materials put together. The importance of its documents lies in the fact that they represent well-known portions of mankind, and much more of the period of human history than all other records embrace ; and that they abound throughout in sufficiently minute representations of the reasonings and actings of individuals. Anthropology possesses, for comparison with these, no similar actual history of any religion, and has little more than the formulated systems of other religions or philosophies. These, when compared scientifically with the Scriptural religion, must of course be compared chronologically, so as to ascertain the possibility or the evidence of derivation or of common origin. The investigation of a science of religion cannot therefore begin, as some anthropologists would like, with the myths or philosophies of India, China, or Greece, which were all of later rise than the first religious books of the Hebrews ; far less can it begin with the study of tribes now living, who present what is assumed to be very primitive conditions of thought. Inductive science in search of the earliest religious facts of anthropology, must make the Bible its initiatory study ; and so far as at present can be seen, the result of an exhaustive examination of all religions and philosophies, will be that the Bible will continue throughout the investigation to be the chief treasury of facts valuable in the inquiry, and will remain to be also the final study in that science which seeks to know his true position in the universe of being who in this material world stands forth the undisputed lord of creation.

ART. V.—*Early Christian Inscriptions of France.*

Manuel d'Épigraphie Chrétienne, d'après les marbres de la Gaule
Par EDMOND LE BLANT. Paris, 1869.

Inscriptions Chrétiennes de la Gaule, antérieures au VIII. siècle,
réunies et annotées. Par EDMOND LE BLANT. Tomes i. ii.
Paris, 1856—1865.

RICH in Christian epigraphy as France has been proved to be, the key that has unlocked some of her most highly-prized treasures has been furnished, not by the zeal and enterprise of the archæologist, but by the exigencies of modern civilization,

or the ordinary necessities of daily life. The construction of a railway, the laying of a water-pipe, the sacrilegious conversion of a church into a workshop, the removal of a few barrow-loads of earth, to form a rude buttress to a building, have been the means, or served as the occasion, of opening up in different localities, but alike unexpectedly, a world of antiquarian interest in the Christian inscriptions thus brought to light. And as in the discovery, so in the preservation of these records of the past, chance has played a conspicuous part. Many an inscribed marble has perished in by-gone times, owing to the ignorance or utilitarian turn of those who first stumbled upon it, or had from childhood gazed upon it with an indifferent eye; while those monuments which have been transferred to a place of safety, rescued, in some instances, from the ignoble purposes to which they had been applied, owe their security more to felicitous accident than to their superior intrinsic value. Even at the present day, when the importance of epigraphs is unquestioned, the fortune of any inscription that comes to light, the careful preservation, or the careless tossing aside of its precious fragments, is often determined by the intelligence of its discoverer, or the chance presence of some local savant. Upon circumstances so fortuitous do we still depend in this enlightened age for our acquisition of these invaluable materials of history.

For the last two centuries France has not lacked men, whether sons of her own or aliens, to work upon her soil with the true spirit of archæological research, and with minds keenly alive to the worth of the inscriptions they copied or took note of. The lack has been in an interest taken by the public to any such degree as to provide for the preservation of the monuments themselves. About a century ago the French 'Académie des Inscriptions,' desirous of rescuing from oblivion the records borne by the marbles whose destruction it seemed impossible to prevent, appointed a M. Beaumani to collect notices and take copies of all existing inscriptions. Unfortunately, the work was done with a show of skill rather than with accuracy, as is evident from certain tablets which were copied, and supposed to have been since lost, but which have re-appeared to convict the artist either of an incapacity to decipher, or of carelessness in copying, the inscriptions before him. Provincial associations and local antiquaries have done better service to the cause of epigraphic research, contributing, as they have, a mass of information, which over so wide a field as that of France could not otherwise have been obtained, by the labours, that is to say, of any individual archæologist, however diligent and enterprising. That we possess a collection of the Christian inscriptions of France, or

rather of ancient Gaul, with the advantage of inspecting, on plates executed with the utmost finish, facsimiles of the tablets, friezes, and personal ornaments on which the inscriptions are engraved, we are indebted to M. E. Le Blant. His '*Inscriptions Chrésiennes de la Gaule*' is in every way a superb production: it has been followed by his '*Manuel d'Épigraphie*,' which, however, is little more than a reprint of the introduction to his larger and more important work. An enthusiastic admirer of that prince of epigraphists, the Cavalière de Rossi, M. Le Blant hesitates not to defer to his high authority, while he works on the same plan, and adopts the same tests, with the Roman archæologist in the difficult matter of determining the date of his inscriptions. To bring out the value of these broken and half-effaced monuments in connexion with the history of a dark age, to point out the testimony they bear to the doctrines of Christianity, or as he would put it the Catholic Church, to note carefully the significance of their geographical distribution, are some of the chief objects which M. Le Blant has in view. Wherein his work seems to us deficient, is in the fact that it fails to impress upon us, except in one or two instances, any clear notion of the localities from which, as places of Christian burials, the epitaphs which its author deciphers so skilfully, and whose meaning he interprets so fully, have been obtained. We desiderate, too, some prologomenon, however short, such as those which are prefixed to De Rossi's '*Roma Sotterranea*,' which should throw light upon the origin of the Christian practice of interment in one common burial-ground, and help us to realize more vividly the difficulties which beset the Christians in maintaining this practice.

M. Le Blant puts it most succinctly that the Christian inscriptions of Gaul, such at least as are of the nature of epitaphs, have issued from three several sources. 1. Isolated tombs. 2. Cemeteries, or collections of tombs standing alone, or lying beneath the ground. 3. Churches, and the ground in their immediate vicinity. Of these the isolated tomb offers no difficulty. The Christian in adopting such a mode of sepulture did not depart from the Pagan custom, except in the matter of his strict and religious avoidance of cremation. The Christian tomb, when isolated, differed in no material point of view from the Pagan. But it was otherwise with the cemetery, the burial-place for the community, in contradistinction to places of sepulture intended and reserved for individuals or families. The cemetery was an institution, if not wholly Christian in its origin, yet notably so in character, deriving its very name from one of the most fondly-cherished beliefs of the Christian. The selfish

spirit of Paganism prided itself on the isolation, the individuality, the inalienableness, in the light of property, of the separate tomb: the loving spirit of Christianity rejoiced in the union which took place in the one common burial-ground of those who had lived in unity, and whose hopes in the future were one. Besides, from the earliest days of the Church there was another influence at work to bring Christians together in death. Wherever the body of a martyr was interred, it was a common custom to erect a *cella memoriæ* or small chapel. Thither the faithful came together for the purposes of prayer, and the celebration of the mysteries, and to be laid near or beneath this cell, in the sacred vicinity of the tomb of the ever-to-be-remembered martyr was, as many an inscription proves, the ardent and not unnatural desire of Christians. In many instances, the *cella* was replaced by a basilica: the basilica of humble form, in course of time, by one more gorgeous and of nobler proportions, beneath the pavement of which there was still the same wish to be buried, particularly when special prayers came to be offered in behalf of those who were there laid in burial. But composite in character, half-church, half-cemetery, as the Christian basilicas became, they, as well as the cemeteries that stood apart from them, had their origin, not in post-Constantinian times, but in times of persecution, and in those days the practice of interment in one common burial-ground, to which the Christians were so strongly attached, was beset with no little difficulty. To say that this practice, and the possession of cemeteries in common, militated against the spirit of Paganism, would be to say little. It did more; it contravened, from the idea of association it implied, the spirit, if not the letter, of Imperial edicts; and had the principle of fraternity which dictated it been recognized as such, it would, doubtless, have been suppressed during the earlier times of persecution by the strong hand of the law. It was under the shelter of what was unquestionably legal, that a practice no less illegal than that of congregating together, for which Pliny condemned the Christians, sprang up, unnoticed at first till it was beyond the power of the emperor, or the malice of the populace, to suppress it. This, its origin and growth, we shall point out in a very few words.

No law forbade, on the contrary the law expressly permitted, an individual, whether Pagan or Christian, to open his tomb during life, or at his death to bequeath it to whom he would. Thus a Christian, possessed of wealth, could and did admit into his own burial-place his martyred or poorer brethren, and could and did bequeath it for the use of the same after his death. That the cemetery should continue to bear the name of its

original owner was a matter of common prudence, as thereby conformity to the law was secured; but in the third century of the Christian era no emperor and no provincial governor could shut his eyes to the fact that it was to the Church that these burial-grounds belonged. From the Church they took them, and to the Church they restored them, according as they were actuated by a spirit of hostility or lenity. But this was not the only shelter of which the Christians availed themselves. Strict as the laws against the institution of guilds were, at the time when Pliny wrote his famous letter, there was a curious exception made to their general stringency in favour of the poorer members of the community. These were permitted, provided they did not meet for the purpose more frequently than once a month, to pay in towards a common fund. This fund, as we learn from an inscription which Dr. Th. Mommsen has brought to light upon the site of the ancient town of Lanuvium, was applied to the defraying of funeral expenses. The Christians—and we cannot deny that the ‘*tenuiores*’ of the edict, were only too largely represented amongst this poor and despised sect—were not slow on their part to avail themselves of the permission in question. The fund they raised, as we know from Tertullian, was, in large measure, devoted to the purpose of purchasing ground, to a portion of which, his *locus aræ*, every Christian, however poor and persecuted in this life, might look forward as a peaceful resting-place, uncontaminated by the presence of the Pagan. It was, then, by taking refuge under colourable pretexts such as these, by conforming to the letter rather than the spirit of the law, that the early Christians could secure the solace of communion in death—the prospect (and is it not still a fond one to many?) of interment by the side of the great and the good who had gone before them.

We have spoken of the cemeteries as distinctively Christian, as intended and used for the burial of Christians alone. The private tomb or vault was, probably, not equally exclusive. There, Pagan dust might mingle with that of Christians. In the tomb he had built for himself the believing husband must, in some instances, have buried a wife, or son, or parent, who had not died in his faith; while, conversely, in the contingency of a Christian wife pre-deceasing her Pagan consort, the pride of the husband, no doubt, forbade him to cede her body for burial to a sect which he hated and despised, even when natural affection did not prompt him to desire that in death, gloomy and hopeless as it was to him, he should not be severed from her whom he had loved.

Of the ages of persecution the Christian epigraphy of Gaul

presents but few records. Christianity was, it is true, of later growth and slower development in that country than in Rome, or Syria, or Asia Minor. But the paucity or frequency of inscriptions is not to be taken, in pre-Constantinian times, as a test of universal application, for the Christians had often to stand by and witness the desecration of their burial-grounds, the sanctity of which any ordinary sense of decency should have led their enemies to respect. The cry '*aræ non sint*' was loudly and fiercely raised in Africa, and not without cruel and unseemly results; and it is probable that in Gaul also, whenever a persecution of the Christians occurred, the cemeteries were subjected to similar indignities, and as there were no catacombs, in which, concealed from the eye of an infuriated populace, the tombs of the faithful could rest inviolate, it is little wonder that, for some time after the foundation of her earliest churches, Gaul presents so scanty a list of inscriptions, while she offers no trace of any Christian cemetery known to be of earlier date than the fourth century.

A cemetery, belonging apparently to the fifth century, came to light in Vienne, owing to excavations made for the construction of the railway-station in the Place St. Gervais. As it showed no signs of having been violated, the arrangement of the tombs and epitaphs deserves notice. Here and there the tombs, some of which had been formed out of a single block of marble, others of tiles and *débris*, were placed one above the other, while all, with one exception, looked to the east. But the most conspicuous feature was the disregard of symmetry in the arrangement of the tablets which bore the epitaphs—some having been placed upon, others within, others near the tombs to which they respectively belonged. Unfortunately many of these were cast aside and broken into pieces as soon as discovered, and but for the zeal and intelligence of two local archæologists it is probable that no inscriptions would have been obtained, no trace preserved, by means either of etching or verbal description, of the cemetery itself.

The Christian inscriptions of Gaul contained in M. Le Blant's collection belong to a period anterior to the eighth century. They amount in number to over 900—574 of which are in the form of epitaphs—361 referring to men, 213 to women. Since the publication of the '*Recueil*' fresh discoveries have added to this number, and we see that M. Le Blant, in his '*Manuel*,' holds out the prospect (a distant one perhaps) of a new edition of his work, which shall embody these additions to the Christian epigraphy of Gaul.

The chronological arrangement of these inscriptions is natu-

rally of all importance, for upon the date of an inscription, beyond anything else, depends the value of its testimony to the growth and progress of Christian doctrine. As, however, only a certain number of these inscriptions bear date, the task of arranging in chronological order those which are not dated is no easy one, but one that demands for its accomplishment a considerable acquaintance with the forms of epigraphy, as well as nice discrimination, and a sound judgment. These requisites M. Le Blant seems to us to possess in no slight measure. In attempting to fix the date of an inscription it is usual to look out for certain features which are allowed to be notes of antiquity, such as brevity and simplicity of style, the occurrence of the triple, or at least the double name in use amongst the Romans, and the presence of certain symbols rather than others amongst those adopted by the Christians. As aids to chronological arrangement, such notes of antiquity are all more or less of use. We prefer, however, to present to our readers the Christian inscriptions of Gaul—such at least as are in the form of epitaphs—classed in four groups, representing four distinct epochs of epigraphy, the lines of demarcation between which are marked out by the circumstances in which the church was successively placed.

During the first of these epochs, Christianity was still struggling for existence: the tendency amongst its followers would, consequently, be to conceal rather than publicly to parade the faith of their departed brethren on the tombs they raised to their memory. Besides, so intimately was the new society bound up with and dependent upon the old, that its members were at first more likely to adopt a phraseology in common use than to form one of their own for the epitaphs they wrote. Enough that they should add, when such addition could be safely made, to the usual form of the inscription, some symbol of their faith, the anchor, fish, or dove, symbols easily recognized by the eye of the initiated. Thus the Christian inscriptions which most closely resemble the Pagan in form and style, and which often raise a doubt as to their Christian character, are, as a rule, those of the highest antiquity.

A second group represents a period during which the new society appears augmented in numbers, and awaiting the cessation of the persecutions to which it had been, from time to time, subjected. The epigraphy of this period departs from the stereotyped form hitherto in use, but although unmistakeably Christian in its expression of hope and confidence, it is still Pagan in its brevity and use of acclamations.

A third epoch commences upon the recognition of Christianity

by the State. The profession of the faith was no longer attended with danger; yet Paganism remained predominant in point of numbers, possessed enormous influence, and still pervaded the atmosphere of society. This fresh phase of circumstances is reflected in the epigraphy of the period. In it we read the signs of a conflict carried on, and a compromise effected, between the beliefs and convictions of the new and the associations of the old religion. If there was a point in which the Christians, acting upon a literal interpretation of a divine precept, had rendered themselves conspicuous, when arraigned before the Roman tribunal, it was their refusal to state their parentage and extraction. The simple statement, 'Christianus sum,' was all that could be extracted from the lips of the accused. Their country was of heaven, not earth. Their social distinctions, observed though they were in daily life, were not to be taken into account at the solemn moment of this most practical confession of their faith. The clerk of the court stood ready to register, as he was wont, the name, country, and profession of the accused. The Christian refused, on principle, to state them. His refusal was echoed on his tomb. In the Christian inscriptions of this period no mention of the parentage of the deceased accompanies, as it does on Pagan tombs, the record of the name. But this strict avoidance of any direct mention is curiously modified through the observance of a custom, which, Pagan though it was, the Christians still retained—a custom rooted in some of the best feelings of our nature. No one who is at all cognisant with the epigraphy of ancient Rome can have failed to observe how frequently the epitaph concludes with the statement that the tomb has been raised by certain persons whose names are recorded. It is to this practice, enabling, as it did, the freedman or dependant to express his gratitude to his benefactor, that we are indebted for some of the best and truest bits of pathos contained in Pagan epigraphy. This habit the Christians saw no reason, were compelled by no scruple, to lay aside; all that they still avoided was the mention of any social distinction. By itself, or conjointly with other names, they thus introduced the name of the father or mother in the record of the person or persons who had raised the tomb. Nor was this the only way in which the force of long-standing habit asserted its sway over the minds of Christians, and gave form and shape to the epigraphy of the period. To the Pagan the prospect of death brought nothing but gloom; it was little wonder that all mention of the subject was banished from his tomb. To him the day of birth was everything, presided over as it had been, according to his fond belief, by the soft influence of the stars. With the Christian it was otherwise. To

him the day of death was everything, as the threshold of another and a better life; the day of birth was of little moment. Mysticism, indeed, went at times so far as to take note on the tomb of those years alone, which had been spent in the profession of a Christian, and especially a monastic life. Yet so strong was the force of habit, so powerful the old associations of gloom with death, that nearly two centuries elapsed, from the date of the triumph of Christianity, before the practice of recording on their tombs the day of death became general with Christians.

The commencement of a fourth and the last period of Christian epigraphy in Gaul is more or less coeval with the downfall of Rome. If recognition by the State wrought a change in the circumstances of the Church, the fall of the Empire, and the establishment of the barbarians, wrought a still greater one. While Rome stood, Paganism, strong in the towns through the adherence of the upper classes, and in the rural districts owing to the hold which its immoral and licentious rites still retained upon the peasantry, viewed Christianity with an indifference, real or affected, but when Rome fell, Paganism broke up and lost all form and coherence. What, however, led to the disintegration of the old, served but to consolidate the new society. To this change epigraphy again bears witness. The epitaph is engraved, in no wise after a Roman or Pagan, but altogether a Christian fashion. It has lost its Paganism, but with it the elegance of the inscriptions formed on the ancient model, the simple eloquence of those of the earliest Christian style. The mists of Pagan gloom that had, in a measure, hung about the Christian tomb are swept away, the day of death is recorded, while the ancient custom of mentioning the names of those who had raised the tomb is disused. Thus read and thus interpreted, these 'cold *hic jacets*' of the Christian dead of Gaul not only form themselves into certain well-defined groups, but, what is of more importance, lift, in some measure, the veil which hangs over the inner life of the remote past. If some of these epitaphs have been written by a Fortunatus, or in the intervals of episcopal duties or less episcopal amusements by a Sidonius Apollinaris, a large part at least are simple, unstudied compositions; the product of an unlearned mind, but a loving heart, and as such are true photographs of the strong faith, the large charity, the lingering superstition, and the growing error which made up the Christian life of those days.

The aspect under which, beyond any other, M. Le Blant presents the Christian inscriptions of Gaul to our view is that of their geographical distribution. Whatever amount of light

may be thrown on the growth of Christianity and its doctrines in Gaul generally by a chronological arrangement of these inscriptions, we can learn nothing as to its progress in particular provinces unless we regard likewise their geographical distribution. History points to Christian Gaul as a collection of churches varying in point of antiquity, planted in one region close together, in another at wide intervals; while beyond the farthest reach of their illuminating influences lay, here and there, vast districts of Pagan darkness. Is this testimony of history corroborated by that of epigraphy or no? A map of Gaul, which M. Le Blant has appended to his larger work, gives the different centres of epigraphy, together with the particular century or centuries to which the inscriptions of any centre belong. On this map the south-eastern region of Gaul, and the line of the Rhone from the Mediterranean to Lyons in particular, appear crowded with these centres; compared with this region, all others are sparsely covered—the provinces of the extreme south-west and north-west (the promontory of Brittany) presenting an almost blank appearance.* Nor is this all. The provinces which contain most inscriptions, contain, as a rule, those also which are most ancient—the antiquity of an inscription being, to speak generally, in direct ratio to the propinquity of the locality in which it occurs to the south-eastern corner of the country. This, the old Roman Provincia, is the point from which the ever-widening circles spread. Not that inscriptions of a later date—the sixth and seventh centuries—do not also appear in this region; they are to be found there, by the side of the earlier monuments, but in the north-western districts, and, as a rule, in all those which are remote from Provence none but those of a late date occur. It may be suggested that it is owing to the partial character of the investigations which have been carried on, and the chance nature of archæological discoveries in general, that the centres of epigraphy appear thus unevenly distributed over the face of the country. But such causes would be wholly inadequate to account for the phenomenon before us. Where, however, a principle does appear in this unequal distribution is in the fact that Pagan inscriptions are likewise numerous in the provinces in which Christian

* Thus the Viennoise furnishes 46 localities in which inscriptions occur, against 3 in Novempopulania (= Gascony and Bearn) and 10 in the Troisième Lyonnaise (= Brittany, Anjou, and part of Touraine); while out of the 900 inscriptions contained in the 'Recueil,' between 200 and 300 belong to the Viennoise alone, 80 to the city of Lyons, which lay just outside the pale of this province, only 3 to Novempopulania, and 14 to the Troisième Lyonnaise, exclusive of Tours.

inscriptions abound; the plain inference from which is, that in Gaul Christianity followed in the path of Roman civilization.

Christian monuments of any very early date are, as we have said, rare in Gaul. But it is noteworthy, and in conformity with the principle we have laid down, that the two (supposed) most ancient inscriptions of Gaul—the only two for which M. Le Blant suggests so early a date as that of the second century—are met with in Marseilles, and in the neighbouring town of Aubagne, the one in, the other near, the city at whose port the first Evangelists of Gaul in all probability landed; and which thus owed its Christianity, as it had formerly its foundation and civilization, to Greece. As the Marseilles inscription is, apart from its antiquity, one of considerable interest, we give it with its lacunæ, as far as M. Le Blant has been able to supply them, filled up:—

. Sen? TRIO VOLUSIANO
 EUTYCHETIS FILIO
 et . . . Sen?tri O FORTUNATO QUI VIM
 . . . igni? S PASSI SUNT
 Eulo? GIA PIENTISSIMIS Fi
 liis fecit REFRIGERET NOS Qui
 omnia po? TEST. ⚓

The tablet on which this inscription is engraved is of white marble, and, as its lacunæ show, mutilated; but the execution is good, while the form of the inscription denotes the epoch in which the Christians either professed no epigraphy of their own, or, if they professed it, saw reason not to use it. The symbol of the anchor would suggest, if internal evidence were wanting to the body of the inscription to prove, the faith in which the brothers, to whose memory a mother had raised this monument, had died. The phrase, 'Qui vim ignis passi sunt,' with the words that follow it, leave little doubt as to the religion and, we may add, the martyrdom of the departed. M. Le Blant writes:—'Si par une réserve pent-être excessive je n'ose 'toutefois affirmer que nous soyons en face d'une tombe de 'martyrs, nul ne pensera, je crois, à nier la possibilité de ce fait.' De Rossi, however, entertains no doubt on the subject, while he mentions what the modesty of our author leads him to conceal, that it is to M. Le Blant himself that we owe the discovery of this gem of early Christian epigraphy. A short Greek poem which is prefixed to an inscription found at Autun, and which has given rise to much discussion as to its probable date, M. Le Blant is inclined to attribute to the end of the third or beginning of the fourth century. To the fourth century

unquestionably belong four inscriptions, for their date, being given, is no matter of conjecture. The earliest of these, A.D. 334 (it is the earliest Gallic inscription which bears date), belongs to Lyons, where it was discovered about the middle of the last century by some workmen engaged in laying a pipe to conduct water. To this century also are attributed several inscriptions, which do not bear date; it is not, however, till we come to the fifth century that the records of epigraphy become at all numerous. It may be said generally that, although inscriptions of the fourth century occur in Autun, Paris, Amiens, Bordeaux, and Sivaux, yet, with the exception of Treves, the epigraphy of which city commences with and is well represented in the fourth century, the cities in and around which inscriptions of an early date are most numerous are those of the south-east, such as Arles, Lyons, and Vienne. To this rule Nismes affords a remarkable exception. Up to the date of the publication of the 'Recueil' no Christian inscriptions whatever had been discovered in this city, otherwise so rich in archæological treasures. The cause of this remarkable deficiency it is not easy to divine, unless we are to seek it in the opposition which in many instances the municipalities of the Roman empire strenuously and persistently offered to Christianity, and in the particular fact that in a council held at Narbonne at the close of the sixth century a bishop of Nismes utters his laments over the strong hold which Paganism still retained upon his flock.

But it is not only in point of numbers and antiquity that the inscriptions of one Gallic province differ from those of another; they differ also in point of style and phraseology. To accident, in the first instance, and subsequently to the influence of fashion, these differences may, no doubt, in some cases be attributed; but, in others, their *raison d'être* must be sought in the circumstances in which the churches of the different provinces were placed. To take an instance furnished by a series of inscriptions occurring in the Viennoise. The inscriptions are of no higher antiquity than the fifth century, but are distinguished by their embodiment of the phrase '*in spe resurrectionis*.' Is the introduction of these words accidental, or are we not rather to seek its cause in the fact that these inscriptions have one and all come to light in a region where the belief in the resurrection of the body became a watchword of Christianity, where the ashes of martyrs were thrown upon the waters of the Rhone in derision of this particular belief, and where Gnostic heretics added their scepticism to the Pagans' hatred of this article of the faith? Surely the use of the phrase

in question may be regarded as at once the heirloom of a suffering Church, and a traditional protest against a once prevalent heresy.

To pass to another centre of Gallic epigraphy, Treves. The inscriptions of this city amount in number to about one hundred. They are confined to the fourth and fifth centuries, and are fairly uniform in character. What is most remarkable in these inscriptions is that we find in them the record of the names of those who had reared the tomb made, not only frequently, but to a later date than in any other set of Gallic inscriptions. The practice of recording these names we have already noticed as a leading characteristic of the period during which the epigraphy of the Church, although manifestly Christian, still betrayed the influence of Pagan associations and superstitions, and we might be content to point to the inscriptions of Treves as what, indeed, they are—typical specimens of this period. But we scarcely then touch the cause of their possessing this characteristic so prominently. The custom in question was of Roman, Pagan origin, and its persistence was a proof of the grasp which the old society still retained upon the new. Was there in Treves, during the period to which her epigraphy belongs, that which helped to tighten this hold? At the beginning of the fourth century Treves was rejoicing in her newly-acquired metropolitan honours, and in the presence of an imperial court. Romanized more or less since the days of Augustus, she became, and remained, still more Roman during the course of her brilliant but short-lived splendour—that period when, according to Ausonius, the city on the Moselle was the second city in the empire. To the same result the excellence of her school was likely to conduce. Thus the atmosphere that hung about the place, despite the presence of a Christian court, was of Rome, Roman—in other words, Pagan; and to this fact it seems not unreasonable to attribute the marked prevalence and persistence of a Pagan feature in the Christian epigraphy of Treves.

Less a matter of conjecture is the origin of the habit observed by the Christians of the Viennoise of embodying, in their inscriptions, passages taken from the liturgies of the early Greek churches. The habit of introducing extracts from liturgies, just as texts of Holy Scripture are added to the epitaphs of our day, was common enough; it is the Greek origin of these extracts which is noteworthy, as a proof of the obligation under which Gaul lay to Greece, rather than Rome, for the evangelization of her south-eastern provinces. The Gallic churches followed Rome, it is true, in her use and disuse of certain Christian

symbols, but none of them adopted the peculiar phraseology of her epigraphy. The phrase 'depositus est,' as applied to burial, and the word 'refrigeret,' used as an acclamation, both of which are of frequent occurrence in the Roman inscriptions, appear in those of Gaul—the former four times, and always in different localities; the latter, only once.

As to the differences which exist between the inscriptions of one province, or district, and another in the matter of ornamentation, lettering, and the arrangement of the epitaphs—differences as marked as those which exist in the phraseology—we can only regard them as instances of the persistence of fashion. In point of ornamentation, the tombs of the Viennoise assert their supremacy. At Treves, Clermont, and Condes, it was customary to insert the marble tablets which bore the inscriptions into blocks of stone; at Amiens, in engraving the monogram of Constantine, to draw a circle around it. These fashions may be of no importance in themselves, but they help to point out the individuality which marked the epigraphy of the different Gallic provinces. Those who were employed in the material execution of the inscriptions had probably the chief hand in perpetuating fashions of this sort. The masons seem, indeed, not unfrequently to have undertaken the composition of the epitaph, and to have looked with jealous eye upon those who did not leave them this higher walk of their vocation. Sidonius Apollinaris, after writing an epitaph at the request of a friend, proceeds, with pardonable weakness for his reputation as a poet, to urge him to take care that the mason does not, through design or negligence, fail to engrave it correctly.

Viewed under the aspect of their geographical distribution, these Christian marbles help also to throw light upon that which must ever remain a dark page in the history of Gaul—the period during which the Burgundian, the Visigoth, and the Frank ruled with divided sway over the Gallic provinces. In his letters on the history of France, Auguste Thierry brings out clearly the differences which existed between these three sets of tribes in point of civilization, humanity, and the relations in which they stood to the Roman power. The Burgundian, he shows, was the most kindly-disposed towards Rome. His law made no difference in the amount of the fine it inflicted, between the crime of murdering a dependent Roman and his barbarian master; the officers of his army bore the military titles of Rome; with him, to use the words which Sigismond addressed to the Emperor at Byzantium, the Roman name was a family religion. The Visigoth, with a code equally just, but with manners less civilized, bore himself more independently of the ancient masters

of the world. Sidonius Apollinaris, who may be taken as a fair type of the cultivated Gallo-Roman, and who was a fast friend of Rome, regarded the Visigoth, who banished him from his beloved Auvergne, with animosity certainly, but with a respect which he did not entertain towards the easy Burgundian, whose slow wits and gigantic height form the subject of his banter. The Frank, brave, rude, and, as his code proves, inhumane, displayed towards the Roman no other sentiments than those dictated by the enmity of a rival, or the haughtiness of a conqueror. How does epigraphy reflect these points of difference? The Burgundian, in dating his inscriptions, adopted without reserve the Roman system of dating by post-consulates. *Romano Romanior*, he maintained, too, this system for sixty years after it had been laid aside in Italy. The Visigoth, at first, did the same; but afterwards, from the commencement, in fact, of the reign of the powerful Alaric II., a prince who, as Jornandès says, ruled *proprio jure*, he engraved instead the name of his kings, returning however to his former method during the feeble reign of Alaric's successor. The Frank, on the other hand, carved on the tomb, if in rude characters yet with native independence, the name of his chief, and of him alone. No document, no written contemporary record, could give clearer, more decisive testimony as to the attitude assumed by these three Teutonic confederations towards Rome than that which is furnished by these broken and half-obliterated marbles. More than this. Owing to these distinctions in the mode of dating inscriptions, each of these monuments seems, when viewed *in situ*, to mark the limits so uncertain, so frequently shifting, of the dominions of these confederations.

As a rule Christian epigraphy in Gaul confirms the statements of history by its direct testimony; in one instance, however, and that a notable one, by its indirect, viz., by the failure of epigraphy in a particular district. Speaking generally, whenever inscriptions of an early date occur, they are followed by inscriptions of a later date—those of a Roman era by those of a Merovingian. In Treves this rule is not observed. The epigraphy of this city commences with the fourth century, and is brought to a close towards the end of the fifth. Can we account for its cessation as we accounted for its characteristic phraseology, by circumstances in the history of Treves? We think we can. No city, no capital, at least, in Gaul, suffered so severely from barbarian invasions as did Treves—the pride of Gaul, the '*salus provinciarum*' as a medal of Posthumus terms it. Sacked and pillaged four times in the course of half a century, it still displayed a wonderful vitality. Its gay and thoughtless popula-

tion flocked to the games of the circus over smouldering ruins, and through streets stained with the blood of citizens. Taken a fifth time in A.D. 464, it lost its recuperative powers together with the metropolitan honours it was destined never again to wear. A tribe of the Ripuarian Franks, whose conversion to Christianity did not take place till half a century later, had become masters of the place. The Church of Treves had, as was to be expected, suffered alike severely. The sacred edifices were destroyed; the clergy dispersed in such numbers that their ranks had eventually to be recruited from Auvergne. Up to the middle of the fifth century the list of the bishops of Treves can be made out clearly enough; for fifty years from this date it lacks all historical accuracy. The bishop, Iamlychus, who must have witnessed the last calamitous sack of the city, seems—to judge from an inscription found in the Viennoise—to have ended his days as an exile in that less disturbed and more thoroughly Christianized province. To these disasters we must look for a cause of the epigraphy of the Church of Treves being brought to a close towards the end of the fifth century. In A.D. 410—the fatal year of Rome’s sack by Alaric—the Christian marbles of that city present likewise a sudden blank—a blank which must be similarly accounted for by the death or dispersion of a large section of the Christian population of Rome.

The troubles which overwhelmed Gaul at this period are attested by many a marble. The ‘*meliores anni*’ in which such a one was born are fondly recalled on the tomb. The capture of a city serves as a date which after-generations will be slow to forget. But of all the calamities to which the invasions of the barbarians and the unsettled state of the country gave rise, none was heavier than the servitude and captivity which awaited the vanquished. Slavery, indeed, was no new evil, but one of long standing; its worst abuses and more aggravated forms had, it is true, disappeared under the beneficent rule of Hadrian, but even the Christian community, although ignoring all social distinctions in a spiritual point of view, and given, as their inscriptions prove, to treat their slaves kindly as a matter of Christian duty, did not hesitate to conform to the usual practice in this respect. But the conditions of servitude which arose out of the political troubles of Gaul at this period were of a different sort, and constituted an evil of a different magnitude. Whole populations were carried off. No rank, religion, or age was spared, nor any regard paid in the distribution of captives to the relation in which they stood to one another. Women were subjected to every indignity. It was a piteous, but no uncommon spectacle that was there presented—

the ancient masters of the world, and those who, at least, bore the name of Roman citizens, sinking beneath their heavy burdens, chained together like dogs, as they followed the chariots of their barbarian conquerors, to be sold by the way, or to wear out their lives in hopeless servitude. Such as returned from captivity had often to tell, and could show mutilated limbs to confirm, a tale of fearful suffering. But they were few compared with the vast multitude who remained, and in whose behalf the prayer was ever offered by the Church: 'Remember, Lord, remember the faithful who groan in chains, and grant unto them to behold their country again!' From such misery there was but one hope of deliverance, and this lay in the will and power of friends to redeem. To effect this, everything was sacrificed, private or Church property, the living vessel being, as Ambrose urged when the cry of sacrilege was raised, of more value than those of gold or silver, however sacred. And to the honour of Christianity, be it said, in an age when memories of persecution might have excused narrow-mindedness and illiberality of conduct, it was not the faithful alone, but the adherents of Paganism also, that were thus succoured and redeemed.

To the fact that this pious duty was performed by the Christians of Gaul, abundant witness is borne by the epitaphs engraved on their tombs. In the epigraphy of no country is the record of this particular act of mercy more frequently made than in that of Gaul; a fact which, if it betrays the sufferings endured by the country, redounds to the honour of her Christianity. Nor was the hand of charity slow to be stretched out to relieve the needy crowd who, spared the miseries of captivity, had been left destitute on their own hearths, homeless in their own land. There were those who resembled the patriarch of old in that 'when the ear heard them it blessed them, and when the eye saw them it gave witness to them;' one, for instance, on whose tomb was engraved the very title Job applied to himself—'the father of the poor;' another, a widow, who gave her all to the exile, the bereaved, and the captive; another, whom his epitaph, in allusion either to one of Christ's sayings, or to a current legend of the day, describes in these words:—

'Pascere se credens Christum sub paupere formâ.'

Where the subject of this eulogy lived, or what was the sphere of his munificence, we know not, for the inscription, occurring amongst the epitaphs of Fortunatus, is one of the comparatively few whose proper locality it is impossible to deter-

mine. Did it border, we wonder, on the then wild, remote region of Brittany, where the legend still runs that Christ, when visiting the earth to test the reality of the faith professed in His name, assumed the form and the garb of an ill-clad youth? But the legend occurs too commonly in mediæval times, and appears in too distant a quarter of our globe—for it is to be found, shorn, of course, of its Christian form, in the sacred books of the Chinese—to justify us in linking our epitaph too closely with a tale still told in Brittany.

The record of a charity and self-denial such as this forms a pleasant chapter in the Christian epigraphy of Gaul. It is less satisfactory, as far as disinterestedness and purity of doctrine are concerned, to find in the instance of the manumission of a slave by his mistress, as recorded in an inscription belonging to the commencement of the sixth century, that the deed had been done, '*pro redemptionem (sic) animæ suæ,*' a phrase which M. Le Blant contends has reference to the relief of the soul from purgatorial pains, and which he cites in answer to an assertion made by a Protestant archæologist of the seventeenth century, Jacob Spon, to the effect that the epigraphy of the first six centuries did not, as far as he knew it, contain any mention '*du remède des âmes que les épitaphes modernes des Catholiques souhaitent aux défunts.*' The exact time at which certain doctrinal errors and corrupt practices crept into the Church is a difficult and often an impossible matter for us to determine. That prayers were offered for the dead at an early epoch of Church history can scarcely be questioned by the most ardent advocates of the purity of the Primitive Church in matters of doctrine and practice. Could the date of an Autun inscription—we refer to the epitaph itself, not to the beautiful and undoubtedly ancient poem, which is prefixed to it, and to which we have already alluded—be satisfactorily ascertained, we must allow that the practice existed at least at that date; for our inscription unquestionably attests it. But the date of this monument is, and probably must remain, a matter of opinion; high authorities, however, assigning it to the end of the third or beginning of the fourth century. An inscription of the sixth century points to the practice of the invocation of saints; another, of the same date, in the use of the phrase '*accepta pœnitentia,*' the meaning of which is determined by a passage in Gregory of Tours, to the practice of administering extreme unction. On the whole the epigraphy of Gaul, while bearing indubitable testimony to the great doctrines of Christianity, which are held alike by the Catholic and Reformed Churches of Christendom, affords, as it seems to us, but slender support to those tenets

which distinguish Roman Catholicism. But it is otherwise with its testimony to the growth and prevalence of asceticism. On this subject epigraphy speaks fully and clearly.

Cold and ill-fitted for the speedy development of monasticism as the soil of Gaul was, compared with those of Eastern lands, there were not wanting circumstances calculated to ensure the ultimate growth and vigour of a plant which was itself possessed of so much vitality. After the conquest of Gaul by Rome, the upper and middle classes of the community were not slow in assimilating the vices as well as the refinements of their conquerors. From a life of pleasure and self-indulgence, such as became only too general, and from all its demoralizing results, asceticism was the natural reaction, while the impetus which had once been given in its direction was ever being increased by the notion of the superior sanctity which was supposed to attach to the monastic life. That such a notion prevailed amongst the Christians of Gaul is shown, in the instance of some of those who had adopted this life, by the record in their epitaphs of those years alone which had elapsed since the assumption of the monastic vow. The permitted joys, the safe continence of wedlock, were as tarnished metal to the pure gold of abstinence. The spirit of asceticism demanded that they should be laid aside, and, as we may see in the instance of an inscription of the Viennoise, failed not to eulogize on the tomb the practice of such abnegation. Those of our readers who are familiar with the 'Confessions of St. Augustine' will recall to their recollection an episode which the author introduces into his recountal of the events which led to his conversion, and the scene of which was laid at Treves. The story runs, that one afternoon, when the games of the circus were going on, two friends walking in some gardens on the outskirts of the town strayed into a neighbouring cottage, and there chanced to meet with the 'Life of St. Anthony.' So deeply impressed were they by what they read, that they returned home firmly resolved to adopt the monastic life. Nor was this all. Their betrothed—for both men were engaged to be married—upon hearing this decision, were equally eager on their part to assume the vows of virginity. Such an incident, we imagine, was one of no infrequent occurrence in those days. For aught we know, some of the marbles which lie before us, engraved with the words '*Famulus Dei,*' '*Deo placita puella,*' and the like, bear mute witness to some such tale as this. It is enough to read St. Augustine's own story to see how hard even the highly-gifted amongst men found it to acknowledge the '*juste milieu*' between a life of unrestrained pleasure and one marked by the

total abnegation of all domestic joys—how hard to conceive the possibility of holiness apart from the bondage of the monastic vow. But was a life of superior holiness the invariable accompaniment of their vow? To judge from the contemporary testimony of Salvian, than whom none could be a better, if an austere, judge, it was not. Perhaps the impulsive, versatile disposition of the Gallo-Romans, characteristic of their Celtic origin, may have led many to adopt the conventual life hastily and inconsiderately. No language could, at any rate, be more explicit than is Salvian's as to the hollowness, hypocrisy, and worldly-mindedness which often lay disguised beneath this profession of holiness. To his mind the conduct of many of the '*religiosi*' suggested regret for their penitence rather than for their sins. In words which those who have succeeded him in his office would have done well to lay to heart, he tells them, '*Peccata interdixit Deus, non matrimonia.*'

But whatever evils the monastic system already exhibited in Gaul, its existence is, as we have said, amply attested by epigraphy. The abbot, the abbess, the monk, the nun, the novice, are, despite the substitution of one phrase for another as time rolled on, mentioned in terms as definite as those which are to be found in the conventual phraseology of the present day. The change we refer to was in the titles applied to women who had taken vows. The phrases '*puella Dei*,' '*Deo sacrata*,' or '*placita puella*,' appear as the earliest. In A.D. 512 occurs for the first time the term '*religiosa*,' the history of which word is not without interest. Regarded at first as colloquial and informal—for the language of councils apparently retained the ancient usages—it soon became as common in epigraphy as on the pages of Gregory of Tours. After sustaining in mediæval times a rivalry with the terms '*sanctimonialis*' and '*monialis*,' it has prevailed, and now holds its own without dispute in the vocabulary of the French language, and of that language alone among the Romance tongues.

We have pointed out, as characteristic of a certain epoch of Christian epigraphy, the opposition which existed and the compromise which was effected between the convictions of the Christian and his Pagan associations, particularly as shown in the manner in which the direct record of the parentage of the deceased was avoided, and its indirect record permitted. Of this opposition and combination of two distinct classes of ideas we have other instances in the epigraphy of Gaul. The Pagan loved to recall on the tomb the beauty or the strength of those who had been cut off in youth or manhood; the wisdom or the greatness of those who had died in a ripe old age. The

Christian, either actuated by the spirit of asceticism, or bearing in mind the portrait of his Divine Master—‘a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief’—forbore the slightest allusion to physical excellence, and omitted all record of mundane grandeur, as a thing of naught compared with the honour of the heavenly crown. Yet, in spite of the grand conceptions of heaven presented to his view in the writings of an Apostle, and the vision of the Divine Seer, and in the reality of which he firmly believed, the Christian could not wholly free his mind of the imagery with which the fables of Paganism had clothed the subject, and with which he had become familiar early in life in the course of his education. Thus, on one epitaph, we read that the departed wanders in the Elysian grove; on another, that for the Christian, who lies beneath, Tartarus knows no pain, wears no aspect of terror, for his body (such seems to be the connection of ideas) rests near the bones of martyrs; into another, that of St. Hilary of Arles, are introduced a Pauline phrase expressive of the deepest spirituality, and the very words in which Virgil describes the apotheosis of his Daphnis. Nor in epigraphy only do we meet with these Pagan ideas of the future; we find them also in the offices and liturgies of the Early Church.

Of the antagonism which existed between the two societies for a long time after the recognition of Christianity by the State, there can be no question. To this, also, our inscriptions bear at least indirect witness. At first, the Pagans preserved a demeanour of indifference, real or affected, towards a sect which numbered so few of the aristocracy amongst its numbers. Their indignation, however, knew no bounds, even in the fourth century, whenever news arrived of the conversion to Christianity of any Pagan of noble birth. One plan after another did they adopt to galvanize their effete religion into some degree of vitality. The muse of a Claudian was encouraged and pointed to with pride, as a proof that genius, elegance, and refinement found their truest expression on Pagan lips. On the death of Theodosius—a more thorough supporter of Christianity than Constantine himself—the report was sedulously spread that 365 years having now almost passed away since the death of its Founder, the days of Christianity were numbered. Amongst the Christians, and especially the monks, there were not wanting those who, on their part, made no disguise of their eagerness to hasten the downfall of their opponents, who pleaded the obligation, while they did not need the stimulus, of the Biblical injunction, ‘Ye shall destroy their temples;’ and who deemed that to raise a church out of the ruined materials of

a Pagan temple was to do God the highest service. In Africa, scarcely could the influence of an Augustine restrain 'those children of the south whose blood is fire' from infringing the rights of property under the pretext of a Divine command, and in that country, beyond any other, took place those scenes of disorder, tumult, and strife which disgraced the history of the time. But the country which, in the opinion of Beugnot, the talented author of the '*Histoire de la Destruction du Paganism*,' approached Africa most nearly in this unenviable distinction was Gaul. Her soil was, undoubtedly, one on which monkish zeal was likely to meet with a fierce resistance in the ingrained Paganism of the peasant population. Of this strife we may, perhaps, trace signs in what may be termed the palimpsests of Gallic epigraphy—the marble blocks, friezes, and fragments of columns, which have, in the first instance, served for the purpose of the inscription of Pagan epitaphs, or as parts of a Pagan temple, and have subsequently, either from a lack of material or from some other cause, been used by Christians for their own epitaphs.

As one of the signs, and sometimes as the only sign by which we may distinguish a Christian inscription from a Pagan, M. Le Blant points to the name borne by the deceased, and by way of illustration quotes the instance of the proper name, 'Pascasia.' Not only is it wanting to a list of Pagan inscriptions, so ample as that of Grüter's, but it is itself redolent of Christianity. Apart, however, from their use as notes of Christianity, the names furnished by epigraphy are of interest, owing to the light their origin is calculated to throw, first upon the circumstances of the early Christians; and, secondly, upon the race and extraction of those who bore them.

Regarded from the first of these points of view, the proper names recorded on the Gallic marbles present, as a class, no special interest beyond those which belong to the epigraphy of other countries. Like many other names borne by the Christians, they have taken their origin either in the feelings of contempt or hostility which the Pagan community entertained towards the Christian brotherhood, or in the aspirations, sentiments, and innermost beliefs of the Christians themselves. As instances of the first of these two classes of names, we may quote the names, 'Fædula,' 'Injurius,' 'Calumniosa,' 'Contumeliosa,' and of the second, the names, 'Lætus,' 'Gaudentius,' 'Hilaritas,' 'Concordia,' 'Victor,' 'Vincentius,' observing only, in respect to the first set, that the significance of such a nomenclature comes out when we bear in mind the feelings of dislike with which the ancient Romans regarded all names that savoured of

the ridiculous, or betokened an abject condition; and when we contrast it with the fanciful nomenclature which came into fashion under the effeminate Augustus, whose terms were culled from the botany of the day, or suggested by the treasures of the jeweller's shop.

Considered from the other point of view, as representing the various ethnical elements of which the Christian community in Gaul was composed, the names furnished us by epigraphy are of a more special interest. The field of study they offer is, however, a narrow and, in some respects, an unsatisfactory one. By the fifth century, the time when the Christian inscriptions of the country became at all numerous, the Celtic element in Gallo-Roman nomenclature had become in great measure overlaid, owing to the readiness which the Gauls exhibited, after their subjugation, if not actually to adopt Roman names, yet to give to their names a Roman form. Thus the Hebrew, Greek, and Teutonic elements are, to speak generally, all that are left us. Of these the Hebrew is represented by no more than about twenty names; and did the inscriptions which record these names belong to Eastern instead of Western Christendom, we might have to discount a large proportion of these as names adopted from Holy Scripture. But to the Christians of the West, saints and martyrs lent the names which the heroes of the Old Testament supplied to the Christians of the East. Besides, a Jewish element may have existed in the Christian community of Gaul to a greater extent than is represented by the Hebrew nomenclature in the Christian epigraphy of that country. Apparently there was a tendency amongst this people to conceal rather than to display their nationality in the names they bore, or engraved on their tombs. An instance of this occurs in an inscription found at Narbonne. The subject of the epitaph bears the name 'Dulciorella,'—a name which in all probability is nothing else than a Latin rendering of the Hebrew 'Naomi.' Of the nationality of the deceased there can be no question, for the inscription contains the words 'Peace on Israel,' in Hebrew characters, while prefixed to its first line is a representation of the famous seven-branched candlestick of the Jewish Temple. In a Greek inscription found at Smyrna the name Solomon appears similarly disguised under its Greek equivalent, *ἐλρηνοποιός*. Greek names are more numerous, as we might expect from the Greek colonisation of south-eastern Gaul, and the general frequency of such names under the empire amongst the inhabitants of Rome. Inscriptions recording the names 'Staphylus' and 'Ampelius' seem singularly appropriate to the locality in which they have been found—the neighbourhood

of the Provençal vineyards, planted and tended by Greek hands, as these vineyards had been, at a time when the vine was unknown on the banks of the Garonne, and the Côte d'Or of Burgundy had not as yet contracted the debt of gratitude to Roman enterprise, which she still acknowledges in the name of the most (locally) popular of her growths—the Romanée. Inscriptions written in Greek are comparatively few in Gaul. Against over 5,000 Latin inscriptions, including Pagan and Christian, of a date anterior to the sixth century, there are only fifty Greek. On the other hand, many Latin inscriptions show signs, in the nature of the mistakes made in the lettering of having been executed by a Greek hand. Amongst the names of foreign origin the Teutonic are at once the most numerous, and those whose geographical distribution is most conformable to rule. They abound where we should expect to find them—in the epigraphy of the northern districts of Gaul, while amongst them are some formed in Runic characters.

About twenty years ago a series of inscriptions traced in these characters came to light in Normandy, and as their discovery signally illustrates the chance nature of archæological discoveries, to which we alluded at the outset, we shall briefly record the circumstances. On the banks of the Rille, above Pont Audemer, stands a small chapel dedicated to St. Eligius, or Éloi (whose name is recalled on our shores in the St. Loy's Cove, near the Land's End), being, in reality, the apse of a church which has long perished, and, moreover, an object of pilgrimage to the devout of the neighbourhood. A peasant having occasion, at the time we write of, to shore up the wall of a building which stood in the immediate vicinity of this chapel, dug out earth for the purpose. In doing this he came across the head of a statue. This he took to the house of a M. Lenormant, a member of the French Academy, who by good luck lived close by. It is needless to say that researches were at once commenced. Amongst other bits of stonework, six fragments of an inscription were discovered. This inscription proved the statue, of which the head had been found, to have been one of Hercules, while the name of the individual who had raised the statue—one Serquinius, doubtless the ancient proprietor of the ground—revealed the origin of the name borne by the adjoining village of Serquigny. Thus far the antiquities that had been brought to light were of a Pagan character; but M. Le Blant, who was now invited to take part in the search, was destined to find that here, as elsewhere,—as, for instance, in our own Cornwall,—Christianity had set her foot on ground which had been consecrated to the deities of Paganism. A baptistery was discovered,

and subsequently several inscriptions—some in the form of epitaphs, others not—which were engraved on tiles, and some of which were traced in Runic characters. These latter were remarkable for their simplicity of style. Struck by their resemblance in this respect to the earlier inscriptions of Rome, M. Le Blant writes :—

“Nous voici bien loin de Rome et plus encore que par la distance séparés de la cité chrétienne par la diversité des mœurs. L’expression de la foi reste la même, et dans le fond de la Normandie nous pourrions nous croire aux catacombs. Cette brièveté, cette sobriété de formule, qui forment le caractère dominant des premiers marbres chrétiens, nous les retrouvons sur les tombes de la chapelle Saint-Éloi. Un nom, les mots *IF: FRIP* (en paix), rarement une date, voilà toute l’épithaphe du nouveau conquérant.”

But the interest of these inscriptions did not consist only in the peculiarity of their lettering, or the simplicity of their style. On one of them was traced a royal signature—that of Childebert I. To some Neustrian predecessor, then, of this Norman shrine, in days far remote from ours, the Frankish chief must have come on pilgrimage, and traced his name on the memorial tile on which it may still be read, just as nowadays men of humbler position, but actuated by a like sentiment, trace their names, in record of their visits, on the walls of the surrounding buildings.

We have pointed to the differences which exist between the inscriptions of one province and another in the matter of phraseology, lettering, and ornamentation as one of the not least instructive features of Christian epigraphy in Gaul. If we were to extend our field of observation from the narrow sphere of Gaul to the limits of the then Christian world, and to compare together, not the various districts of one province alone, but widely-separated countries such as Gaul and Asia Minor, Spain and Syria, we should find these points of difference still more marked, and suggestive of corresponding differences in the religious sentiments, mental idiosyncrasies, and racial peculiarities of the various bodies of men who constituted, at the time in question, the churches of Christendom. Nor is this all. He who has carefully noted the characteristics of the epigraphy of many and diverse countries can as readily and, as a rule, as surely supply the lacunæ of an inscription which to another presents but a hopeless puzzle, as the comparative anatomist can construct the skeleton of an animal out of a single bone. But the study of comparative Christian epigraphy is as yet in its infancy; it can scarcely be said to have been commenced. Every year, however, brings out the results of careful research in some one of

the many fields of labour, and brings us nearer to the time when the work of comparing the Christian epigraphy of one country with that of another may be undertaken with the full expectation of throwing light upon the mental peculiarities which diversified, the oneness of faith and hope which sustained, an every-day world in the far past.

ART. VI.—*The Greville Memoirs.*

A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV. By the late CHARLES C. F. GREVILLE., Esq., Clerk of the Council to those Sovereigns. London. 1874.

THE author of these volumes was a junior member of the noble Houses of Warwick and Bentinck, who, having entered the service of the State as Private Secretary to the late Lord Bathurst, filled the important office of Clerk of the Council from 1821 to about 1860, and was well known in London society as an able and honourable patron of the turf, and a singularly accomplished man of the world. During almost the whole of this long period it was his habit to record minutely, and with a view to future publication, his experiences of the innumerable details of politics and aristocratic life with which he was daily brought in contact; and as his position gave him, so to speak, a place behind the scenes in the shifting drama of English history for nearly half a century, and his tact and discernment gained him the confidence of most of the leading men of the age, and made him acquainted with the arcana of the sphere of royalty and of what is called fashion, we cannot wonder that his reminiscences should have attracted great and widespread notice. These Journals, indeed, if we regard them from a large and elevated point of view, are not, we think, of remarkable value, and will not rank among the standard works which permanently illustrate a tract of our annals. Being merely the contemporaneous notes and jottings of one who, though a very keen observer, was not trained in habits of thought, they are wanting in comprehensiveness and breadth; and in this respect they cannot be compared, not only with masterpieces of the class of the imperishable *Memoirs of St. Simon*, but even with the writings of Horace Walpole. As they are thrown, too, into the shape of diaries, in which incidents are set down at random, and without regard to proportion or sequence, they do not form a connected whole; and for this

reason, and also because the opinions in them are seldom profound, they do not combine events distinctly, do not place facts in their true significance, and are not easy to recollect and follow. But, on the other hand, they lay bare many important details of affairs of State which hitherto have been less fully disclosed; they place before us most of the chief personages who ruled the Empire in the last generation, as they appeared to an acute eye-witness in their daily acts, and from the inner side; and they form a striking running commentary—intelligent and poignant, if somewhat cynical, and abounding in witty and shrewd remarks—on the manners, the ways, the gossip, the scandal of high life in England in the late Georgian era. In one particular these Journals unquestionably possess very great merit. If not always a far-sighted thinker, or a politician of the highest order of mind, Mr. Greville was a consummate judge of character from the point of view of a man of the world; and, accordingly, his portraits of kings and statesmen, of diplomatists and other conspicuous persons, though occasionally marked with personal feeling, and, on the whole, rather harshly coloured, are singularly graphic, distinct, and life-like. George IV. and his brothers, Wellington and Peel, Grey, Brougham, Melbourne, and a hundred others, are delineated in these vivid pages with a very powerful and cunning hand; and we feel we have their living figures before us, though in the outline we sometimes trace the presence of the dislike and contempt of the artist. As for the manner in which the book has been edited, it is entitled to no ordinary praise. Mr. Henry Reeve, who received the MS. of the Journals from the author just before his death, with an injunction to publish them at a future time, appears to have thought it part of his duty to suppress and omit as little as possible; and he has given to the world one or two anecdotes which might as well have been left in oblivion. But, with this small and doubtful exception, he has performed his task with rare judgment; in executing a trust of extreme delicacy, he has shown much discretion and good taste; and the preface and notes which he has added to the text, being at once accurate, concise, and complete, are of great value to the attentive reader.

These Journals come down almost to our day; but the present volumes comprise only the period from 1818 to 1837, the editor having rightly considered that a publication of the more recent memoirs would, for obvious reasons, be unwise and premature. As we have said, Mr. Greville was not a thinker of the contemplative and philosophic type; and it is difficult to set before our readers any general ideas pervading

his work, which give his opinions on public affairs consistency, definiteness, and even coherence. One broad conclusion, if we mistake not, may, however, be gathered from his pages, and it is interesting, as showing the views held as to the state of England and our future prospects during the reigns of George and William IV., by one of the most clear-headed and calm observers who could be found in the upper classes. The dominant thought of Mr. Greville, from 1822 to 1836, whenever he thought with real gravity on the existing condition of things around him, was that the empire and the constitution, the aristocracy and society itself were often exposed to serious perils; and in the changes of that uneasy time he continually read the signs of revolution. The meanness, the vices, and the selfish extravagance of George IV., he rightly believed, degraded royalty in the sight of the nation; and the levity, the weakness, and the want of dignity of his well-meaning but unwise successor, co-operated in the same direction. The blind obstinacy of the high Tory party, in resisting any liberal improvement, in opposing Canning, in 1827, in vainly struggling against Catholic emancipation, in denouncing reform in 1831-32; in repeatedly, from 1832 to 1836, bringing the two Houses into angry collision, seemed to him ominous of a doom like that which overtook the noblesse of Versailles; and he saw a succession of dangerous errors in the conduct of even its best leaders. Nor did he view without serious alarm the attitude of the party of progress; he admired the Irish policy of the Whigs, although in modern phrase a Conservative, but deprecated most of their other measures; and he thought the Governments of Lords Grey and Melbourne often swayed by factious and bad motives, and ready to yield to Radical cries, which, if successful, would subvert everything. As for the great constitutional change of the age, the Reform Act of 1832, he sincerely believed, with many others, that it would efface the lines of our ancient polity, overthrow our institutions, one after the other, and make England a wild democracy; and he contemplated with unfeigned dread the violent outburst of popular passion by which it was forced through an affrighted Parliament. The state of Ireland, too, from 1828 to 1836, and the ascendancy of O'Connell in that distracted country, foreboded in his eyes the Repeal of the Union; and his first experiences of a Reformed House of Commons made him apprehensive of approaching anarchy. He was, also, plainly, most deeply impressed by the wide-spread poverty and discontent of the mass of the people at this time; and he more than once hints that the state of

things, in which this misery stood in contrast with the luxury and ostentation of the wealthy orders, could not flourish and become permanent. For all these reasons, a tone of melancholy and genuine anxiety pervades his work; and in these volumes we sometimes see the rich and accomplished man of the world looking as though the brilliant and joyous life of which he describes the glittering round, was being threatened with impending ruin.

No candid student of English history during the period embraced by these memoirs, will say that these fears were wholly groundless; and we cannot wonder that they seemed portentous to a generation which had largely witnessed the terrible madness of the French Revolution. Undoubtedly there was much to cause anxiety in the condition of England in those days—in the corruption and folly which encircled the throne, in the stubborn selfishness of the ruling oligarchy, which, having monopolized power for years, had entrenched itself in sullen obstruction—in the broad distinctions which divided classes, making the rich more than usually hard and frivolous, and exasperating the poor with the sense of wrong; and, above all, in the far-spreading pauperism, the result of war, taxes, and shackled commerce, which, so to speak, tainted the frame of the State. Nor is it strange that the rapid changes and constitutional shocks of the time—the transition from Tory to Liberal principles in our whole policy at home and abroad, the angry agitation of 1831-32, and the disorder and unrest of the succeeding years, should have appeared pregnant with many evils to a fine gentleman of the age of the Regency. The dangers, however, which beset England, were, we now know, only passing ills; and a deeper observer than Mr. Greville might have found evidences of the inherent strength and stability of our main institutions in the circumstances of this very time, and have seen in the innovations the dreaded securities for national improvement and progress. If George IV. was despised by his subjects and William IV. not much respected, the people which had for years regarded George III. with feelings of fond reverence had not put monarchy out of their hearts, and loyalty has grown into profound devotion since Queen Victoria ascended the throne. The high Tory magnates, and even their leaders, opposed reforms in the State for years, and in this way did a great deal of mischief, but every prominent man of their party studied and deferred to public opinion; and, unlike the aristocracies of other countries, they never carried resistance to the point at which the knot is severed by force and passion. On the other

hand, the Liberal chiefs, as these volumes most clearly show, were conciliatory and yielding, almost to a fault, in their long struggle with their political foes; and, notwithstanding the excitement of the time, the moderate reformers, led by the Whigs, were supreme during the trying crisis of 1830—1833, and Radicalism, in a bad sense, had not even an hour of triumph. As for the great measures of the Reforming era, Catholic emancipation was a mere act of justice, though, in the existing state of Ireland, it was naturally followed by much confusion; if the Reform Act was a real symptom of a marked advance in popular forces, it left all our institutions intact, and was conceived in a truly statesmanlike spirit; and if the Reformed House of Commons seemed at first disorderly to fastidious eyes, and was self-asserting and not courtly, it lost this character surprisingly soon, and 1834 saw Peel and Wellington once more at the head of a Tory Government. Then, though inequalities and divisions of classes were more than ordinarily marked in those days, they were mitigated, to a great extent, by the power of sensible public opinion, and the innate kindness of the English nature; and if the poverty of the humbler classes was a dark spot in our social system, some of the causes of it could be distinctly perceived, and it was already beginning to yield to enlightened legislation and improved government. In a word, even throughout this period, uncertain and troubled upon the surface, the influences may be traced at work which have preserved England, and kept her great; and had Mr. Greville had larger insight, he might have seen tokens of a better time in what seemed to him most alarming dangers.

The general views of this book, however, do not require particular notice. The really interesting matter in it may be divided into three parts—the contributions it makes to history, its pictures of eminent men of the time, and its stores of contemporaneous remark and anecdote. As for the historical information it affords, this certainly is often curious and useful, though, in our judgment, its greatest merits are not to be found in this province. Mr. Greville was evidently much impressed with the savage and discontented spirit, the fruit of poverty and misgovernment, which animated the people after the war, and displayed itself in Cato-street conspiracies and ebullitions of mob passion. He thus refers to this state of opinion during the general election of 1818:—

‘The elections are carried on with great violence, and every day we hear of fresh contests being in agitation. The disgraceful scenes which have taken place in Westminster excite universal shame and

indignation. The mob seem to have shaken off the feelings and the usual character of Englishmen, and . . . have displayed the savage ferocity which marked the mobs of Paris in the worst times.'

The indifference of some of the higher classes to public opinion in those days is well shown in the following remark, worthy of a Marquise of the Œil de Bœuf:—

'In an argument which I had with Lady Harrowby the day before yesterday, she said that if the House of Lords was to suffer itself to be influenced by the opinions and wishes of the people, it would be the most mean and pusillanimous conduct, *and that after all, what did it signify what the people thought or what they expressed if the army was to be depended upon?*'

The Queen's trial, as is well known, showed the discontent that pervaded the army; and even the Guards, it would seem, were affected:—

'There was some indiscipline manifested in a battalion of the 3rd Guards the day before yesterday; they were dissatisfied with the severity of their duty, and at some allowances that had been taken from them, and on coming off guard they refused to give up their ball cartridges. . . . Worcester met many of them drunk at Brentford, crying out, "God save Queen Caroline!"'

These volumes contain some curious disclosures as to the events that followed the dissolution of the long administration of Lord Liverpool, the prelude to the fall of the Tory ascendancy which had for years been dominant in the State, but for some time had been on the decline. As is well known, Canning succeeded to power as a great national and progressive minister, and notwithstanding Tory secessions and the bitter hostility of Lord Grey, the general opinion of the time would have probably sustained him had his life been spared.

If we are, however, to believe the following, the immediate cause of his favour with the King was a service of not the most creditable kind, though we need not say that, even in that age, such influence could not by itself do much:—

'Canning got into power in this way:—Harriet Wilson at the time of her connection with Lord Ponsonby got hold of some of Lady Conyngham's letters to him, and she wrote to Ponsonby threatening, unless he gave her a large sum, to come to England and publish everything she could. This produced dismay among all the parties, and they wanted to get Ponsonby away and to silence the woman. In this dilemma Knighton advised the King to have recourse to Canning, who saw the opening to favour, jumped at it, and instantly offered to provide for Ponsonby, and do anything which could relieve the King from trouble. Ponsonby was sent to Buenos Ayres forthwith, and the letters were bought up. From this time Canning grew in favour,

which he took every means to improve, and shortly gained complete ascendancy over the King.'

The negotiations of Canning with the Whigs were, according to the following, the real cause of the rupture between him and the high Tories:—

'The Duke's principal objection to Canning was the knowledge of his having negotiated with the Whigs previously to Lord Liverpool's illness, which was communicated to the Duke; he would not say by whom. . . . The Duke told the King that he was already aware of Canning's intercourse with the Whigs, and with that knowledge that he could not consent to his being Prime Minister, as he could have no confidence in him.'

These negotiations, however, were only the efforts of one who aspired to be a national leader, to detach himself from a worn-out faction, and to lean on a party which at the time represented the cause of liberal progress. Canning, like Burke and the two Pitts, had no sympathy with the great Whig noblesse, and they in turn were jealous of him. We can believe that this account of a conversation of Canning with the King is authentic:—

'When the King asked Canning how he was to obtain support enough to carry on the Government, he pulled this letter out of his pocket, gave it him, and said, "Sir, your father broke the domination of the Whigs; I hope your Majesty will not endure that of the Tories." "No," said the King, "I'll be damned if I do;" and he made him Minister.'

The following is interesting, as showing how the Tory Radicalism of a later day, which has been Mr. Disraeli's faith in politics, was not uncongenial to Canning's mind; Canning, we suspect, has always been an object of the admiration of the present Premier, as he certainly was of Vivian Grey:—

'Holland said that he had formerly been one of Canning's most intimate friends at college; that at that time (the beginning of the French Revolution), when a general excitement prevailed, Canning was a great Jacobin, much more so than he was himself; that Canning had always hated the aristocracy (a hatred which they certainly returned with interest); that in after life he had been separated from Canning, and they had seen but little of each other. Just before he was going to India, however, Holland called on him, and Canning dined at Holland House. On one of these occasions they had a conversation upon the subject of Reform, when Canning said that he saw it was inevitable, and he was not sorry to be away when the measure was accomplished, but that if he had been here while it was mooted, *he could have let those gentlemen (the Whig aristocracy) know that they should gain nothing by it.*'

These volumes throw little fresh light on the administration of the Duke of Wellington—the transition stage to the Reform Act of 1832—but they abound in details more or less interesting. George IV. plays a sorry part in these pages in his opposition to the Catholic claims; the godless and worn-out sensualist setting himself up as the Protestant champion from motives of private pique and vanity is a sad and far from edifying sight; and the conduct of the extreme Tories was silly and undignified in the extreme. The Whigs and Liberals, on the other hand, showed themselves really wise and judicious; and the moderation and good sense of O'Connell—qualities for which he has not had sufficient credit—were conspicuous at this important juncture. The following is not wholly correct; but it proves to what influence English opinion ascribed Catholic emancipation at this time :—

'To O'Connell and the Association, and those who have fought the battle on both sides of the water, the success of the measure is due. Indeed, Peel said as much, for it was the Clare election which convinced both him and the Duke that it must be done, and from that time the only question was whether he should be a party to it or not. If the Irish Catholics had not brought matters to this pass by agitation and association, things might have remained as they were for ever, and all those Tories would have voted on till the day of their death against them.'

This is a just comment on the ungracious conditions which clogged the measure of 1829, and urged O'Connell into new agitation :—

'The imprudence of this exception is obvious, for when pacification is your object and to heal old wounds your great desire, why begin by opening new ones, and by exasperating the man who has the greatest power of doing mischief, and create disturbance and discontent in Ireland?'

The following shows the spirit in which the concession of emancipation was made, and should be borne in mind by those who charge the people of Ireland with ingratitude :—

'All the details that I have yet learnt confirm my opinion that the spirit in which the Duke and his colleagues approach this great measure, is not that of calm and deliberate political reasoning, but a fearful sense of necessity and danger, to which they submit with extreme repugnance, and with the most miserable feelings of pique and mortification at being compelled to adopt it.'

This was the conduct of George IV. to O'Connell when the emancipated agitator appeared at St. James :—

'O'Connell had been presented in Ireland, so had not to be pre-

sented again, but the King took no notice of him, and when he went by said to somebody near him, "Damn the fellow ; what does he come here for ?"—dignified.'

Mr. Greville makes this acute remark on the effects of the policy of the Duke in 1829—say rather of the stress of overpowering circumstance—in breaking up the High Tory party, and weakening the influence of the ruling nobles:—

'The Tories have, I think, certainly lost their character by their conduct ; and there is this evil in the history of the measure, that a blow will have been given to the reputation of public men in general which will, I strongly suspect, have an important, though not immediate effect upon the aristocratic influence in this country, and tend remotely to increase the democratic spirit which exists.'

The following attests what was the effect, in the opinion of the high world of London, of the Duke's protest, in 1830, against all Parliamentary reform:—

'The effect produced by this declaration exceeds anything I ever saw, and it has at once destroyed what little popularity the Duke had left, and lowered him in public estimation so much, that when he does go out of office, as most assuredly he must, he will leave it without any of the dignity and credit which might have accompanied his retirement.'

The interest of these Memoirs increases as we reach the eventful time of Reform. Mr. Greville, like most of the politicians of the day, had no conception what a strong hold this question had on the national mind ; and he felt assured that the Government of Lord Grey would have but a brief tenure of power. How low his estimate was of that Government which, with some shortcomings, carried out successfully the greatest constitutional change which England has gone through since 1688, may be gathered from the following passage ; but it is fair to add that it expressed the opinion of most of the public men of the time:—

'Lord Grey's Government is already carped at, and not without apparent reason. The distribution of offices is in many instances bad ; many of the appointments were bad ; and the number of his own family provided for is severely criticised. . . . Graham, Admiralty ; Melbourne, Home ; Auckland, Board of Trade—all bad. The second is too idle, the first too inconsiderable, the third too ignorant.'

The spectre of Reform and the fierce outburst of popular agitation that swept over England, were thus regarded in London society:—

'There has been nothing new within these three days, but the alarm is still very great, and the general agitation which pervades

men's minds unlike what I have ever seen. Reform, economy, echoed backwards and forwards, the doubts, the hopes and fears of those who have anything to lose, the uncertainty of everybody's future condition, the immense interests at stake, the magnitude and imminence of the danger, all contribute to produce a nervous excitement which extends to all classes—almost to every individual. . . . The last two or three days have produced no remarkable outrages, and though the state of the country is still dreadful, it is rather better, on the whole, than it was; but London is like the capital of a country desolated by cruel war or foreign invasion, and we are always looking for reports of battles, burnings, and other disorders.'

These volumes contain some curious disclosures on the long constitutional struggle of 1831-32. Mr. Greville sincerely disliked Reform; but he had too much sagacity to side with those who set themselves to thwart the will of the nation; so he had no patience with the blind obstinacy and arrogance of the High Tories, and he was severe even on Peel and Wellington, to whose motives he hardly does justice. He brings out, also, into clear relief the vacillating and unwise conduct of the King, who, beginning his reign as an ardent Reformer, was soon converted into an obstructive, by Court influence and Conservative prejudice; and he paints with the vividness of an eyewitness the misgivings of some of the Whig leaders. The best part of these chapters of his book is his account of the negotiations between the Cabinet and the moderate Tories, at the great crisis of 1832, which, though not altogether successful, were ultimately the cause that the House of Lords was not swamped by a creation of peers, perhaps swept away in the passion of the hour. Mr. Greville played a very distinguished and useful part in this attempt at a compromise, which, if it proved that a considerable section of the Government secretly feared Reform, showed also how deeply English politics are characterized by a temperate and conciliatory spirit. The principal actors on the Whig side in these negotiations were Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, and on the Tory, Lords Wharncliffe and Harrowby—the chiefs of the Waverers, as they were called. How little Lord Melbourne cared for the bill, appears plainly in the following passage:—

'At the Duchesse de Dino's ball, the night before last, I had a very anxious conversation with Melbourne about it all. He said that he "really believed there was no strong feeling in the country for the measure." We talked of the violence of the Tories, and their notion that they could get rid of the whole thing. I said the notion was absurd *now*, but that I fully agreed with him about the general feeling. "Why, then," said he, "might it not be thrown out?"—a consummation, I really believe, he would rejoice at, if it could be

done. . . . I told him he ought to do everything possible to make his colleagues moderate, and induce them to concede, to which he replied, "What difficulty can they have in swallowing the rest after they have given up the rotten boroughs? That is, in fact, the essential part of the bill, *and the truth is, I do not see how the Government is to be carried on without them.*" "

Lord Grey, however, was perfectly sincere in his determination to carry the bill; and though he laboured to effect a compromise, he would have nothing to do with a 'sham measure.' To his patriotism, and that of some of his colleagues, it was due that his defeat in 1832 did not lead to a collapse of the question with possibly very disastrous results; but it must be added that the real force which made resistance in the long run hopeless, was the resolution of the mass of the nation, which rightly perceived that Reform was a condition of future improvement and progress. These Memoirs narrate in minute detail the almost ludicrous attempt of the Tories to form a Government in 1832, under the auspices of Mr. Manners Sutton; and Mr. Greville severely censures Peel for having declined to join the Duke, and ascribes this conduct to ambitious cunning. This conclusion is, we are convinced, unjust; Peel judged correctly that a Tory Government at this conjuncture could not hope to live, and acted like a sagacious statesman; but we refer to the story as showing what then was the opinion of men behind the scenes:—

'The substance is correct, and may be summed up to this effect:—That Peel, full of ambition, but of caution, animated by deep dislike and jealousy of the Duke (which policy induced him to conceal, but which temper betrayed), thought to make Manners Sutton play the part of Addington, while he was to be another Pitt; he fancied that he could gain in political character, by an opposite line of conduct, all that the Duke would lose; and he resolved that a Government should be formed, the existence of which should depend upon himself. Manners Sutton was to be his creature; he would have dictated every measure of Government; he would have been their protector in the House of Commons; and as soon as the fitting moment arrived, he would have dissolved this miserable ministry, and placed himself at the head of affairs.'

The author, like most of the patrician class, drew a melancholy augury of the future from the first appearance of the Reformed House of Commons—

'The first thing that strikes one is its inferiority in point of composition to preceding Houses of Commons, and the presumption, impertinence, and self-sufficiency of the new members. Formerly, new members appeared with some modesty and diffidence, and with

some respect for the assembly into which they were admitted ; these fellows behave themselves as if they had taken it by storm, and might riot in all the insolence of victory.'

Mr. Greville, however, was candid enough to place on record a somewhat different judgment as early as 1833 :—

'The session is over, and a Reformed Parliament turns out to be very much like any other Parliament, except that it is rather differently, and somewhat less ably, composed than its predecessors. The hopes and the fears of mankind have been equally disappointed, and after all the clamour, confusion, riots, conflagrations, furies, despair, and triumphs through which we have arrived at this consummation, up to the present time, at least, matters remain pretty much as they were, except that the Whigs have got possession of the power which the Tories have lost.'

These Memoirs contain little new matter as regards our history after 1832. They do not add much to our information respecting the Stanley and Graham Secession, the break up of Lord Grey's Government, and the subsequent dismissal of Lord Melbourne. The features of the time most fully brought out are the personal interference and leanings of the king in the *coup d'état* of 1834, the repeated collisions of the two Houses, and what, to Mr. Greville, appeared the factious intemperance of the great party leaders ; and in these disturbances he saw tokens of constitutional and national peril. Yet it would be easy to show that, even at this juncture, when the effects of a great organic change were developing themselves in the frame of the State, the spirit of moderation prevailed. William IV. succeeded in getting rid of the Whigs, but he did not venture to keep them out of office when Peel was debated in the House of Commons. The Tories in the House of Lords threw out measures in a short-sighted and insolent way, yet they shrunk from defying the national will ; and the Melbourne ministry, faithfully reflecting the tendencies of its Epicurean chief, was facile in proposing and accepting compromises. Such was the real character of these agitated years, yet we can understand how it seemed ominous even to the clearest-headed witnesses of events. The following shows how completely the King identified himself with the Tory party after his insolent dismissal of the Melbourne Cabinet :—

'The Duke told Wharncliffe that both he and the king were fully aware of the importance of the step that his Majesty had taken—that this is in fact the Conservatives' last cast, and that he (the King) is resolved neither to flinch nor falter, but, having embarked with them, to nail his flag to the mast.'

His feelings towards the Whigs, when compelled to accept them, are illustrated in a number of passages:—

‘The King is evidently waiting with the greatest impatience for the moment when his ministers must resign He is a true King of the Tories, for his impatience fully equals theirs Nothing can be more undisguised than the King’s aversion to his Ministers, and he seems resolved to intimate that his compulsory reception of them shall not extend to his society, and that though he can’t help seeing them at St. James’s, the gates of Windsor are shut against them.’

Mr. Greville moralized in this strain on the probable results of the frequent conflicts of the two Houses in 1834-5:—

‘There is a sort of vague apprehension that *something* must come of it, and that this collision (for collision it is) between the Lords and Commons will not be terminated without some violent measures or important changes; if such do take place, they will have been most wantonly and wickedly brought about; but it is a lamentable thing to see the two great parties in the country, equally possessed of wealth and influence, and having the same interest in general tranquillity, tearing each other to pieces, while the Radicals stand laughing and chuckling by.’

What is most interesting in these Memoirs is their portraiture of most of the leading personages who filled the stage of events at this period. Mr. Greville’s intimate and personal relations with these notabilities, give his pictures the value of a thorough study of the subject, and though they are often harsh, they are always life-like. Taking first the two sovereigns whose reigns he reviews, he confirms all that the bitterest censors have said of the character of George IV., and he describes the King as a degraded specimen of meanness, cowardice, selfishness, and vice, not unlike Louis XV. of France. With an arrogance that exacted submissive homage, and a bearing of superficial dignity, George IV. was one of the most contemptible of men—weak, false-hearted, sensual, base, and capable of the most dishonourable conduct. He could write haughtily to his ministers, but he cowed at a word from Canning and Wellington; and if he delighted in teasing worn-out valets, he trembled whenever he saw his physician. For the rest he upheld the Toryism of the day from mere personal likings and habits; and an anointed ruler in Church and State, the crowned image of English royalty, could appropriate jewels that were not his own, was skilled in evading his just debts, and left unlucky tradesmen to starve, while he looked on at the open plunder of his palace by a cool-headed concubine. The following anecdote of the conduct of this chivalrous

personage to Mrs. Fitzherbert, is a good illustration of his character :—

‘The late King, who was a despicable creature, grudged her the allowance he was bound to make her, and he was always afraid lest she should make use of some of the documents in her possession to annoy or injure him. This mean and selfish apprehension led him to make various efforts to obtain possession of these, the appearance of which he most dreaded, and among others, one remarkable attempt was made by Sir William Knighton some years ago. Although a stranger to Mrs. Fitzherbert, he called one day at her house when she was ill in bed, insisted upon seeing her, and forced his way into her bedroom. She contrived (I forget how) to get rid of him, without his getting anything out of her.’

This is Mr. Greville’s estimate of George IV. :—

‘There never was such a man, or behaviour so atrocious as his—a mixture of narrow-mindedness, selfishness, truckling, blustering, and duplicity ; with no object but self, his own ease, and the gratification of his own fancies and prejudices ; without regard to the advice and opinions of the wisest and best informed men, or to the interests and tranquillity of the country.’

William IV.—a very different person—stands out to the life in these pages, but in a grotesque and laughable aspect. The bluff, choleric, and prejudiced sailor, was not a wise or even a constitutional King ; he lowered the dignity of his position ; he identified himself with faction in the State ; tried to bend Government to his fancies and whims, and often gave vent to outbursts of passion ; but he was, on the whole, an honest gentleman ; and most of his faults were due rather to a hasty temper and ignorance of Court life than to a low or corrupted nature. As may be supposed, however, he was the frequent butt of the ridicule of the fine people of the day : and these volumes abound in instances of his awkwardness, want of tact, and rudeness. We refer to a few passages :—

‘The King spoke of his brother with all the semblance of feeling. . . . but, just afterwards, when they gave him the pen to sign the declaration, he said in his usual tone, “This is a damned bad pen you have given me.” The other night the King had a party, and at eleven o’clock he dismissed them thus :—“Now, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you a good night. I will not detain you any longer from your amusements ; and shall go to my own—which is to go to bed ; so come along, my queen.” The King has been to Woolwich, inspecting the artillery, to whom he gave a dinner, with toasts and hip hip hurrahing, and three times three, himself giving the time. I tremble for him ; at present he is only a mountebank, but he bids fair to be a maniac. From this account of the King’s

levity throughout these proceedings I strongly suspect that (if he lives) he will go mad. While the Duke and Lyndhurst were with him at one of the most critical moments (I forget now at which) he said, "I have been thinking that something is wanting with regard to Hanover. Duke you are now my minister, and I beg you will think of this; I should like to have a slice of Belgium, which would be a convenient addition to Hanover." If he was not such an ass that nobody does anything but laugh at what he says this would be very important. Such as he is it is nothing. "What can you expect (as I forget who said it) from a man with a head like a pineapple?" After breakfast he reads *The Times* and *Morning Post*, commenting aloud on what he reads in very plain terms; and sometimes they hear "That's a damned lie," or some such remark, without knowing to what it applies.'

This is Mr. Greville's final judgment on this well-meaning, but unroyal sovereign:—

'William IV. was a man who, coming to the throne at the mature age of sixty-five, was so excited by the exaltation that he nearly went mad, and distinguished himself by a thousand extravagances of language and conduct, to the alarm or amusement of all who witnessed his strange freaks; and though he was shortly afterwards sobered down into more becoming habits, he always continued to be something of a blackguard, and something more of a buffoon. It is but fair to his memory, at the same time, to say that he was a good-natured, kind-hearted, and well-meaning man; and he always acted an honourable and straightforward, if not always a sound and discreet part.'

As regards the statesmen described in these pages, Mr. Greville's estimate of Canning and Castlereagh is that which has come down to our time. His delineation of Wellington is very vivid; but, as he admits, not wholly just, and it differs widely from the grand ideal on which we delight to dwell in these days. Mr. Greville, indeed, brings out clearly the simple straightforwardness of the great Duke, his public spirit, and high sense of duty; but he charges him with conceit and want of insight, and he thinks him a shallow and obstinate statesman. This certainly was the prevalent opinion among moderate men at this period, and undeniably Wellington made very grave and bad political mistakes, but it is too depreciatory and severely coloured. Still there was much truth in the following estimate of the attitude of the Duke in 1830-31:—

'I am by no means easy as to the Duke of Wellington's sufficiency to meet such difficulties; the habits of his mind are not those of patient investigation, profound knowledge of human nature, and cool, discriminating sagacity. He is exceedingly quick of apprehension, but deceived by his own quickness into thinking he knows

more than he does. He has amazing confidence in himself, which is fostered by the deference of those around him, and the long experience of his military successes. He is upon ordinary occasions right-headed and sensible, but he is beset by weaknesses and passions, which must, and continually do, blind his judgment. Above all, he wants that suavity of manner, that watchfulness of observation, that power of taking great and enlarged views of events and characters, and of weighing opposite interests and probabilities, which are essentially necessary in circumstances so delicate, and in which one false step, any hasty measure, or even incautious expression may be attended with consequences of immense importance.'

The figure of Peel is very ably drawn, and reflects the notions formed of that statesman by the aristocratic classes of that day, but the likeness is unjust, though in part accurate. Mr. Greville disliked the plebeian manners and the cold and suspicious bearing of Peel; he charges him with hiding eager ambition behind a calm and subdued exterior, and he truly remarks that, for many years, his policy was one of resisting change and then making ungracious concessions. Unquestionably there is truth in all this; but it should have been said, on the other side, that Peel had not only great abilities, but sterling and even noble patriotism, and that if his political education was slow, he never hesitated when he perceived what was the right course in the national interests. And it was, on the whole, well that the Tory party found such a leader from 1828 to 1846—prompt to acknowledge accomplished facts, and equal to cope with great emergencies, although by temperament opposed to innovation. Yet the constitutional position of Peel was false during almost his whole career, and the following is not altogether unjust, written, as it was, in 1833:—

'Under that placid exterior Peel conceals, I believe, a boundless ambition, and hatred and jealousy lurk under his professions of esteem and political attachment. His is one of those contradictory characters, containing in it so much of mixed good and evil, that it is difficult to strike an accurate balance between the two, and the acts of his political life are of a corresponding description of questionable utility and merit, though always marked by great ability. It is very sure that he has been the instrument of great good or of enormous evil, and apparently more of the latter. He came into life the child and champion of a political system which has been for a long time crumbling to pieces; and if the perils which are produced by its fall are great, they are mainly attributable to the manner in which it was upheld by Peel, and to his want of sagacity in a wrong estimate of his means of defence, and of the force of the antagonist power with which he had to contend.'

The characters of Lords Grey and Melbourne—the first high-

minded, eloquent, sincere, but somewhat morally weak and hesitating; the second indolent, passive, sensual, but gifted with rare common sense and discernment—are exhibited with a very graphic touch, but we have no space to refer to them. Lord Brougham is a harsh caricature; his trickiness, his levity, his want of dignity, and his restless ambition are vividly brought out; but he was certainly not so insincere and devoid of dignity as he appeared at this time. Nevertheless, his ostracism in 1834-35 shows what was his colleagues' opinion of him, and this unquestionably was the common judgment of many on the eccentric Chancellor:—

‘The Chancellor’s amazing talents—his eloquence, sarcasm, and varied powers, can never fail to produce considerable effect; but in the House of Lords the field is narrow for the display of these qualities, the audience is cold and unfriendly, and he has excited such a general feeling of personal animosity against himself, and has done such irreparable injury to his character, having convinced all the world that he is desperately ambitious, false, capricious, intriguing, and governed by no principle, and under the influence of no sentiment of honour—that his influence is exceedingly diminished. Those who are charitably disposed express their humane conviction that he is mad, and it probably is not very remote from the truth.’

The following by Graham is a clear-sighted and just estimate of the late Lord Derby:—

‘“With great talents, extraordinary readiness in debate, high principles, unblemished honour, he never had looked, he thought he never would look upon politics or political life with the seriousness which belonged to the subject; he followed politics as an amusement, as a means of excitement, as another would gaming or any other very excitable occupation; he plunged into the *mêlée* for the sake of the sport which he found it made there, but always actuated by honourable and consistent principles and feelings, and though making it a matter of diversion and amusement, never sacrificing anything that honour or conscience prescribed.” I said that this description, which I had no doubt was true, only proved what I already thought, that with all his talents he never would be a great man.’

This comparison between Macaulay and Brougham is a good specimen of Mr. Greville’s style. It is somewhat unfair to the great historian, but it was made while Brougham was still in his prime, and Macaulay’s powers were not fully developed:—

‘Far superior to Brougham in general knowledge, in fancy, imagination, and in the art of composition, Macaulay is greatly inferior to him in those qualities which raise men to social and political eminence. Brougham, tall, thin, and commanding in figure, with a face which, however ugly, is full of expression, and a voice of great power,

variety, and even melody, notwithstanding his occasional prolixity and tediousness, is an orator in every sense of the word. Macaulay, short, fat, and ungraceful, with a round, thick, unmeaning face, and with rather a lisp, though he has made speeches of great merit, and of a very high eloquence in point of composition, has no pretensions to be put in competition with Brougham in the House of Commons. Nor is the difference and the inferiority of Macaulay less marked in society. Macaulay, indeed, is a great talker, and pours forth floods of knowledge on all subjects; but the gracefulness, lightness, and variety are wanting in his talk which are so conspicuous in his writings; there is not enough of alloy in the metal of his conversation; it is too didactic, it is all too good, and not sufficiently flexible, plastic, and diversified for general society. Brougham, on the other hand, is all life, spirit, and gaiety, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," dashing through every description of folly and fun, dealing in those rapid transitions by which the attention and imagination are arrested and excited: always amusing, always instructive, never tedious.'

The sketches of the social life of the time are, as may be supposed, distinct and vivid. Things were certainly done in those days which would not be tolerated in our time; and if high life is not more moral in 1875 than in 1830, it is at least more controlled by public opinion. Nowadays a visitor would not find a gay bonnet and shawl in the private room of a bachelor sexagenarian Premier; a Royal Duke would hardly attempt to insult the wife of a Lord Chancellor, and boast of the feat in good society; and fine ladies are not so skilful at bad *equiroque* in this decent age as they were in the free times of the Regency. The following picture of the social circle of George IV., in his declining years, could have no parallel in this generation:—

'The influence of Knighton and that of Lady Conyngham continue as great as ever; nothing can be done but by their permission, and they understand one another, and play into each other's hands. Knighton opposes every kind of expense, except that which is lavished upon her. The wealth she has accumulated by savings and presents must be enormous. The King continues to heap all kinds of presents upon her, and she lives at his expense; they do not possess a servant; even Lord Conyngham's *valet de chambre* is not properly their servant. They all have situations in the King's household, from which they receive their pay while they continue in the service of the Conynghams. They dine every day, while in London, at St. James's, and when they give a dinner it is cooked at St. James's, and brought up to Hamilton-place in hackney coaches and in machines made expressly for the purpose; there is merely a fire lit in their kitchen for such things as must be heated on the spot. At Windsor the King sees very little of her, except of an

evening ; he lies in his bed half the day or more ; sometimes goes out and sometimes goes to her room for an hour or so in the afternoon and that is all he sees of her. A more despicable scene cannot be exhibited than that which the interior of our Court presents—every base, low, and unmanly propensity, with selfishness, avarice, and a life of petty intrigue and mystery.’

The change which has taken place in the aspect and perhaps the character of high society has been largely due to the personal influence of the illustrious lady who has been no less a pattern of womanly virtue in our land than an upright and constitutional ruler. We quote with pleasure Mr. Greville’s remarks on the impression left by good Queen Victoria, and her first appearance in public life, the inauguration of a new era, very different from that described in these pages:—

‘She looked very well, and though so small in stature and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner, and the good expression of her countenance, give her on the whole a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, and which I can’t help feeling myself. . . . She appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense, and as far as it has gone nothing can be more favourable than the impression she has made.’

We had intended to refer our readers to some sayings and anecdotes that illustrate the wit of the author, and his power of discernment. Our limits, however, have been exceeded, and we must pass from these amusing volumes. They are not memoirs of the highest order, but they contain a rich store of personal observation, at once valuable and very attractive.

ART. VII.—*Europe and Peace.*

I. Could the assurances, repeated a short time ago as with one accord by the sovereigns of the principal Powers of the Continent, suffice to instil the feeling of security in the future, Europe would have reason to be perfectly tranquil. We have seen them, one after the other, undertake journeys and exchange official visits, as if they felt the necessity of a solemn occasion for proclaiming throughout Europe words of peace.

Still Europe is far from being reassured. It is that, though nations as well as individuals like to delude themselves, nay, feel almost an instinctive necessity for doing so, an instinct still more powerful makes them feel the inexorable logic of facts.

It matters little that peace is apparently desired by all, that there is no one who at this moment would dare to declare himself contrary to it. In politics the present means nothing, or but very little; and as far as the future (the sole real political end) is concerned, it is of no use to hide the truth. The only wise policy is that which seeks after what is possible, without troubling itself with what is only desirable. In other words, notwithstanding the formal assurances and the declarations of Emperors who are sometimes considered as little less than arbiters of the peace of Europe, the real question is this alone: In the present state of Europe is the maintenance of peace possible in the long run?

In trying to answer the question, it is necessary to begin by noting that the peace of which we are speaking is nothing but an *armed peace*. The armaments, instead of stopping, continue; in every Parliament the means of increasing them have been discussed; the two nations which come out weakened by a cruel war, carried on most determinedly, have hastened to pass laws by which the armies of both are not only reconstituted, but also augmented by several hundred thousands of armed men.

Russia, too, in her peaceful composure silently prepares herself for war, nay, has already done so, and at any moment will be ready to set in motion nearly three millions of soldiers!

True, it is henceforth recognized in Europe that to be strong and prepared is the best guarantee of peace, and the old saying, *Si vis pacem para bellum*, is accepted without discussion; but no one will deny that this is only an abstract formula of astute policy, not the expression of a historical fact. How many, in truth, are the examples, in ancient or in modern history, of warlike preparations having had peace for their final result!

In any case the longed-for day seems still distant, in which, in virtue of the judgment of a tribunal assembled for the settling of international disputes, war in Europe will become impossible. Noble and generous, and greatly to be desired, is the proposal of Cobden, received and supported by Mr. Henry Richard and his friends, that *arbitration* may one day banish from the world De Maistre's mad and wicked doctrine of the necessity of bloodshed. Still it is worthy of notice that the Emperor Alexander, after having at Berlin, at Vienna, and at London, as in his own capital, St. Petersburg, expressed the greatest belief in peace, promoted with all his power the international Congress of Brussels. It was certainly not by mere chance that the Czar showed himself illogical in giving proof of practical good sense.

II. In order to arrive at a clear understanding of the situation we must carry back our thoughts to 1848. It is easy to convince

ourselves how little the period of history beginning with that date can be called a period of peace; on the contrary, it has been a period of war, or of preparations for war. In 1848, as in 1789 and in 1830, it is the whole of Europe which rises under the impetus of new ideas. At Paris, the French send away Louis Philippe; at Berlin, the Prussians set free the Polish prisoners; at Bucharest, the Roumanians burn the organic regulations of the Russians; at Pesth, the Hungarians begin their separation from Austria; the Hungarian Czecks declare themselves in favour of a Slavonian federation; the Viennese rise against Metternich; at Milan and at Venice they will have nothing to do with Radetzky and Zichy; all Europe, in short, is in a ferment, and on all sides arises a violent antagonism between nations and their governments. These different movements, however apparently sterile at the time, were really fruitful in their final results: Italy, Germany, Roumania, exist as so many proofs of what we advance. Many questions, however, remained unsolved; and in that terrible struggle the accord which reigned between the principal Powers of Europe was broken, especially that unity of policy which drew its origin from the Treaty of Vienna, and still existed in spite of the separation of Belgium from Holland—a separation which had already altered that condition of Europe which was a dogma of the Holy Alliance, and was to have been eternal.

This Holy and self-interested Alliance between the great absolute and military monarchies of the Continent, together with the exhaustion occasioned by the long previous struggle, had rendered peace possible till then; once that good understanding ended, the old arrangements were set aside, and the relations between the single Continental States became uncertain and fraught with danger. The friendly terms between Vienna and Berlin, and between these two and St. Petersburg, did not come from mutual sympathy and friendship between the nations, but exclusively from an interest common to their three respective Courts, and directed to the same political ends; when the interest ceased, nothing remained.

Hence a new era, and new political combinations, at the bottom of which always lies interest, but an interest different from that of the old; an interest less personal, less narrow, more in harmony with the rights of the people.

The Crimean war in 1854, that of Italy in 1859, that of Schleswig-Holstein in 1864, then the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, and, finally, that of France and Germany, have changed the bases of international public rights, and, so to say, completely altered and reconstituted on new bases the interests of

Europe. Let us mark it well: it never was a Congress, or the work of diplomacy which succeeded in settling any of those disputes; it was always war, always the work of force.

The war of 1870 was, to a great extent, the consequence of that of 1866. Napoleon III., by imposing on Prussia the line of the Main, after having himself favoured the aggrandizement of that monarchy and the progress of the German unity, did but render the conflict inevitable.

In the midst of the changes in Europe of 1848, and of the dissolving of the old ties, the great struggle between Austria and Prussia for supremacy in Germany had broken out more violently than ever; a struggle which, after having manifested itself in various ways at Frankfort, Erfurth, and Olmutz, sought after a solution in the Treaty of Nikolsburg, which repulsed Austria from Germany, if not in fact, at least in right.

In vain does Schwarzenberg, in order to make Austria the centre of the German Empire, prepare the great transformation of the Hapsburg Monarchy by the liberal programme read by him on the 27th November, 1848, at the Diet of Kremsir, a programme in which the youthful nephew of Ferdinand proclaims that it is necessary to construct in a near future *a new order of things*; in vain does the *coup d'état* in France suggest later to the bold minister the idea of dividing Europe into three great States, one of which, the German, would belong to Austria. The current which, as Edgard Quinet had already some years before noted, carried German opinion towards Berlin, is irresistible; and in spite of the posterior errors of Prussia, in spite of the reaction protected by Frederic William the Fourth's Prime Minister Radowitz, who persists in calling the old *régime* the *German and Christian State*, that current prevails, and Sadowa at last vindicates Olmutz.

The war of 1870 left in its turn a suite of very serious and fatal consequences; some of them are already so evident that it is possible to point them out, if not to define them.

It is certain that one of the effects of the Franco-German war has been to greatly increase the power of Russia, owing to the deep hatred excited between the other two great military States of Europe; consequently the alliance with Russia is sought after with equal eagerness and equal pains by France and by Germany, in view of a new war. Which of the two has the greater chance of success is a difficult question, in the solution of which it is difficult not to yield to preconceived notions not always well-founded.

The question is not only which of the two Powers will show

the greater skill in securing the precious alliance, but also, and above all, which of the two Russia will find more advantageous for her interests.

France may aim at recovering not only her lost provinces, but also the entire left bank of the Rhine. Prussia may have a still wider plan : she may ardently long for further spoliations of France ; she may desire to crush the independence of Holland, to swallow up the rest of Denmark, to complete the separation of the German part of the Austrian Empire, perhaps even to conquer the Russian provinces of the Baltic. All this is possible ; but we must not forget that Russia has one great object, to which all her efforts tend—she aspires to supremacy in Europe as well as to the extension of her already vast dominions. Hence the probability that the power which will best be able to help her to attain her ends will be the ally preferred by Russia.

It is well known that the so-called Eastern Question is more European than Oriental, as in it are interested all the principal Powers of Europe. Even were Russia to aim at extending her territory and influence only in Asia, it is doubtful whether she could reckon on herself alone, and find her interest in peace instead of in war. Reasoning in the abstract, we should say that Russia could continue her progress in Asia, and go on by the side of England with that work of equal profit and civilization ; that there need not arise between them any occasion for rivalry and discord, so vast a field affording full scope for both. The expedition of Khiva and the last events in Afghanistan have, however, given rise to some anxiety in this respect ; and already fears are entertained that Asia too is to have her Eastern Question, and that the Yellow Sea, like the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, is fated to behold a conflict, all the more terrible should the great American Republic join in it. Heaven forbid such a misfortune ! But it is vain to hope that Russia will abandon her traditional policy, and give up her other object ; that is, voluntarily renounce her ambitious views on Constantinople. It is not in the least probable that she can sincerely desire peace so long as, by a strange hypothesis, it does not answer her purpose so well as war. The more common opinion is that Russia, obliged to choose between the French or the German alliance, would incline rather to the former, either because Germany is now the stronger power, or because the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is of but little moment to her. It is well not to give too decided an opinion on political possibilities ; there is, however, reason to entertain some doubts on the subject, if we consider that, in spite of what

is said, it is far from certain that Germany is so perfectly disinterested in one or the other solution of the Eastern Question as to leave her ally free to do what she likes. Germany having, as it is evident, an interest in keeping up the hope of extending, sooner or later, her dominions to the seas of the South of Europe, it cannot be indifferent to her that Russia should become mistress of all the shores, at present directly or indirectly Ottoman, along the eastern coast of the Black Sea; for that very day she would find between herself and each of those seas a powerful State which would shut her out for ever. Though the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is a principle less sacred for her than for France, for England, and, till lately, for Austria, still it is hazardous to affirm that Germany has no interest whatever in the Oriental Question. The care with which Prussia hastened to set one of her princes on the throne of the Danubian Principalities is calculated to prove rather than to discredit the truth of our assertion.

Those who believe too fully in the unconditional and indissoluble alliance of Germany with Russia forget another thing—that the cordial relations between the two Courts do not prevent there existing a deep and rooted antipathy between the two nations. There is nothing more curious and instructive than the history of the hatred latent between the two races, in spite of the alliance, often renewed, between their respective dynasties; and of the efforts of the German party, represented at the Russian Court by Munich, Ostermann, Biren, and other Germans—all so ill-requited for their zeal,—and lastly by Nesselrode, the able minister of the Emperor Nicholas. This antipathy did not, indeed, prevent Frederic the Second and Catherine from coming to an agreement with Joseph the Second of Austria for the division of Poland; but it is necessary to bear in mind that the principal aim of Frederic the Great was then not so much to aggrandize his State, as to take advantage of that circumstance to stop the Muscovite army in its victorious march towards Constantinople. Frederic himself says in his 'Memoirs': 'There were two lines of conduct to follow; either 'to stop Russia in her immense conquests, or, what was more 'prudent, to have the skill to profit by them. Hence came the 'outline of a project for dividing between Russia, Austria, and 'Prussia the several Polish Provinces.'

III. We cannot mention the political period which we are traversing, nor the wars which have troubled it, without noticing another great State whose action can, nay, ought, to weigh heavily in the balance of European destinies—Austro-Hungary.

This empire, not long ago reconstituted on new bases, and

gone over from the old to the new *régime*, now, after having happily solved the most important of its national internal questions by means of *dualism*, that is to say, autonomy granted to the Hungarian nation; after having overcome with equal success other internal difficulties, would require a long peace to enable it to consolidate itself. Sadowa, by obliging Austria to leave the Germanic Confederation, and to retire totally from Italy, pointed out to her, as her sole chance of salvation, the necessity of frankly following out a liberal and national policy. The task, less arduous under the frank and intelligent direction of Count Andrassy, is still surrounded by difficulties. It is necessary to satisfy the aspirations after liberty and autonomy of the various nationalities composing the State, without endangering the unity of the monarchy. These nationalities hold together at the cost of sacrifices which can be imposed on them only by the principle of liberty, united to the idea of material advantages, which would be seriously endangered by war. In one part of the monarchy the Germans are more or less in open conflict with the Czecks of Bohemia and the Poles of Galicia; in the other, the Magyars cannot reckon on the sympathy of the Slavonians of Croatia, or of the Roumanians of Transylvania. The sole remedy for such difficulties would evidently be a peace of long duration, which would allow time for correcting, and little by little forgetting the defects of dualism.

The question is now, whether the Austro-Hungarian Empire will provide for the interests of peace and its own, by means of the new policy entered upon as regards the Eastern Question. It is difficult to say if the reconciliation of Russia to Austria (reconciliation which seemed impossible after the latter's conduct during the Crimean War, and her occupation of the Danubian Principalities) is owing to Prince Bismarck, with the view of isolating France, or is to be attributed to Count Andrassy, who seems disposed to repudiate Metternich's policy concerning the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. At all events, it is not probable that the apparent reconciliation between the two Empires can signify that Austria has succeeded in converting Russia to her conservative policy in the East, or Russia in converting Austria to her aggressive policy against Turkey; but, on the contrary, that the Powers have found it convenient to agree upon a new line of conduct, each giving up some of its old pretensions. The fact of Russia's reconciliation to Austria proves this alone: that both give up all thoughts of aggression, and wish, if possible, to solve the question in such a way as to forward their mutual interests. Austria renounces denying and

combating the efforts of the Slavonians of the South and of the States belonging to Turkey in the Lower Danube; Russia abandons all intention of constantly favouring the movements and aspirations of those populations, and of propagating a Slavonian line of policy inimical to Austria—a policy of which General Ignatieff has been for the last ten years the faithful as well as able representative at Constantinople. This seems at least probable in the present state of things. But will the two powers succeed in their intent? Here, too, is an important question. Austria, like Germany, can march together with Russia at the outset, both powers having the same starting-point; but little by little the roads diverge: thus, at the end each power may find an enemy in its former ally. Certainly neither of them can allow the other too bold a progress on the road to the Bosphorus without destroying itself. History will say whether Austria has done wisely in quitting her old policy in the Eastern Question. In the meantime, it is certain that since the understanding on this subject between Austria, England, and France has come to an end, there is nothing impossible for Russia, and the Turkish Empire is in constant peril.

The revision of the Treaty of Paris of 1856, which Russia, promptly taking advantage of the prostration of France, asked and obtained in March, 1871, as to what relates to the navigation of the Black Sea, is a sign of this. Prussia, who had won the moral approval of Russia during the wars of 1866 and 1870, necessarily showed herself easy, and in her turn raised no obstacle to the other's wishes.

One cannot mistake as to the causes of such compromises and such agreements. It is easy to understand that Austria should have found it well to reconcile herself with Russia after the war of 1870, which gave to the German Empire, represented by Prussia, so great a power and prestige on the European Continent.

Notwithstanding the sympathy and the exchange of friendly expressions between the Sovereigns, political men at St. Petersburg and at Vienna foresee in the aggrandizement of Prussia and the formation of the unity of Germany a cause of weakness, if not of peril, to the two Empires. Germany, in her turn, feels the necessity of securing friends, as any war may take from her or endanger the fruits of her hard-won victories. Besides this, is it probable that Austria would willingly give up to her ancient rival the mission of extending civilization and German supremacy towards the East? Her having hastened to perform a radical change in her, so to speak, traditional policy; her having abandoned her animosity against Roumania and Servia; the Emperor

Francis Joseph's cordial welcome of their respective princes at the Exhibition of Vienna; his having received kindly and like a sovereign Prince Nicholas of Montenegro; his defence of the Christians of Bosnia;—might not all this signify that Austria will not allow another to take the place to which she feels she has a right? For her, even more than for Germany, the improvement of the economical conditions of the East, so favoured by nature, is an important question. Dalmatia, with her magnificent harbours and brave seamen, is the natural outlet for the productions of Bosnia and of the western districts of Turkey. The internal tranquillity of the Turkish Empire, as well as her prosperity, is a question of vital interest for Austria. Any troubles amongst the Slavonians of Turkey would find an echo in her own. Besides, her action in those countries is less difficult, as she cannot, like Russia, be suspected of too much *panslavism*, nor of too much *pangermanism*, like Germany; nor can the resemblance between the order of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and that of Turkey add weight to the Cabinet of Vienna in the councils of the Sublime Porte. The Christian population of Turkey can observe with advantage the results obtained by Hungary by means of a patient and at the same time tenacious line of policy.

IV. There are two other great European nations to which a wiser policy must render peace desirable—England and Italy. England, at the head of an immense empire, requires peace; she cannot let her vast interests depend on the political crises of Europe. It is a mistake to believe that the policy of the Cabinet of Saint James', which is remarkable for carefully avoiding every occasion of conflict in foreign parts, and for occupying itself especially with the affairs of the country and its economical and financial questions, is peculiar to the Manchester political school. We may be certain that Lord Derby's ideas in this respect cannot differ much from those of the Chief of the Foreign Office of any Whig ministry. He has already had occasion to give a proof of this in his answer, in the House of Lords, to Lord Russell's questions on the continuance of peace in Europe. His words express, in their eloquent laconism, his sense of the dangers which threaten peace on the Continent, and of the evils which new disturbances would bring on England; but at the same time his intention of not allowing the country to depart from that system of prudent reserve which has won for it the most envied prosperity at home, and universal respect abroad.

Well considered, the words uttered more recently by Mr. Disraeli, at the banquet of the Lord Mayor, do not differ in

meaning, though, owing to the time and place, they may have seemed less reserved. The dominant idea even in these is, that the great influence which England possesses cannot be more usefully exercised than in the interest of peace.

'I do not for a moment lay down the principle that we are not responsible to the countries of Europe in many of the questions which may arise, and which may affect the future of the world; but we believe that in the present condition of affairs the influence of England may be exercised, and with great effect, not only to preserve peace, but to assist, by our sympathies and by our counsels, States and countries now distracted and disheartened, in assuming a position worthier of their future fame and fortune, and may reconcile interests which, now discordant and distressful, seem to be exhausting the energies of some of the fairest countries of the world.'

So spoke on that occasion the Queen's Prime Minister. Some days later he again showed anxiety about the perils of the situation, when he plainly declared in the House of Commons that *notwithstanding the apparent general tranquillity, with the exception of one unfortunate country* (by which he evidently meant Spain), *there are at present elements at work such as to prepare a period of great changes.*

As to Italy, her foreign policy in the present state of Europe is traced by her very position, as also by the principles in the name of which she has made her revolution, and to which she owes her independence and unity. Till lately, divided and oppressed, she was a hotbed of wars and discords in Europe; but now she is, and ought to be, a pledge of peace and order. Without renouncing a regular action, worthy of her in general politics, Italy ought to take advantage of a precious period, which might soon fail her, to compose herself, and actively see to her internal government and the order of her finances; a question to her of the most vital importance.

The cause of their long antagonism having ceased to exist, Austria is no more her natural enemy; all trace of resentment has disappeared; the old hatred is changed into warm friendship; and the Italian nation rejoices to see the renovated Empire going onwards with itself in the paths of progress and of liberty. The good understanding between these two great Powers is a happy element in the interests of European peace; and it is to be desired they should perceive that for such an end the time is come for them to unite their influence to that of England. An accord between these three free States, occasioned by community of interests, and strengthened by the homogeneity of principles and institutions, would be still more useful than

alliances properly so-called, which are formed for a definite end, and from the beginning contain germs of discord instead of peace. England would have no motive for refusing her warm support to a pacific as well as an eminently liberal policy; and her active co-operation would prove all the more useful, as she cannot be suspected of seeking after conquests and aggrandizements in Europe. A league of this kind, for a united action in European affairs, would be strong and efficacious; the lesser States, and whoever might have reason to fear abuses of strength, would become so many natural allies, and would find in it a guarantee and a security from danger.

V. A happy effect of the union of England, Austro-Hungary, and Italy in the politics of Europe, would be that of reconstituting the equilibrium fatally destroyed by the war of 1870. One of the most deplorable moral consequences of that war was to destroy the union between England and France, whose common action in European affairs for more than forty years had been so favourable to the principle of nationality and to the cause of liberty.

Belgium and Switzerland suffice to recall to our minds the support which France gave to England in favour of these two small but noble nations. France was with England in supporting the first steps of Spain in constitutional life; they fought together in 1854, in defence of Turkey against Russia, as, twenty-seven years before, they had fought together against Turkey in defence of Greece; the slow dissolution of the absolutism established in Europe after 1815 may be said to date from their alliance; to it, also, are more or less directly owing the extraordinary changes which have taken place since 1830 in the political ideas and in the government of the Continental nations.

Both England and France have as great an interest as ever in carrying out sincerely the same line of policy; any interruption in their mutual understanding can be but momentary, and caused by the provisional state of the French Government. England must desire that France should entirely regain her position and ancient influence in the councils of Europe.

The Second Empire, which had destroyed the treaties of 1815, was in its turn beaten at Sedan; and it is still uncertain what in the future will be the definite government in France. This state of uncertainty is much to be lamented; it has been said with truth that, 'When France is discontented, Europe cannot rest.' But it would be absurd to believe that France, because she has been beaten, is much less great than in the past; the France of 1789, she who gave the liberal impulsion

which roused Europe to a new life; that France which was always wherever there was the triumph of a noble principle to be favoured, whose sons but lately shed their blood on the fields of Lombardy for the redemption of Italy, cannot all at once have lost her importance in Europe. She cannot remain unconcerned in the great political problem of the day—that is, the combinations which are shortly to arise from the violent displacing of alliances and interests, and from the laborious confusion of politics in the East as well as in the West of Europe. The difficulties for France are mostly internal; but even these are far from being insuperable. In this respect, too, France is in need of independence, not of isolation.

‘Four or five questions, each of which implies a revolution, are incessantly in every mind and on every lip. Can the Republic be founded? Can the Monarchy be reconstituted? Which monarchy: the Empire, or the House of Bourbon? The elder or the younger; or both together, and by mutual accord?’

These words of Guizot’s, written in October, 1850, might have been penned but yesterday, and dictated for the present state of France.

A result of the interruption in the understanding between France and England on European politics is the internal reaction against which France is at present obliged to fight. It is true that history tells us how reaction renews itself in that country after some great military disaster, but it is wont to be of but short duration; not even that which followed Waterloo, though, perhaps, the most unrestrained, was relatively long. Notwithstanding this, whoever takes an interest in the destinies of civilization and of liberty in Europe, must desire that this noble nation should show itself what it really is, and come out of the precarious state which leaves it a prey to the most miserable passions; and that, re-entering the paths of order and of social progress, it may extinguish the insane hopes of those in Europe who still reckon on reaction. No one can fail to see that the reaction which ferments in France is the same which spreads its snares in nearly all other nations, and which wallows in blood in Spain, where the struggle is one of social principles rather than of political ideas; it is the great struggle between liberty and absolutism, between the new right and the old wrong.

We cannot mention Spain without feeling pity for a nation as unhappy now as it was formerly fortunate and powerful; and it is equally natural to wish that no Power, for any motive whatever, should attempt to interfere in the internal disputes

of a nation whose susceptibility is proved by history to have always equalled its heroism.

Whatever may be the results of that unhappy civil war, Europe is bound to leave the Spanish nation to determine by its own forces its political development, and the form of its internal organization. Foreigners have ever met with a bad reception from the Spaniards, even when fighting for Spain. The *Times* lately very opportunely recalled to our remembrance the experience of the Duke of Wellington and of Sir de Lacy Evans.

The Government of Madrid shows sufficient faith in the national forces; the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a recent diplomatic circular, said to all Europe, 'Fanaticism and despotism combined have never prevailed against the Spanish nation; their triumph, even but for a time, is impossible, when from generation to generation we fight against them with ardour and constancy. . . . All the forces of the rebels will be useless now as in 1839, as in 1849!'

The Ministry which has lately taken the reins of government, at the very moment when the danger of an intervention seemed most threatening, hastened to repeat that its foreign policy would be directed to ensuring the support and friendship of European nations; but that it would not approve of any foreign intervention offensive to the feeling of the national independence.

A warning of another kind, but equally important for preventing any idea of intervention, should be the conduct of Russia in the question of the recognition. We cannot suppose that the refusal of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg to comply with the invitation of the great Chancellor of Germany, when all the other Powers of Europe adhered to it, had not been well thought over, or had had but a light motive, such as would be, for instance, a mere difference of opinion as to the time, the form, and the more or less opportunity of the recognition. Such an explanation, so easily accepted by some journals, especially German, cannot contain the real motive for which the Russian Government did not fear to put itself, in a completely political question, in full opposition with the friendly Government of Berlin. At St. Petersburg, like at Berlin, the meaning, the value of the recognition was well understood. 'A greater service is rendered (said the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, on the 5th of August) to the cause of Spanish Liberalism by the recognition of the Government of Marshal Serrano than by an armed intervention.'

VI. The rapid glance we have given at the political state of

Europe, and at some of the questions still requiring a solution, will suffice to convince every impartial mind that the horizon is far from cloudless. The reasons for coming to a conflict have, in some degree, altered in the period which Europe is traversing, but they are none the less deep and strong. It will no longer be the theory of European equilibrium which will influence the cabinets and endanger peace, as that theory used formerly to be generally understood, and as it was even lately stated by M. Thiers, when he denied Italy and Germany the right of forming themselves into a nation; neither, perhaps, will it be the policy of intervention, fallen into discredit by the unhappy experience of the interventions of the Holy Alliance, of that of Russia in Hungary in 1849, and of other later ones; it will not be the mere ambition for conquests, already condemned by the verdict of progressing civilization;—but the historical rivalry, the antagonism of races and nationalities, are, and will every day be more, the threatening cause of conflicts. For the wars waged by cabinets have been substituted struggles none the less terrible, although prepared nearly independent of the action of the Government. The rivalry between France and England has been succeeded by that between France and Germany; and already one can perceive, looming in the distance, an almost certain struggle between Germany and Russia. As we have already said, the germs of the latent hostility between the two races have long existed. We cannot say with certainty by what spark the conflagration will be lighted, but it may be well foreseen that the conflict will be one of the most terrible the world has ever witnessed.

We must not forget that these two great military States, upon which the peace of Europe greatly depends, are free from all Parliamentary control. The policy of England, the only country in which Parliamentary institutions are a tradition and a reality, proves how such a *régime* can be an obstacle to the abuse of force, whenever it is so deeply rooted and sincerely practised as to offer serious guarantees against the will of the executive power. It is very different in the German Parliament; the law which was passed some months ago leaves no doubt in this respect. Parliament has for seven years given up all right of discussing the annual military contingent, which means that it has renounced all control in the matter. This is all the more serious in a State like Germany, where the military influence has so long prevailed, and where the conviction already reigns that they must keep by force what was won by force. ‘The conquest of Alsace-Lorraine’ (said the Minister of War, when discussing the military laws) ‘will

‘oblige the nation during fifty years to live on a footing of ‘armed peace.’ The same general, Möltke, completed the idea with the following remarkable words :—

‘We have acquired the respect of all, and the sympathy of none. In Belgium you will find the greatest sympathy for France, little for Germany. Holland begins rebuilding and fortifying her line of defence against inundations. In a pamphlet circulated in England are described the consequences of a landing which would be made, not by France, but by Germany. Denmark thinks it necessary to increase her fleet, and fortify her landing points in the island of Iceland, as she fears a landing of the Germans. The intention of conquering the Russian Provinces of the Baltic, or of annexing the German population of Austria, is likewise attributed to us. France, too, the most interesting of our neighbours, is forced to reorganize her army.’

This, so far as Germany is concerned. As to Russia, no one is ignorant that the army, like everything else, depends on the absolute will of the sovereign. After the Crimean war Russia greatly increased her means of offence and of defence. Under the direction of Todleben her fortifications were rebuilt, and Poland was transformed into an immense advanced bastion, penetrating into the very centre of Europe. From that war Russia learnt that the Eastern Question can be solved only in the West of Europe; and that it is necessary, above all things, to neutralize and destroy the forces which may oppose themselves to the attainment of her ends. The rupture between France and Germany was accordingly most favourable to her, as would be also a rupture between Germany and Austro-Hungary. Russia cannot fail to perceive that Germany might one day become the ally of Hungary to close up the road to the Danube and to Constantinople; and that Germany herself might at any moment find it to her interest to bring Poland to life again, in order to thrust back Russia towards Asia.

The emancipation of the serfs—millions of human beings who counted for less than nothing,—whom the last twelve years has been transforming into free citizens and small proprietors; the conscription lately decreed, which inures to military service all classes of the population; the immense network of railways organized with admirable activity in these last years, with the special view of facilitating strategical movements; everything, in short, proves that Russia feels she has a great part to perform in the events which will take place at the end of this century, and accordingly prepares herself energetically.

Heaven forbid that before the fatal day of the collision between Russia and Germany should arise the two Northern

Powers should think of coming to a mutual understanding for accomplishing between them some enterprize in the East or in the West of Europe! Not long ago the *Augusta Gazette*, in an article which was thought to have been officially inspired, in speaking of the East, reminded us that 'never was the situation of Europe more favourable than at present for Russia and Germany's accomplishing, without impediment, the civilizing mission of delivering the populations of Greek religion and of Slavonian race in Turkey;' and added:—'If Germany and Russia should wish to solve now the Eastern Question, no one could prevent them; these two Powers could change the whole map of Eastern Europe, not only in the parts which form the groundwork of the Eastern Question, but also in those of the Upper Danube, which have a part to play in the definite solution of the German Question.'

In any case, it is certain that since the right of conquest was revived in Europe, since the moral law has been broken—by which the interest of each particular State finds a limit in the general interests of Europe,—new alliances are required, capable of restraining those among the great Powers which, conscious of their own strength, might be tempted to take advantage of it; it is necessary that, before the danger approaching us from the East should become more threatening, the Western Powers should lose no time, but come to an understanding, in order to be ready and united.

ART. VIII.—*Erasmus—his Character.*

- (1.) *Desiderii Erasmi Roterodami Opera omnia in decem tomos distincta, cura CLERICI.* Lugduni Batavorum, MDCCIII.
- (2.) *Erasme, Précurseur et Initiateur de l'Esprit Moderne.* Par H. DURAND DE LAUR. Paris, 1872.
- (3.) *Erasmus: his Life and Character as shown in his Correspondence and Works.* By ROBERT BLACKLEY DRUMMOND, B.A. London, 1873.

THE recent appearance of two new lives of Erasmus—one in French, the other in English—naturally attracts fresh attention to perhaps the most remarkable personage on the whole field of literary history. Many things conspire to impart to the name of Erasmus an extraordinary and imperishable interest. His strongly-marked personal character and the stirring incidents of his life; the position which

he occupied at the momentous epoch of the Reformation; his relations to Luther on the one hand, and to the Papacy on the other; his vast reputation as a scholar; the unique and incalculable service which he rendered to Christendom as the editor of the first Greek New Testament ever published; the influence which, by means of his manifold writings, he exerted over his own and succeeding generations; his intimate and almost chivalrous friendship with Dean Colet and Sir Thomas More—these and other circumstances connected with his life and character have surrounded his name with an attractiveness amounting almost to fascination, which, of its kind, is probably unexampled by any other name in modern history.

Yet, until recently, Erasmus has been singularly unfortunate in his biographers. A very fragmentary and therefore inaccurate delineation of his conduct and achievements has in general been presented. Nor is there much difficulty in accounting for such a fact. In his own age it was, of course, impossible that any true estimate of him could be formed. Both in regard to Protestantism and Popery his life and writings offered too many points of antagonism to render a fair and impartial estimate of the man and his work a thing which could then, by any possibility, be produced. And even now he is only beginning to be correctly and candidly judged. It would be easy to point to books of recent date, which clearly prove that the partisan spirit which prevented any just estimate of Erasmus from being reached in his own day still lives and works—prepossesses authors in the opinion they are to form regarding him, and fatally distorts the image of the man which they think themselves warranted in presenting to the world.

But, even apart from the operation of such prejudiced feelings, there is another very sufficient reason why but few have been able to form any just and accurate estimate of Erasmus. The only way of doing this is by mastering his works, and that is a Herculean task indeed. Let any one glance at the ten huge folios of which Le Clerc's edition consists,* and he will soon understand why it is that, for the most part, only a corner of Erasmus' character has been seen, even by some of those who have professed to know him best. Great has

* This is generally spoken of as the *Leyden* edition, from the place where it was published. It is very excellent and complete, but unfortunately does not contain Erasmus' introductions to the works of Jerome, which are worthy of being ranked among the best of his writings, nor the brilliant dialogue 'Julius Exclusus,' which there is no small reason for ascribing to him. These pieces will be found in the Appendix to Jortin's 'Life of Erasmus.'

been the temptation to read merely the 'Colloquies,' or the 'Praise of Folly,' and then from these to express an opinion respecting the writer, as if no further line from his pen existed at the present day. But this is about as fair as it would be to judge of a vast cathedral by a glance into its chapter-house, or to express a positive opinion as to the general character of a Continent, after travelling through one or two of the smallest kingdoms which it contains. To do Erasmus justice, his works as a whole must be studied; and that, as we have already hinted, is truly a stupendous task. If any one wishes work to last him a lifetime, let him set about the enterprise of mastering the mighty tomes now lying before us. The question has often been propounded, what single author would best supply mental pabulum to the inhabitant of a solitary island, who, on being banished to it, should be allowed to make choice of one favourite writer, and no more? Some have named Plato, others Cicero, and others Shakespeare; but to our mind no one can for a moment compare with Erasmus. Here, in these endless pages of his, there is reading and there is thinking which it seems scarce possible to exhaust. And, withal, the variety is as wonderful as the mere bulk seems overwhelming. The one unfailing characteristic of Erasmus' writings is erudition. But with that everywhere present, they treat of the most diverse topics, and exhibit the most changeful styles. There are few things in human life on which he does not touch, and none of which he treats that are not illuminated by the play of his wit, or illustrated and made plain through means of that practical wisdom by which he was pre-eminently distinguished.

The works of Erasmus are by no means very easy reading. Portions of them, indeed, such as his devotional writings and his letters, are simple enough, and will be easily and agreeably got through by any passable Latin scholar. But there are two things that render most of his writings toilsome to all ordinary readers. The first thing is their terrible prolixity,* and the second is the recondite allusions to classical authors with which they abound. Erasmus was a literary

* Jortin, indeed (Vol. II. 72), after remarking 'that though it is a common thing for those who have been great writers so to spin out their materials that the reader rather loses his time than gains knowledge the farther he proceeds in their books,' adds, 'Erasmus, on the contrary, despatches his argument with conciseness as well as clearness,' but we fear there are not many even of the admirers of Erasmus that will admit the justice of this compliment. Erasmus himself confesses in a letter to Longolius,—'Effundo verius quam scribo omnia, ac molestior est recognoscendi quam cudendi labor.'

Improvisatore. He wrote with amazing fluency ; he never paused to correct or condense what he had produced ; his stock of words never failed him ; and it really seems in some of his pieces—so manifold are the ramifications which spring from the subject in hand, and so continuous the stream of elegant language which rushes from his pen—as if there were no reason why he should not go on for ever. All this, of course, tells heavily on the patience of the reader. And then, so minute and multifarious was his classical learning, that his references, often of a metaphorical kind, to obscure passages in Greek or Latin authors will not unfrequently be felt puzzling even by well-read scholars. Instead of expressing a thought in simple prosaic language, he delights to wrap it up in a phrase borrowed from some ancient writer, with whose pages few at the present day are much acquainted. Readers of the ‘*Encomium Moriae*’ will easily verify this statement by a reference to almost any page of that work, perhaps now the most popular of all the writings of Erasmus.*

As already said, the only satisfactory means of knowing what sort of a man Erasmus really was, is by studying his character as revealed in such a collection of his writings as that named at the head of this article. More than almost any other man, Erasmus lives in his works. We see in these all the phases of his mind and heart ; his points of weakness as well as strength are fully revealed, and his inward man is as vividly depicted by his own pen as his outward man was portrayed by the cunning pencil of Holbein. It is to this source of information regarding him that we shall look in seeking to bring out the leading features of his character ; and before proceeding to do this we shall simply notice, in a few words, the two new lives of Erasmus named above as having recently been given to the world.

* A word may here be said as regards the style of Erasmus. We have described it above as being ‘elegant,’ and we believe that, upon the whole, it may be justly so characterized. But it makes no pretensions to Ciceronian refinements. As will be noticed further on, Erasmus, with great good sense and equal raillery, poured contempt on those in his day who sought in their writings to be servile echoes of the great master of Roman eloquence. It is to be regretted, however, that he did not take more pains to keep his own style free from a kind of mannerism far from agreeable to the reader. Envious cavillers nicknamed him, in his own day, *Porrophagus*, from the frequency with which the adverb ‘*porro*,’ occurs in his writings. We confess to having felt his constantly recurring use of ‘*siquidem*,’ in the sense of ‘*assuredly*,’ still more disagreeable. So fond was Erasmus of this word (used, no doubt, also by others), that he even interpolates it into a line of Juvenal, quoting *Sat.* II. 83, thus, ‘*Nemo siquidem repente fuit turpissimus.*’ (*Op.* II. 955.)

Mons. H. Durand de Laur's work is one of great interest and thoroughness. His first volume is entitled 'Vie de Érasme,' and details in a very clear and excellent manner the incidents in the life of the great scholar. His second volume bears the title 'Œuvre d'Érasme,' and comprises a more comprehensive account than we have elsewhere seen of the varied aspects in which the life-work of Erasmus may be considered. A spirit of the most entire candour and impartiality pervades both the volumes, and the estimate formed of both the man and his work seems to us marked by the greatest justice and penetration.

The work of Mr. Drummond is also highly creditable both to his industry and acuteness: His two volumes do not pretend to the exhaustiveness of M. de Laur's, and they are not quite so lively or interesting as we think they might have been; but they succeed in making the reader fairly well acquainted with Erasmus. They supply a manifest desideratum in English literature. Few readers have access to Jortin's 'Life of Erasmus;' yet that has been until now the only work in our language which aimed at being at all complete or satisfactory. Erasmus, so far as known in this country, has hitherto been so only through such sketches as that contained in the first volume of Hallam's 'Literary History,' or the masterly article of Dean Milman, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, July, 1859.* Though we do not agree with all the views propounded by Mr. Drummond, and will have occasion to criticise some of them in the sequel, we heartily congratulate him on having produced the best 'Life of Erasmus' which has as yet appeared in the English language.

In now proceeding to the task which we have assigned ourselves, we do not mean to dwell on the mere outward incidents in the history of Erasmus. These are probably well known to most of our readers, or, if not so, may easily be learned from the commonest sources of information. Merely premising, therefore, that he was born at Rotterdam, probably in 1467 (though some authorities fix 1465 and others 1466 as the year of his birth), and died at Basle in 1536, one of the most eventful periods in human history, we shall endeavour in what follows to illustrate the principal elements in his character, and, in doing this, we shall have to notice the most important works which, from time to time, he presented to the world.

* The only fault which can be found with the two admirable accounts of Erasmus named above, is their inevitable sketchiness; but, if as is to be feared, some know Erasmus only through the pages of Milner or D'Aubigné, their views of him cannot fail to be erroneous as well as incomplete.

Perhaps one of the first things which will strike one who contemplates the history of Erasmus, is the extraordinary industry which he displayed.

This appears even from his earliest years. We are told that, while yet a boy at school, he had the whole of Terence and Horace by heart; and to what a life of diligence did that youthful feat prove an introduction! It seems almost incredible that one human being could have accomplished so much. We may divide the writings of Erasmus into six or eight parts, and still feel that any one of these might worthily be regarded as having been the work of a lifetime. We may say,—Had he only written the ‘Colloquies’ and the ‘Praise of Folly;’ had he only edited and paraphrased the Greek New Testament; had he only collected and commented on the thousands of Greek and Latin proverbs forming the volume of ‘Adagia;’ had he only been the author of such a vast number of erudite and instructive letters; had he only issued his laborious editions of Irenæus, Cyprian, Jerome, and others of the fathers, with Seneca, Suetonius, Aristotle, and other Greek and Latin classics; had he only published his many valuable treatises on classical philology and practical morality—he would, by any one of such achievements, have done enough to secure for himself imperishable renown. But that he should have done *all* that has been mentioned is one of the prodigies of human history. We sit dumb with astonishment at the contemplation of such a marvellous display of intellectual activity, and we look in vain for anything comparable to it in the lives of more than perhaps one or two others of the sons of men. The mighty labours of Origen among the ancients, and of Grotius among the moderns, rise up before us; but we hesitate to place even these men side by side with Erasmus, in respect to the amount of work accomplished in their respective lives.* And with regard to more ordinary authors, who have nevertheless done much for the world, and secured a lasting hold on the gratitude of mankind, we feel it may be truly said of the ‘*Erasmium sidus*,’ that it shines ‘*velut inter ignes luna minores*.’ Justly did Episcopi^{us} style Erasmus, ‘*Portentum certe seculi sui, et*

* Since writing the above, we have been interested to find in the wonderful collection of *Encomia* and *Epitaphia* ‘in laudem Erasmi,’ prefixed to the first volume of ‘*Le Clerc*,’ the following words: ‘*Si spectemus illius librorum multitudinem, non falso dixerimus ipsum multo præstare non tantum Varroni, qui tamen, Fabio teste, omnia pene tradidisse fertur, sed et magno illi Theologo Origeni, cujus tamen sena millia librorum legisse se D. Hieronymus scribit.*’

Hollandiæ nostræ lumen ;' and well might another critic of the time say of him, 'Tot volumina conscripsit quot alii vix legere,' his works embracing in their vast range almost everything that could be gathered either from patristic or classical antiquity.

We are thus led to remark that, when we examine the matter more closely, our wonder at the diligence of Erasmus is still further increased. It must be remembered that for many years he was very poor, and had to seek a livelihood by teaching others, while he was nevertheless amassing, all the time, his own vast erudition. What a struggle—noble, yet distressing—is indicated in these words, which he wrote from Paris to his friend Battus in April, 1498—'Ad Græcas literas totum animum applicui; statimque ut pecuniam accepero, Græcos primum auctores, deinde vestes emam!' Moreover, his health was always delicate, and he was often tortured by the cruellest disease.* Dreadful is it to read of the agonies which for many years he endured from calculus, not to speak of the other painful maladies which overtook him; and yet, in spite of all, he never remitted his literary toil. On, even to death itself, his fruitful pen was still grasped and used, though it truly was, as he himself pathetically remarks in his subscription to his last letter, 'ægra manu.' And then, again, we ought

* Multitudes of passages might be quoted from the letters of Erasmus, in which he gives the most distressing account of his health. Let the following extract suffice, in which we find a distinct statement that, *animo infracto*, he still pursued his labours, notwithstanding the fearful and complicated sufferings which he had to endure:—'Pituitæ successit calculus, adeo subinde recurrente malo, ut nullus esset dies, quin aut conciperem, aut parturirem, aut parerem, aut a partu decumberem, quem admodum solent puerperæ. Stomachus interim sic collapsus, ut nullo remedio posset restitui. Mihi natura lethalis est inedia, et calculi nixus, qui sæpe biduum durabant nihil minus patiuntur quam cibum. Itaque quum dolor esset quavis morte gravior, tamen non minus erat a stomacho collapsio periculi. Quid multis? tantum hic erat calamitatis, ut vel Nicolao Egmondano (a theologian of Louvain, and one of the bitterest enemies of Erasmus), fuerit satis futurum. At interim corporis quamlibet magnis malis non cessit animus infractus. Præter alia multa absolvi Annotationes in Novum Testamentum: aggressus sum et absolvi intra duos ferme menses Paraphrasim in Matthæum: eam absolutam mitto Cæsari, excepta est magno totius aulæ favore.'—*Ep.* 650, p. 752. This whole letter should be read, as giving a very vivid sketch of Erasmus by his own pen. It contains, among much else, an account of his first taste of real *Burgundy*, and of the relief it gave him. He exclaims, 'O, felicem vel hoc nomine Burgundiam, planeque dignam quæ mater hominum dicatur, posteaquam tale lac habet in uberibus!' As for the wines of the country, he declares them 'digna quæ bibantur ab hæreticis.'

to bear in mind his incessant wanderings from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom. Not his the advantage of settling down for life-long study at some quiet university, with an ample library within easy reach. Never did he find a refuge of which he could say for the rest of his life, 'Placet hic requiescere Musis.' Holland, France, England, Germany, Switzerland—Deventer, Paris, Oxford, Fribourg, Basle, and other localities all became for a brief period his temporary abode, while he searched one place after another for books and manuscripts. Great was the amount of time thus spent in travelling, yet even that was far from wasted. Ambling along on some sorry steed which he has bought, or borrowed, or hired, the mind of the great scholar is still busy, and books are mentally composed which are soon to amuse and instruct the world. Very pleasant is the account which he gives in the preface to the 'Praise of Folly,' addressed to Sir Thomas More, of the way in which that most amusing and not least effective of all his works, sprang up in his mind, and became ready to be transferred to paper as soon as opportunity was offered. To use the words of Mr. Drummond (i. 184)—

'When we next meet Erasmus (after his visit to Rome in 1509) he is once more in London, and again forming part of the family circle of his dear friend, Sir Thomas More. As he was riding across the Alpine snows this friend had been much in his thoughts; and how odd it was, it had occurred to him, that the wisest and wittiest man that he knew should bear a name which in Greek signifies the fool. And then, no doubt, he had begun to think how many real fools there were in the world, and what various forms folly assumed. His own experience and reading furnished him with abundant examples; and before his journey was at an end a kind of declamation, in which, under pretence of eulogizing folly, he might turn all classes of men into ridicule, had worked itself into some sort of shape in his thoughts. Arrived in London, he seized his pen, and in about a week's time had completed one of the famous satires of the world.'

But we cannot leave this topic of the amazing industry of Erasmus without noticing more particularly the crowning proof of it which is furnished by his book of 'Adages.' The object of that work was to collect and illustrate all the proverbs—or, more correctly, all the striking and suggestive expressions to be found in the ancient Greek and Latin writers. The book grew from a comparatively small beginning, and it was only a short time before Erasmus' death that it assumed the colossal proportions in which it exists at the present day. As finally left by its author, it embraces no fewer than 4,251 adages, each of which is explained and enforced, but some at far greater length

than others. A few are despatched in three or four lines ; most have eight or ten times that space assigned them ; while page after page is devoted to such as proved specially suggestive to the mind of the writer. The wealth of learning displayed in explaining and illustrating these proverbs is prodigious. Every corner of ancient literature seems to have been searched, both for the expressions themselves, and then for matter to elucidate their meaning. They are arranged in no kind of order, but follow one another as diamonds might do, if falling from the clouds upon the ground. Among the more interesting dissertations (for the term is not inapplicable), are those on the expression 'Sileni Alcibiadis,' 'Scarabæus aquilam quærit,' 'Festina lente,' 'Herculei labores.' Under the first of these headings Erasmus illustrates at great length, and in a most interesting manner, the maxim that 'things *are* not what they *seem*.' The second adage, which has been mentioned, contains a long and very humorous account of the conflict of a beetle with an eagle, ending in the defeat of the latter, and thus conveying, among other lessons, the moral that it is never wise to scorn even apparently the weakest enemy. In explaining 'Festina lente,' the writer launches into severe invectives against those in his own day, who, from the sordid desire of gain, published with haste and carelessness the works of ancient writers ; while at the same time he eulogizes highly the celebrated printers Aldus and Froben, who took such pains with the works which they issued through the press. Space will not permit us to dwell upon these and other interesting adages, but we must refer at somewhat greater length to the 'Herculei labores,' as giving us, in the words of Erasmus himself, an account of the enormous toil involved in the compilation of this work. After stating that the proverb, 'Labours of Hercules,' might be taken in two senses—either as denoting efforts which were in themselves stupendous, or exertions which brought but little advantage to those who put them forth, he proceeds to show how in both these significations the words might well be applied to himself as the author of the 'Adages.' As to the vast labour implied in the preparation of the work, he speaks in the following strong language :—

'Every writer, ancient or modern, good or bad, who had composed either in Greek or Latin, and in whatever style, or on whatever subject had not merely to be looked through, but to be most thoroughly and carefully searched. For, adages being, like gems, minute, escape at times the eyes of those hunting after them unless the very greatest pains are taken. They have to be first dug out before they can be collected. And who can form an accurate conception of the infinite toil involved in tracing such almost invisible objects, as it were, the whole world over ?

Human life is scarcely long enough for one to examine and consider so many Greek and Latin poets, grammarians, orators, logicians, sophists, historians, mathematicians, philosophers, theologians—to enumerate the very titles of whose writings would induce fatigue; and this work not to be done once only, but over and over again!

But, as he goes on to state, worse still remained. There was the difficulty of obtaining manuscripts, especially of Greek authors; there was the trouble of reading these, often dim, decayed, and worm-eaten, after they had been found; there was the perplexity so frequently caused by the blunders of transcribers and commentators; and there was the unrelieved dryness of the task, which entailed only weariness and exhaustion upon the writer, whatever pleasure might be conveyed to the reader. These remarks will be sufficient to convince every one what truly Herculean toil fell to the lot of Erasmus, in the compilation of his adages. That volume is probably the most astonishing monument of literary diligence existing in the world. And however the 'homo unius libri' must, in most cases, be regarded as but poorly furnished with intellectual wealth, that could scarcely be said to be the case if the *single book* in question happened to be the *Adagia* of Erasmus.*

We next notice the great mental perspicacity, and general good sense, by which Erasmus was distinguished.

There is probably no author that has written on any great variety of topics, whose opinions succeed so well in gaining the assent of the majority of unprejudiced readers as do those of Erasmus.† With

* Mistakes of course occur in this enormous work of Erasmus, but these are few when the vast mass of matter is considered. His learning is rarely at fault in tracing the 'Adages' to their source. We have, however, observed one instance in which later scholars have supplied what he was unable to furnish. In explaining his 504th Adage, he remarks, 'Celebratur apud Latinos hic versiculus, quocunque natus auctore, nam in præsentia non occurrit:

'Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.'

This line occurs, we believe, in the *Alexandreis* of Philip Gualtier, a poet belonging to the thirteenth century. (We find that Jortin notices this, ii. 151.)

† Perhaps the only exception is to be found in the extravagantly strong language which he makes use of with respect to the authority of the Church. No considerate reader will go along with him in such a declaration as the following:—'Quantum apud alios valeat auctoritas Ecclesiæ, nescio; certe apud me tantum valet, ut cum Arianis et Pelagianis sentire possim, si probasset Ecclesia quod illi docuerunt.'—*Ep.* 905: *Op.* III. 1029.

him there are no extreme statements, no paradoxes, no violent prejudices, nothing, in a word, against which impartial readers feel themselves instinctively prompted to rebel. His writings are the perfection of common sense. He had both the native wit, and the large, well-considered views of human life, to which Horace may be supposed to refer when he says—

'Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons,'

a point which we shall now briefly illustrate by referring to some of his most characteristic works.

And here the immortal 'Colloquies' at once present themselves for notice. How thoroughly do they carry the good sense of the reader with them from the first line to the last! Whether he exposes the laziness and self-indulgence of the monks, or inveighs against the superstitions which prevailed, or guards young people against being ensnared into rash vows of celibacy, or dilates on the wickedness of war, or touches on some point of general human interest, he never fails to carry with him the conviction of his readers that he is laying down sound rules for the practical guidance of their lives. How admirable are such sentiments as the following in the colloquy between 'a soldier and a Carthusian.' Says the monk (Erasmus thus hinting what a life in the cloister *might* be) to the soldier, who had expressed his horror of the solitude of a monastery:—

"Do you see here the Gospel volume? In this book *He* talks with me, who, when of old he joined the two disciples going to Emmaus, so affected them with His conversation that they felt not the fatigue of the journey, but experienced the most delightful ardour in their hearts, as they listened to those words, sweet as honey, which issued from His lips. In this book, Paul, and Isaiah, and the rest of the prophets, talk with me. While reading it, I feel the presence of Chrysostom, with his winning eloquence, of Augustine, of Jerome, of Cyprian, and other fathers of the Church, no less learned than they are eloquent." *Sol.*—"But in the meanwhile you live the life of a Jew." *Car.*—"That is only your false notion: it is a Christian life we aim at, if, alas! we do not reach it." *Sol.*—"You place your trust in your use of particular garments and food, your observance of trifling devotions, and other ceremonies, while you neglect the practice of Evangelical piety." *Car.*—"What others may do it is not for me to judge. I am very far from trusting in these things, and ascribe to them very little weight; but I place my confidence in purity of heart, and in Christ."

The same feature in the character of Erasmus is strikingly illustrated by his celebrated *Ciceronianus*. The occasion of this admirable piece (which, by the way, appears to us less than most of the

writings of its author to deserve the censure which Dean Milman passes upon it of being ‘too prolix,’) was as follows:—There was then a small knot of scholars, principally Italians, who prided themselves on a close and exclusive imitation of the style of Cicero in the writing of Latin. Every other classical author was ignored, and no word or phrase was employed unless it had been sanctioned by their idol. So far did the Ciceronians carry this whim, that they refused to express Christian ideas except through the use of heathen terminology, and consequently failed, to a great extent, to express them at all. Now, here was an excellent opportunity for the display of the good sense of Erasmus, and very heartily did he embrace it. The dialogue which he composed in order to expose the folly in question overflows with humour as well as learning, and sweeps resistlessly before it the pedantic nonsense against which it was directed. Nosoponus, who maintains in it the part of *Ciceronian*, expresses himself as follows:—‘Well, I hold it a fixed and necessary rule, and
 ‘one which must be strictly observed by every writer that aspires to
 ‘the honour of the name we bear, that he must not use such words,
 ‘common though they be, as *amo, lego, scribo*, or *amor, lector, scriptor*,
 ‘unless he has first turned up his index, and ascertained if Cicero
 ‘makes use of them.’ This ridiculous position is exposed in the happiest fashion. ‘As Quintilian of old,’ it is said, ‘laughed at some
 ‘who thought themselves close of kin to Cicero because they some-
 ‘times ended a clause, as he so frequently does, with the words,
 ‘“esse videatur,” so there are those at the present day who fancy
 ‘themselves Cicero, because they begin their works with *quanquam*,
 ‘*etsi, quum*, or any other expression with which the great master of
 ‘Roman eloquence commenced his works.’ And then it is asked—
 ‘But what could be more absurd, or more unlike the true Cicero
 ‘than to have nothing Ciceronian except such insignificant phrases
 ‘in the exordium?’ The folly of attempting to express modern thoughts, of a literary, political, or religious nature, by means of a slavish adherence to the phraseology of one who had never such conceptions in his mind, is set forth with overwhelming force both of argument and wit. It is especially shown how unworthy of Christian teachers it was to endeavour to clothe the peculiar truths of the Gospel in a heathen garb; and the fear is expressed lest a hankering after ancient paganism lay at the bottom of such an attempt.* But

* There seems to have been too good reason for this suspicion. Cardinal Bembo, one of the most celebrated Ciceronians, is reported to have been a thorough disbeliever in Christianity. We are told by Melch.

while thus condemning and ridiculing the Ciceronians, Erasmus is careful to guard against any appearance of depreciating Cicero himself. Some of the most beautiful things indeed ever said in praise of the great Roman occur in the writings of Erasmus. In one of his letters,* he says, while resolutely opposing the Ciceronians, 'For the rest, I reckon myself among those who regard the eloquence of Marcus Tullius as being divine rather than human.' And in another famous passage, which we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting, he says, in words which will find an echo in many more breasts now than they did in his own day, †—

'While the first place in point of authority is ever due to the Holy Scriptures, I do nevertheless sometimes meet with sayings in the writings of the ancient heathens, even in the poets, of so pure, and holy, and divine a nature, that I cannot help feeling that some gracious power was at work in their soul when they wrote them. And it may possibly have been, that the Spirit of Christ was shed forth over a wider space than we generally suppose. Many, truly, are to be ranked among the saints, who do not find a place in our lists of them. I freely acknowledge to my friends my own feeling, which is this,—I cannot read the treatises of Cicero on Old Age or Friendship, or his works entitled "De Officiis," and "Tusculanæ Quæstiones," without sometimes pausing to kiss the page, and to think with reverence on that holy soul inspired by a celestial Deity.'

Yet, with all this enthusiastic affection for Cicero, the good sense of Erasmus kept him far from sharing in the servile and silly adulation of the so-called Ciceronians.

And now, let us glance at his treatise, 'De libero Arbitrio,' as exhibiting, in quite a different field, the sterling sense of Erasmus. All our unprejudiced authorities here agree in reprobating the paradoxes of Luther, and in commending the sober statements and arguments by which Erasmus met them. M. de Laur gives an admirable account of the treatise on Free-will in the tenth chapter of his second volume. He sums up very strongly against Luther, and in favour of Erasmus. 'The doctrine of Luther,' he says (ii.

Adam that when Sabinus, Melancthon's son-in-law, visited Italy, Bembo asked him, among other questions, what was the opinion of Melancthon respecting the resurrection and a future state. To this Sabinus replied, that Melancthon's writings were a sufficient proof of his belief in both these doctrines. Upon this, the Cardinal exclaimed, 'I should regard him as being a wiser man if he did not believe them!'

* *Ep.* 1213, *Op.* IV. 1430.

† *Coll.* 'Convivium Religiosum,' *Op.* I. 682.

428), 'tended to refer everything to a single cause, and to do away
 ' with secondary causes: it pointed in the same direction as that
 ' afterwards followed by Spinoza—it ended logically in fatalism. . . .
 ' Luther has on his side a show of logic, biting raillery, red-hot pas-
 ' sion, and a vehemence which carried everything before it. Erasmus
 ' again has on his side, delicate irony, good sense, reason, thought
 ' which takes account of realities, in a word, truth which triumphs
 ' over mere paradoxes.' Hallam remarks ('Literary History,' i. 362),
 that when Erasmus published his diatribe '*De libero Arbitrio*,' he—

'Selected a topic upon which Luther, in the opinion of most reason-
 able men, was very open to attack. Luther answered in a treatise,
 "*De servo arbitrio*," flinching not, as suited his character, from any tenet
 because it seemed paradoxical, or revolting to general prejudice. The con-
 troversy ended with a reply of Erasmus, entitled *Hyperaspistes*. . . .
 Luther on most occasions, though not uniformly, acknowledged the
 freedom of the will as to indifferent actions, and also as to what they called
 the works of the law. But he maintained that, even when regenerated
 and sanctified by faith and the Spirit, man had no spiritual free-will;
 and, as before that time he could do no good, so after it he had no power
 to do ill; nor indeed could he, in a strict sense do either good or ill, God
 always working in him, so that all his acts were properly the acts of
 God, though man's will being of course the proximate cause, they might,
 in a secondary sense, be ascribed to him. It was this that Erasmus
 denied, in conformity with the doctrine afterwards held by the Council
 of Trent, by the Church of England, and if we may depend on the state-
 ments of writers of authority, by Melancthon and most of the later
 Lutherans.'

Mr. Drummond remarks (ii. 201)—

'Luther, in his zeal to ascribe everything as concerns human salva-
 tion to divine grace, had expressed himself with an extravagance which,
 whether or not it was justified by the language of St. Augustine,* at all
 events went beyond the teachings of the great majority of the fathers
 and the schoolmen, and was opposed to what was understood to be the
 orthodox faith in the sixteenth century. He utterly denied the exist-
 ence of any such thing as free-will in man, and maintained that all
 human actions are the result of an inflexible necessity.'

He adds with regard to the treatise of Erasmus on the will—'In

* 'Luther himself could scarcely have used stronger language than
 this sentence which Erasmus quotes, without exact reference, from St.
 Augustine,—"*Deum et bona et mala operari in nobis, et sua bona opera
 remunerare in nobis, et sua mala opera punire in nobis.*"' This lan-
 guage will suggest to the reader the fearful lengths to which the
 strictly predestinarian party were prepared to go in maintaining their
 position.

‘this excellent little work Erasmus undertakes to defend the Catholic doctrine in its mildest form, and pleads eloquently for human responsibility, contending that, from the Apostles down, free-will had never been wholly denied, except by the Manichæans and Wickliff.’* It is indeed impossible that the common sense of mankind can ever allow them long to rest in such a doctrine as that of Luther. In the terse, though characteristically rugged, words of Dr. Johnson, when referring to this subject, ‘We *know* that we are free, and there’s an end on’t.’ Scripture, moreover, proceeds throughout on the supposition that, in regard to the loftiest spiritual acts, as well as the most ordinary natural processes, mankind are still possessed of the imperial faculty of will. ‘Ye *will not* (οὐ θέλετε, John v. 40) come to me that ye might have life,’ are the words in which Christ complained of the Jews of old, words which would be meaningless and mocking, if those addressed were in the condition which Luther represented. At the same time, there can be no doubt that God is sovereign over all, and that man is dependent on His grace. This was fully admitted by Erasmus, in words as strong and explicit as those in which he asserted human freedom and consequent responsibility. His great merit lay in maintaining *both* truths, without presumptuously striving to reconcile them.† In this as in so many other questions, his native good sense enabled him to anticipate the conclusion, in which all theologians and philosophers of mark seem to have agreed at last to acquiesce with respect to this long-continued controversy, namely, that man has a true will of his own, and may exert it either for his future good or evil, while God is, at the same time, ruler over all, and the Author of all good throughout the universe, but that fully to harmonize these two

* D’Aubigné, of course, stands by Luther in this controversy at all hazards. Milman’s treatment of the subject appears to us the least satisfactory part of his essay. While seeming distinctly to hold that Erasmus had the truth on his side, he nevertheless speaks of the fatalistic treatise of Luther as possessing an ‘infelt and commanding religiousness, which, by its power over ourselves, reveals the mystery of its wonderful power over his own generation,’ and proceeds, as we think very unjustly, to depreciate the work of Erasmus.

† On this point, Vives writes to Erasmus as follows. The king referred to is Henry VIII. :—‘Regi est heri tuus liber redditus “De libero Arbitrio :” ex quo inter sacra legit pagellas aliquot, et ostendit sibi perplacere ; ait se perlecturum ; indicavit mihi locum, quo dicit se impense delectatum, quum deterres homines ab immodica perscrutatione adytorum divinæ illius majestatis.’ (*Op.* III. 899.)

truths, and show, on the principles of strict logic, how absolute independence of God, on the part of man, is avoided on the one hand, and utter fatalism is escaped on the other, transcends the faculties of which the most gifted of our race are at present possessed.

We have said that the native perspicacity of Erasmus enabled him in many respects to anticipate conclusions which are now generally accepted; and we shall here adduce a few of these from his edition of the Greek New Testament. As is well known, Erasmus at first rejected the famous text of the 'heavenly witnesses' (1 John v. 7, 8,) as spurious, and having no claim to be received as part of the sacred volume. He was afterwards induced, sorely against his judgment, to admit it; but nothing is more agreed upon by Biblical critics, at the present day, than that his original decision was a sound one, and that the passage in question ought to be expunged. Again, he resolutely contended that the Epistle to the Hebrews should not be ranked among the Epistles of Paul. Endless was the controversy which this opinion caused him with the divines of the Sorbonne, and other ecclesiastics of similar character. But his mind never wavered on the matter,* although he expressed himself ready, on this and all other subjects, to yield to the authority of the church. And, at the present day, he has almost the whole learned world on his side. Scarcely any critic of note now maintains that the Epistle to the Hebrews can be the immediate production of St. Paul, however much it may reflect his ideas, and belong to his circle of friends. Then, again, there was the question as to the original language of St. Matthew. In opposition to prevailing tradition, Erasmus maintained that the first Gospel was written in Greek, and not in Hebrew. His arguments are drawn from the inherent weakness of the tradition,† and the undeniable phenomena presented by the

* It is true that he sometimes speaks of 'Paulus scribens Hebræis' (in Ps. lxxxiv.); but this is merely to use popular language for the moment, while his critical judgment remained undisturbed.

† Erasmus, referring to the tradition that St. Matthew wrote in Hebrew, says (on Matt. viii. 23), 'quod ipsum mihi non fit verisimile, cum nemo sat idoneis argumentis testetur se vidisse ullum illius Hebraici voluminis vestigium.' M. De Laur remarks on this (ii. 273. Comp. Note I. at end of volume):—'Ici Érasme se trompe; Saint Jerome le dit expressément dans son *Catalogue des écrivains ecclésiastiques*, au mot Mathieu.' No doubt Jerome believed at the time when he wrote his work, 'De Vir. illus.,' that Matthew wrote in Hebrew, and that he had seen a copy of the veritable original at

writing itself. The whole style of the document as it now exists; the manner in which quotations from the Old Testament appear in it; the retention of isolated Aramaic expressions; the explanations of these which are occasionally given in Greek; and other reasons, clearly evince the originality of our existing Gospel, and cannot be neutralized by any amount of tradition. This is now beginning to be generally felt; and another tribute is thus paid to the critical perspicacity of Erasmus. Space will allow us to touch on only one other point,—the view which he took of the gift of tongues, and of the manner in which the Apostles acquired their knowledge of Greek. He did not believe that the miracle of Pentecost implied the conveyance of a supernatural acquaintance with any language; and he strenuously maintained that the Apostles learned Greek, just as other people did, by hearing it spoken around them.* Dreadful was the odium which this opinion drew forth against him; and almost pathetic were the appeals at times addressed to him, that he would abandon it.† But in vain. He could not hold otherwise than that the Greek of the New Testament, pervaded as it is by numerous solecisms, and marked, according to the person using it, by distinct local and individual peculiarities, was gained (to use the words of Neander), ‘according to the natural laws of lingual acquirement;’ and, in this again, his clearness of critical insight enabled him to anticipate what is now the established conviction of almost all Biblical scholars.

Another salient feature in the character of Erasmus now demands our attention—the wit and geniality of disposition which he possessed.

This might have been noticed before anything else, as being perhaps the most distinctive trait in the character of Erasmus. But facetiousness has been so often spoken of in connexion with his name, as if it absorbed all his other qualities, that we were anxious

Berea. But, as is well known, he greatly modified this opinion in subsequent works, and is very far from repeating his belief that he himself had seen the Hebrew Gospel of St. Matthew, so that the statement of Erasmus quoted above must be regarded as perfectly correct. We think, therefore, that M. De Laur is unfortunate in adducing this example in proof of the ‘*légèreté*’ of Erasmus, as he does, Vol. II. 530.

* ‘*E vulgi colloquio didicerunt.*’ In *Act* x. 38.

† See, e.g., the very earnest letter of Eck, ‘*Eras.*’ *Op.* III. 296. Eck maintained that the Apostles ‘*non a Græcis sed a Spiritu sancto Græcitatem didicerunt.*’

to place in the foreground some more substantial characteristics. And having done so, we have now to remark that, like all really healthy souls, Erasmus had a very keen sense of humour ; we must add further, that he could scarcely restrain it from overflowing, whatever the subject of which he treated. Far too hastily has he, on this account, been pronounced by some 'a trifler'—one who could not take a serious view even of the most solemn questions. As we shall afterwards see, no charge could be more unjust. It has proceeded from men who were either themselves totally destitute of humour, and therefore could not appreciate it in others, or who had only a very inaccurate and incomplete acquaintance with the character of Erasmus. They have mistaken his wit for levity, his frequent scoffs at superstition for a general scepticism in regard to religion, his abiding hilarity of spirit for the thoughtlessness of one who had never faced the sterner problems of existence. Some have even classed him with Voltaire, although the likeness between them is of the most superficial kind, while the disparity is wide and essential. Both were men of great acuteness, of trenchant wit, and of unyielding pertinacity in attacking what they believed to be erroneous. But the parallel extends no farther. Erasmus had not a particle of that malignant feeling against Christianity, which was so conspicuous in the character of Voltaire. On the contrary, as we shall by-and-by show, he was, according to the light which he possessed, of the most sincere and humble piety. If his wit sometimes led him too far (as we believe it did) in his treatment of sacred subjects, it is clear to every candid reader that he was betrayed, without meaning it, into the offensive or irreverent expression, and that a very different spirit guided his pen, when treating of sacred topics, from that which dictated the utterances of the brilliant but irreligious Frenchman.

No one can study the well-known portrait of Erasmus by Holbein,* without feeling that it is a countenance indicative of the

* Besides frequently painting Erasmus, Holbein inserted most grotesque and amusing pictures in the 'Praise of Folly,' and these are admirably reproduced in the edition of Leyden. A curious story is told of this famous artist which may be here briefly narrated. When on his way from his native land to England, he wished to stay some days at Strashourg, and applied to the most eminent painter in that city for temporary employment. He was asked to give some proof of his artistic ability, and he did so by painting, in the absence of his wished-for employer, a fly on the face of a picture which had just been finished. He then immediately left the house, and pursued his journey. The painter on his return went to inspect his work, and was much pleased

deepest springs of humour. Wit seems twinkling in these peering eyes, and playing about the corners of that wide but shapely mouth. We feel sure that, could these lips only speak to us, some quip or joke, or merry conceit, would speedily regale our ears. And when we turn to the life and writings of Erasmus, how abundantly is this anticipation verified. His *impromptu* sallies of wit were often of the happiest character. What, for example, could have been better than the reply he gave to the Elector of Saxony, when asked what he thought of Luther? 'Luther,' said Erasmus, 'has committed two great faults: he has touched the pope's crown, and the monks' bellies.' How one longs to have been present at that first meeting of More and Erasmus, when, without having been made known to each other, both stood self-confessed by the brilliancy of their talk, and, according to the common account, no sooner had the Continental stranger exclaimed, 'Aut tu es Morus aut nullus,' than the vivacious Englishman answered, 'Aut tu es Erasmus aut diabolus.' Whether this story be true or not, there can be no question as to the extraordinary flow of humour which would take place when two such spirits chanced to meet. The mirthfulness of Erasmus was, in truth, unquenchable. Even when suffering under the horrible agonies of that disease which so long afflicted him, nothing could prevent him from having his joke at 'Rex calculus,' or 'Rhetor calculus.' And to the end this buoyancy of heart endured. We are told that when, but a few days before his death, he was visited by his friends, Froben, Amberbach, and Episcopius, he playfully reminded them of the three friends of Job, and asked where were their torn mantles, and the ashes to be sprinkled upon their heads. This brings to our remembrance the humorous expressions which continued to flow from the lips and pen of Sydney Smith even to the last, and which, in his case as in that of Erasmus, were accompanied by a benignity and sweetness that seemed to rob the approach to the dark valley of more than half its gloom.*

with its appearance, but noticed, as he thought, that a fly had settled upon the face. He went up to dislodge the intruder, and tried to do so once and again, but the fly refused to move. At length he discovered that it was no real fly, but only an imitation, and was so filled with admiration of the skill implied in its execution, that he could not rest until its author was discovered; and after long time and pains found that it was Holbein.

* Like all thoroughly good-tempered men, Erasmus could heartily enjoy a joke, though made at his own expense. As he himself says, 'Tantum vim habet lepos, et jucunditas sermonis, ut etiam in nos apte

Wit usually evaporates in any attempt at translation into another language; and, to appreciate that of Erasmus, his works must be read in the original. The most generally interesting are the 'Colloquies,' and the 'Praise of Folly,' (to which we have already referred), the 'Similes,' the 'Apophthegms,' and the 'Preacher.' In the 'Similes,' we have a collection of *ut's* and *sic's* probably unequalled in all literature, and generally of the most pointed character. The 'Apophthegms' contain, in eight books, a vast body of sparkling anecdote, and, next to the 'Adages,' suggest, more vividly than any of his other writings, the vast erudition of the author. Erasmus himself complained of his 'Ecclesiastes,' or 'Preacher,' that it was composed somewhat against the grain—'*mihi quidem hoc argumentum nunquam arrisit.*' It was undoubtedly written in very unfavourable circumstances, amid great suffering, and with the conviction that death could not be far off. Yet to our mind it is one of its author's wisest as well as wittiest productions. Like most of his works, it may perhaps be deemed unduly prolix, but it is nevertheless most delightful as well as profitable reading. As a practical treatise on Homiletics we have never seen its equal. Its tone will be obvious from a single sentence. 'Deplorably does that man err who imagines that he can attain to the true sense of Scripture, unless breathed upon by the same Spirit that inspired it. And not less does he err who believes that he can perform the part of a true preacher, unless full of that heavenly Spirit without whom no one can call Jesus Lord. It is He who imparts both the heart and the tongue of fire.' A good deal of the first and fourth books might perhaps with advantage have been omitted, but the second and third books contain a vast amount of the most valuable advice to preachers, in a style full of interest and attractiveness.

But it is in his correspondence, and some of his 'Adages,' that the geniality of Erasmus' disposition is most fully expressed. His

tortis dicteris delectemur.' He was certainly the best-abused man of his day, both by Protestants and Papists, and the silliest puns were made upon his name. He was styled '*Errasmus* ab errando,' '*Arasmus* ab arando,' '*Erasinus* ab asino,' but he bore both abuse and banter wonderfully well. One of the many plays upon his name occurs in these lines suggested for his epitaph,—

'*Hic jacet Eras-mus, qui quondam bonus erat mus;
Rodere qui solitus, roditur a vermibus.*'

Jortin (ii. 133) says of this, that 'it is so superlatively bad that it deserves on that account to be transcribed:' the false quantities probably disgusted him.

letters overflow with the tenderest affection for his friends, and with the warmest tribute to their worth. Space will not allow us to quote, and we must be content with simply referring to his sketches of Sir Thomas More (*Ep.* 447), of the printer Froben (*Ep.* 922), of Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury (*Eccles. Op.* V. 810), and of the young Archbishop of St. Andrews in the 'Adage' (*Op.* II. 554), entitled, 'Spartam nactus es, hanc orna.' In these, and many other passages, the warmth of Erasmus' heart is strikingly revealed; and the cordiality of his attachments, as well as his abiding gratitude for any kindnesses conferred upon him, make themselves strongly felt. Perhaps, however, the most interesting of all those genial sketches of his friends which he presents, is that in which he delineates the character of the holy monk Vitruvius, and compares it with that of Dean Colet. We hardly know any passage in all literature more beautiful than this (*Eras. Ep.* 435), more graphic in its details, more elevated in its tone, more sympathetic with all that is pure and Christ-like in human conduct.* No one can read it without conceiving the highest admiration both for those whom it so lovingly portrays, and for the man who could with his whole heart describe such excellence. We cannot help feeling how often, as Erasmus met with the friends on whose merits he dwells with so much ardour, the saying of Horace must have been fulfilled—

'O qui complexus, et gaudia quanta fuerunt!'

while we are sure he would have added with the genial Roman,

'Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.'

And now we have to notice the boldness and independence of judgment which must strike every impartial reader as characteristic of the works of Erasmus.

It has indeed become common to speak of the 'timid' Erasmus, and there is a certain amount of truth in the epithet. One of his friends, describing his character after his death, uses the following language, which probably sums up the prevailing impression regarding him:—'Meticulosior fuit, et timens offensionum, atque hoc unice
' in vita studuit, ut omnium ordinum et generum benevolentiam col-

* This most charming letter was addressed in 1519 by Erasmus to his Protestant friend, Jonas. 'Spatiis exclusus iniquis,' we cannot venture to quote from it, as we should not know where to stop. This one sentence may be given from its close,—'Si me audies, Jona, non dubitabis hos duos Divorum adscribere catalogo: etiamsi nullus unquam Pontifex eos referat in canonem.'

‘ligeret.’ But this statement must be taken with large qualification. If his excessive love of peace led Erasmus at times to disguise or conceal his opinions, it may, with equal truth, be affirmed that, viewing his writings as a whole, there is scarcely anything about them which will strike a reader more than the *audacity* by which they are distinguished.

Look, for example, at his persistent attack on prevailing superstitions. Long before Luther was heard of, Erasmus had, in the boldest tones, proclaimed the need for reformation in the Church. He spared none, from the Pope himself down to those mendicant monks who were the plague of his life. Listen to the following words, written in 1509, and then let any one venture to brand the man who dared to utter them with the stigma of cowardice : *—

‘Nowadays, popes, cardinals, and bishops eagerly rival, and almost surpass, the example of princes (in wickedness). If the chief pontiffs, who occupy the place of Christ, would try to imitate His life, and thus endure poverty and toil, while they taught others, and bore the cross, and manifested indifference to this world, or, if they would but think what is implied in the name *Pope* (father), or in the title of *Holiness*, what life on earth could be regarded as more trying than theirs? And who would buy it at every cost, or, when bought, would preserve it by sword, poison, and all sorts of violence? How many advantages would they at once lose if wisdom only entered their breasts (*Folly* is here the speaker). Wisdom, do I say? Yea, even one grain of that good sense (*salis*) of which Christ speaks. Such wealth, such honour, such power, so many victories, offices, positions of influence, taxes, indulgences, such numbers of horses, mules, attendants, enjoyments! Into the place of these would come watchings, fastings, tears, addresses, sermons, studies, sighs, and a thousand miserable labours of the same kind. They deal only in interdicts, suspensions, punishments, anathemas, pictures representing vengeance, and that terrific thunderbolt by which, at will, they sink the souls of men in the very depths of hell. This shaft is discharged by holy fathers in Christ, and by His vicars against none more fiercely than against those who (*instigante Diabolo!*) try to diminish or waste the patrimony of Peter. Although these are *his* words in the Gospel, “We have left all and followed thee,” yet they call lands, towns, taxes, imposts, and rule over others, *his* patrimony. And while, burning with zeal for Christ, they fight for these things with fire and sword, and shed torrents of Christian blood, they believe, forsooth! that they are defending that Church which is the Spouse of Christ; its enemies, as they call them, being bravely put to the rout. As if, in truth, there could be any more fatal enemies of the Church than impious popes, who, by their silence,

* *Eras, Op. IV. 482.*

allow Christ to become less and less known in the world, by the rules devised for their own advantage fetter His truth, and corrupt it by forced interpretations—yea, cruelly murder it by their pestilent life.'

This is the man who has so often been accused of flattering popes and prelates, in order that he might obtain a cardinal's hat! And, be it remembered, that the passage above quoted from the 'Praise of Folly,' is by no means a solitary one in the writings of Erasmus. We might quote words quite as strong from the 'Sileni Alcibiadis,' and others of the adages. In fact, the language we have cited is fairly representative of the tone pervading the whole of our author's writings. He is constantly inveighing against superstition and sin, especially as exhibited in the persons of ecclesiastics. Holiness of heart and life are habitually insisted on by him as essential to Christian character, in opposition to that trust in outward ceremonies, or acts of devotion, which then so lamentably prevailed. He will have Christ exalted, though churchmen should be humbled. He will have a free salvation proclaimed, though the coffers of the priests should thus be impoverished. He will have light everywhere diffused—the light of literature and the light of life—though the gainful practices by which monks, and bishops, and popes have waxed rich or powerful, should thus be exposed, and chased away for ever.

It was, therefore, a true instinct which led the bigoted Romanists of his day to look upon Erasmus as their deadly enemy, and which has secured for his works the honour of holding a place in the *Index* of the Romish Church. It is impossible that the distinctive errors of Popery can flourish, while the writings of Erasmus are generally read. These strike at the root of all that is fitted to foster superstition, and tend to the encouragement and dissemination of the doctrines of truth.

Why, then, did not Erasmus leave the Church of Rome, and join the Protestants? That is the question which is continually asked, and the answer given to which is thought to be an indelible disgrace upon his memory. Timidity, self-seeking, love of ease, are declared to have been the motives which restrained him; and thus he is supposed to have clung outwardly to Rome, while his heart was all the while with Luther. We emphatically protest against any such conclusion. To us it appears certain that Erasmus felt himself bound in conscience to remain in what he believed to be the Catholic Church. The one fatal principle of Popery, which he never could shake off, was the deference which he deemed due to ancient opinion, and ecclesiastical authority. He held *this*, and then this, of necessity, held *him*.

He could not, while so fettered, escape from a Church which, though he saw it to be fearfully corrupt, he nevertheless considered to be the Church of the living God. And, then, the violent language and resolute acts of Luther did much to repel him. His quiet spirit shrank from the words of fire, and the deeds of daring, in which the Saxon Reformer revelled. He hoped and believed that the needed reformation could be effected by milder measures. Let only ignorance, he thought, give place to knowledge, and men will be ashamed of the follies and errors with which the pure religion of Christ had become encrusted. In this we believe he was mistaken, and we rejoice that Luther was led to follow a bolder and more decisive course. Erasmus had no adequate conception of the deep-seated corruption which then existed in the Church, or of the hopelessness of curing it by merely pacific and conciliatory efforts. He did not know, as we know now, that had Popery not received that mortal blow inflicted upon it by the Reformation, every voice calling for improvement would speedily have been silenced, and he himself would probably have been the first to be committed to the flames. But, while we own that he was mistaken as to the remedy then called for, let us not attribute to want of principle what was, in fact, due to an error in judgment. His consistent testimony against the evils then prevailing in the Church, his unsparing denunciation of the ambition of princes and prelates, with his eloquent exposure of the sinfulness and horrors of war, as to be found, for instance, in his exposition of the adage, ‘*Dulce bellum inexpertis*,’ his free and forcible criticism of many views then prevailing in the Church, and his truly noble testimonies to the worth of Luther and the other Reformers on many occasions when a more *prudent* man would either have been silent or expressed himself in very different terms *—all forbid us to regard Erasmus as

* Such passages in his writings are almost numberless : let two references suffice. Mountjoy, his life-long friend, had urged him to write against Luther, but he replies in a letter highly commendatory of the Reformer, while blaming his excesses. In this letter (*Ep.* 606, p. 682) the following words occur :—“*Lutherum vocare fungum, perfacile est ; idoneis argumentis tueri causam fidei, mihi certe difficillimum. Et hactenus (Ann. 1521) non admodum successit aliis.*” Still more remarkable is his testimony to Luther’s merits, in a long letter to Cardinal Campegius (*Ep.* 547, p. 596 :)—“*Audiebam eximios viros probatæ doctrinæ probatæque religionis sibi gratulari, quod in hujus viri libros incidissent. Videbam ut quisque esset integerrimis moribus, et Evangelicæ puritati proximus, ita minime infensum Luthero. Porrò vita prædicabatur, et ab iis qui doctrinam non ferebant.*”

having been that cautious, timid, vacillating being he has been so often represented, and cannot fail to excite, in the impartial reader, admiration of the courage with which he expressed opinions certain to be distasteful to those on whom, humanly speaking, his destiny depended.

We have reserved to the last the few remarks we have to make on the true and heart-felt piety of Erasmus.

It is painful to find how often this has been denied or questioned. By the ignorant monks of his own day he was, of course, denounced as an infidel and an atheist. But he has not fared much better at the hands of some Protestant writers. Milner, for example, is not ashamed to express himself as follows in a section of his work,* headed 'Scepticism of Erasmus:—

'Luther, in various parts of the *Bondage of the Will*, had more than insinuated that Erasmus was unsound, not only in some of the great articles of the Christian faith, but even in the leading truths of natural religion. Erasmus took fire at this' (as what honest man would not have done?), 'and repeatedly declared the accusation to be the greatest of all possible calumnies. In particular, at the conclusion of the first book of his *Hyperaspistes*, he makes a declaration, with all imaginary solemnity, of his most entire and sincere faith in God and the Holy Scriptures.'

Yet in spite of this he goes on to quote some 'testimonies' (of the most trifling nature) 'which have had weight with many orthodox divines, in inducing them to deny the soundness, and to suspect the sincerity, of this eminent scholar.' Among these 'orthodox' but certainly most uncharitable divines, is doubtless to be reckoned Dr. Cox, who, in his 'Life of Melancthon' (p. 35), refers to Erasmus as 'vacillating, avaricious, and artful.' Mr. Hallam has, with his usual fairness ('Literary History,' i. 361), thoroughly exposed the groundlessness of these accusations. To give only one other specimen, the following passage from D'Aubigné's 'History of the Reformation' (I. ch. viii.), makes us blush for the charity of some Protestant champions:—'Erasmus, by deserting the standard of the Gospel, deprived himself of the affection and esteem of the noblest men of the period in which he lived, and must, doubtless, have forfeited those heavenly consolations which God sheds in the hearts of those who conduct themselves as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. At least we have some indication of this in his bitter tears, his painful vigils, and troubled sleep,' &c. What would D'Aubigné have said had the same principle of judgment been applied to Luther, as explaining

* 'History of the Church,' V. xii. 7.

that terrible period in the life of the Reformer, of which Milner gives such a harrowing account ('Hist.' V. ch. xv.)? The logic of the passage reminds us of the well-known story respecting Milton and Charles II., when, the poet having been asked by the king whether he did not regard his blindness as a judgment sent upon him for having written against Charles I., Milton replied, 'If such is your rule of judging, your Majesty should remember that your royal father lost his head!'

The positive proofs of Erasmus' piety to be found in his writings are most satisfactory. We pity any one who can peruse his treatises 'Enchiridion militis Christiani,' 'De immensa misericordia Dei,' 'De contemptu mundi,' and others, without being convinced that the man who wrote them was possessed of an earnestly religious spirit. The same inference must be drawn from the very latest of his productions. His beautiful expositions of Psalms lxxxiv. and xv., the one written in 1533, and the other in 1536, within a few months of his death, are pieces of lofty practical devotion. And then when the end came, it was accompanied neither by the apathy of scepticism on the one hand, nor by any of the observances of superstition on the other; but it was with such simple utterances as, 'Lord, deliver me!'—'Jesus, have mercy!'—that the great scholar passed into eternity.

Some, however, who have not questioned Erasmus' piety, have said that he was unsound on some great articles of the Christian faith. In his own day, he was often accused of being inclined to Arianism, and we regret to find Mr. Drummond repeating the accusation. We have not space to quote the passages in which this is done, but the charge itself is to our mind sufficiently refuted by express declarations of Erasmus to the contrary, and by his very plain and decided exposition of the cardinal text, John i. 1.*

The real failings of Erasmus lie on the surface, and may be very briefly dismissed. Speaking generally, the great defect of his character was *want of magnanimity*. While it may truly be said of Luther

* Mr. D. has a most unfortunate note (erroneously marked as a quotation) Vol. II. 362; for the passage to which he refers distinctly states Erasmus' belief in the doctrine of the Trinity; and he is equally unfortunate in arguing (II. 162) that Erasmus must have inclined to Arianism, because with all orthodox writers, he regarded the Father as *πρῶτὴ Θεότης*. The only plausible ground on which the orthodoxy of Erasmus can be assailed is that he set aside what he deemed several irrelevant texts usually alleged in support of the divinity of Christ. He held, however, firmly to others which seemed to him conclusive.

that he was a hero, and would willingly have become a martyr, no such language could be used in regard to Erasmus. He himself was well aware of this defect. Writing in 1521 to Pace, Dean of St. Paul's, he says:—‘Non omnes ad martyrium satis habent roboris ; vereor autem, ne si quid inciderit tumultus Petrum sim imitaturus.’ Few are willing to make such a candid confession of pusillanimity, however truly they might do it. There is in this, as in several other respects, an interesting resemblance between Erasmus and Horace. Few other Romans would have made the confession which the poet does (*Od.* ii. 7), that he had fled from the field of the Philippi, ‘relictâ non bene parmulâ.’ And perhaps we may add that, while neither Erasmus nor Horace can be ranked among heroic souls, yet, judging by the nobly independent language which both could at times employ, we are not to interpret too rigidly the terms in which they describe themselves as so destitute of courage.

Springing naturally from his general want of greatness of soul, there is what we cannot help feeling to be a kind of *meanness* in the way in which Erasmus solicits his friends for pecuniary assistance. We must, no doubt, remember that the times in which he lived were very different from our own, and that struggling scholars could not then subsist, except by a kind of honourable mendicancy. Still, there is an absence of delicacy in the way in which Erasmus *flagitates* his patrons for money, that his warmest admirers must feel humiliating; and even worse, there is a positive indecency in the haste with which, as soon as he hears of the death of his generous friend, Warham, he speculates on the best means of supplying the pecuniary loss which he had thus sustained.

Of *ambition*, in the vulgar sense of the word, we entirely acquit Erasmus. There is every reason to accept his own repeated declaration, that he desired neither great wealth nor high dignity. He might have been a bishop, and he was almost created a cardinal; but, in both cases, he shrank from the intended honour. Kings could not draw him to their courts by the most splendid offers; pontiffs could not kindle his hopes by a prospect of the loftiest dignity. He had, however, great literary ambition, and in that respect could hardly bear ‘a rival near his throne.’ He sought to be acknowledged as chief in the republic of letters, and, notwithstanding the different reasons which he himself assigns for his habitual use of a seal, with the proud motto, ‘Cedo nulli,’ engraven upon it, we cannot help finding in this fact an assertion of his claims. Nor can it be denied that he was jealous of his learned contemporary.

Budæus. It is far from being to his credit that in the *Ciceronianus* he names that illustrious scholar (the greatest *Grecian* of his day), along with a man of far inferior reputation; and although Erasmus explains his having done so on other grounds, we feel that the only true explanation is that he was jealous of the erudition of the eminent French scholar, and yielded to the temptation covertly to disparage it.

There is also at times an apparent *want of straightforwardness* in the conduct of Erasmus. This comes painfully out in the wranglings in which he was involved with luckless and rash Ulrich von Hutten, and after him with Eppendorf, who was certainly an unscrupulous man, but had good ground for complaint against Erasmus. There is also an occasional paltering with truth to be detected in his writings, which makes us doubtful how far we can accept as genuine his apparent denial of the authorship of the famous dialogue, *Julius Exclusus*. His contemporaries seem to have valued these denials but little, for the dialogue was almost universally ascribed to him, and it certainly is composed very much in his spirit and style.*

But when we have admitted these, and perhaps some other foibles in Erasmus, they constitute only the 'maculæ paucæ' in a character in which it may be truly said, 'plura nitent,' and they are but faint spots in the glory of one who may be justly described as having been the great leader of the Renaissance, the great precursor of the Reformation, the great founder of modern Biblical exegesis, and, in a word, the great initiator of that school of literary, political, and religious thought which prevails at the present day.†

In now bringing to a close this hasty survey of the character of Erasmus, there linger on our ear two beautiful words which were very dear to his heart—'Evangelical peace.' That was the grand desire of his soul, but, alas! how far is it from having even yet been acquired by the world! Most painful is it to think that, during the three hundred and thirty-eight years which have elapsed since his death, the chasm between Popery and Protestantism, instead of narrowing, has always been growing wider, so that the two com-

* Erasmus, in a letter to Campegius (*Ep.* 416, p. 437) appears greatly to prevaricate on this subject. He seems very plainly to deny the authorship, yet never does so expressly. In a 'Colloquy' prefixed to the Oxford edition of the *Julius*, we read, 'Veracior erat Erasmus, quam ut negaret: prudentior quam ut ignosceret.'

† Space will not allow us to dwell on the vast services which Erasmus has thus rendered to mankind: we can only refer our readers to M. De Laur's second volume, in which they are admirably described.

munities are farther than ever apart at the present day. We see no hope that a union can take place between them until Rome renounces her proud pretensions, and abandons her unscriptural doctrines. But the prospect is more encouraging when we look at Protestant churches themselves. In these, there is now almost everywhere discernible a tendency to fall back on the great truths which all in common accept, and to leave, as matters for mere private opinion, those special views of subordinate points which have hitherto kept them separate. And it is interesting to find Erasmus in this, as in so many other respects, anticipating the spirit which is beginning to animate so many sections of the Christian Church.

'Those doctrines only,'* he says, 'ought to be introduced into a creed which are plainly revealed in Scripture, or which bear directly upon salvation. Now, *these are few*, and it is easier to persuade men of the truth of a few points than of a multitude. But, at present, we make a thousand articles out of one; yet some of these are of a kind that it matters nothing as respects salvation, whether men doubt of them, or do not even understand them. Such is human nature, however, that whenever anything has been formed into dogma, it will be clung to with the utmost pertinacity. Let me add that the sum of the Christian faith is simply this—that we acknowledge all our hope to be placed in God, who graciously gives us all things through Jesus His Son; that we are redeemed by His death and united to His body by means of baptism, so that, being dead to the lusts of this world, we may live in conformity with His teaching and example, not only committing no evil, but seeking to do good unto all, and, if any affliction overtake us, we bear it patiently, sustained by the hope of that reward which certainly awaits all pious souls at His coming, and that we daily advance from one degree of excellence to another, while yet we claim no merit to ourselves, but ascribe all that is good in us to God. These are the things to be most earnestly pressed on the attention of mankind, until they become part and parcel, as it were, of their very nature. But if there are persons who wish to search into the Divine nature, or the union of the two natures in Christ, or into certain abstruse points connected with the sacraments, with the view of lifting their minds above the world and all meaner things, let them have full liberty to do so, provided that men in general are not compelled to accept, as a matter of course, what either one or another has been pleased to believe on such points.'

If the Christian and rational course thus sketched by Erasmus be followed by Protestant Churches in our own day, his life-long dream of an 'Evangelical peace' will, at last, have received a partial fulfilment.

* Ep. 478, p. 521.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVELS.

Early Russian History. By W. R. S. RALSTON, M.A. Sampson Low and Co.

This volume is well calculated to supply, for the moment, a crying want in our national literature. We have no good history of Russia, and this little work, though dealing only with its earlier stages, is decidedly welcome as a stopgap, which may appease our wants till works of a more solid nature appear. We do not say this in a spirit of detraction; the author lays no claim to the title of historian, but aptly compares his book to the snack or 'zaknoka' with which the Russians, in common with other northern races, are accustomed to whet their appetites previous to a repast. We may as well state at once that the style in which the book is written is vivid and picturesque, its design precise and lucid, its narrative flowing and attractive, and that its chief defect lies in its sources of information being almost exclusively Russian.

The early history of Russia, understanding by this phrase the portion anterior to the accession of the House of Romanhoff in 1613, is marked out broadly into four great epochs. The first, or Scandinavian period, extending from the foundation of the empire by Ruric and his fellow-vikings in 862, till the death of Yaroslaff the Great, in 1054, is remarkable for the rapid extension of the frontiers of the young empire westwards and southwards, till, under the auspices of these northern warriors, Russia bade fair at once to assume a menacing attitude for her neighbours. But during the second, which lasted for more than two centuries, the fatal appanage system came into play. The land was parcelled out into as many principalities as there were members of the House of Ruric, and torn by the domestic feuds of these rival potentates. This smoothed the way for the Tartar invasion, and for more than two centuries the people groaned under the horrors of Mongol oppression. At length, commencing with the reign of Ivan Kalita, in 1328, the principality of Moscow began to grow in power and importance, and to absorb the various appanages which lay about it. This became the nucleus of the great Russian empire. Its grand princes flattered and caressed the Tartar Khans until they were at last strong enough to throw off the yoke altogether; this was consummated in the reign of Ivan the Terrible (1533-1584).

We wish Mr. Ralston had been a little less emphatic in his condemnation of Boris Godunoff (p. 228), who was a great man, and did his best for Russia. In the opinion of some he would, had he lived, have anticipated the reforms of Peter the Great. As it was, we doubt whether his influence was 'disastrous' for Russia. He certainly 'annexed' the peasants to the soil, but the latter had contracted the roving habits of their Tartar conquerors, and the abandonment of these was an indispensable preliminary to civilization. At all events, the Romanhoffs, who succeeded him, must share the responsibility; they rivetted the chains which he had forged, and more especially Peter the Great, who, by the introduction of the Capitation Tax, made it the interest of every landed proprietor to prevent the escape of serfs from his estates. The blame of a great social revolution can seldom be laid to one individual man's account.

Modern Birmingham and its Institutions: a Chronicle of Local Events, from 1841—1871. Compiled and Edited by JOHN ALFRED LONGFORD, LL.D., F.R.H.S. Vol. I. Simpkin and Marshall. Birmingham: E. C. Osborne.

This is a completion of 'The History of the Hardware Village for One Hundred and Thirty Years,' the first part of which was told in the author's 'Century of Birmingham Life.' Like Huddersfield, Birmingham has had one of those gigantic growths rapid as the mushroom, but likely to be permanent as the greatness of England, which are so characteristic of modern commercial life, both in England and America. All that can here be said about this first volume, which brings the chronicle down to the close of 1859, is that it is a compilation from newspapers, arranged diurnally, and giving a concise digest of events. A good deal of it is necessarily surplusage for general readers, but the work will be a valuable municipal record.

A Short History of the English People. By J. R. GREEN, M.A. Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Green has striven manfully to fulfil the promise of his title-page, and to give us a history of the conditions and development, social and political, of the English people. The reaction of modern historians against 'drum and trumpet history' is a wholesome one. It is one of the fruits of that higher philosophy of history which has become possible in our day, and about which Professor Flint is so ably telling us. But it must be remembered that 'drums and trumpets' are very largely the outcome of a nation's life; armies and kings are possibilities only because of the sympathies, or the ignorance, or the degradation of a people. Mr. Green tells us about the things that enter most potently into the life of nations, that are the outcome of it, and react upon it. His book is necessarily a summary, but it is put together with great literary skill, and is interesting to read. It is the work of a thorough and careful scholar of the school of Mr. Freeman and Professor Stubbs. Mr. Green's style is vigorous and pointed, his thought robust, and his sympathies liberal. We have tested his book in its crucial parts. His estimate of Edward I., for instance, and more especially of the Stuarts, Cromwell, and the Commonwealth; and the test is satisfactory. In speaking of Cromwell, for instance, the spirit of the historian is rigidly maintained, and while his faults are not spared, justice is done to the great qualities and services of England's uncrowned king. Forbearing any discussion of special points, we can only say generally the history is succinct, scholarly, liberal, and readable, and in every way most able. For schools and students preparing for examinations it must be awarded the palm above all others. There is no other to be compared with it.

History of India, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By L. J. TROTTER, Author of 'Studies in Biography,' &c. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Mr. Trotter has skilfully performed a somewhat difficult task. Called upon by the Committee of Literature of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to prepare a succinct and popular history of India, it became his duty to produce a work which, while presenting the broad outlines of the great story, would avoid encumbering it with needless details (however important in themselves), and yet within

comparatively narrow compass present a faithful picture of all that is of most interest in the history of our Indian Empire. That the author has succeeded in his attempt we do not think will be doubted by any impartial critic. He has done so because he has not followed slavishly in the wake of any previous writer, of all the number who have written authoritatively on the subject, but has ventured to follow out his own lines of research, in order to form his own independent judgment on the many complex problems which it presents to view. It would be vain, of course, to hope that a work of this nature should be absolutely guarded against the possibility of error; and there are, doubtless, opinions expressed and views maintained upon both men and things that will be disapproved by many. Nevertheless, it may be honestly and fairly said that Mr. Trotter has worthily discharged the task laid upon him, has in no case merely echoed the opinions of others, but has candidly and searchingly formed his own; and before beginning his work had evidently sufficiently mastered his subject to be able to design a comprehensive plan of treatment peculiar to himself. Considering the primary objects of the publication, some may think more space than was requisite is occupied with the early history of India; which is merely introductory matter necessary to be gone over, to put the reader in the position of appreciating the sequel, by knowing the springs and influences that have moulded its character. There is so much in these introductory chapters, however, which is of value, in its bearing upon the state of India and its subsequent history, that any excess in this direction is a very pardonable fault. The story proves more interesting of course as it comes into more direct connection with the present time; and Mr. Trotter's account of the great mutiny is at once graphic and concise. His judgments on the men who have founded, built up, and ruled our Indian Empire are marred by no party bias. In dealing with contemporaries the same admirable impartiality is visible. Altogether the work is eminently creditable to the author's industry and intelligence, and is written—if we except a few slips in the preface—in a vigorous, clear, and pictorial style, which makes it easy, yet impressive reading. An unusually ample table of contents, and an index add to the value of the work as a portable and convenient handbook of the history of India.

The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By THEODORE MARTIN. With Portraits and Views. Vol. I. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Every additional revelation of Prince Albert's character shows how much more than grief for a personal loss is the reverential worship with which the Queen cherishes his memory. The thirteen years that have elapsed since his death have in no sense discredited the outburst of sorrowful homage from both press and pulpit which his death elicited. Indeed, the estimates then vaguely formed of his personal goodness, his intellectual abilities, and his irreproachable wisdom in his very difficult position, have rather been heightened by more exact knowledge, and by the manifold lights of slowly-formative history. The conjunction of a sovereign, whose excellencies now provoke almost unseemly laudation—and will one day, when the restraints of her living presence are removed, receive a worship such as, perhaps, no sovereign has ever won, and not from England only, but from the whole civilized world—and a consort such as Prince Albert, against whom not a single fault has been charged,

is without a parallel in the history of nations, and is cause for a thankfulness to God which, we believe, is strongly, if but vaguely felt. It were foolish to attempt a parallel between the Queen and Elizabeth; or between the Queen and Prince Albert and Mary and William III. The circumstances are so different that almost entirely different qualities were brought into exercise. But the presumption is greatly in favour of Victoria and her husband; and that, founded on revelations of the character of both, which are now very ample, and can hardly be mistaken. For in this volume the Queen has permitted indications of her own character as wife, mother, and sovereign, more full than we have hitherto had, and which attest her to be a woman of equal tenderness and strength. Of her tenderness we have had ample proof—that she has a strength capable of even heroism is more than suspected. Her intellectual penetration, and broad, vigorous judgments of men like Nicholas and Louis Philippe; her moral elevation and fearlessness, as shown in her letter to the Queen of the Belgians about the Spanish marriages, and her calm fortitude, as expressed in 1848, when half the thrones of Europe were overturned—
 ‘ From the first (during her confinement) I heard all that passed; and
 ‘ my only thoughts and talk were politics. But I never was calmer and
 ‘ quieter, or less nervous. Great events make me calm; it is only trifles
 ‘ that irritate my nerves,’—are those of no ordinary woman. Perhaps no greater testimony to the superior qualities of Prince Albert could be given than the fact that he so completely conquered the judgment and heart of his wife. If the Queen is infinitely greater in the perfect womanliness and wifeliness of her deportment towards the Prince than she could have been by any regal assumptions, the Prince is infinitely greater in having secured from such a woman a love and reverence not often equalled in the records of domestic affection, and evidently founded as much upon his qualities as the consort of a great monarch, as upon his qualities as the husband of a loving woman. Evidently the Queen found no shortcoming in either his counsel or his strength, and her reverence for him springs out of her estimate of him in both capacities.

Hence she seems to glory in every revelation to the English people and to the world of what he really was. This is virtually the fourth presentation of him under her sanction—her own ‘Journal,’ the ‘Early Years of the Prince Consort,’ and Baron Stockmar’s ‘Memoirs.’ Neither of these, however, was the completed monument which is both possible and desirable, and which the Queen has here entrusted to the very able hands of Mr. Theodore Martin; who, it is only necessary to say, has executed his very difficult task with a dignity, manliness, and judiciousness that could not have been surpassed. The ‘Memoir’ is, of course, a partial one, but with that partiality, which is the necessary qualification of every biographer; no one suspects that there is a differing judgment to form. In this Mr. Martin is far more happy in his subject than Mr. Blanchard Jerrold; only, as one of his critics points out, it will be necessary for him, in the next volume, if he would really do justice to the Prince, not merely to narrate what he did, but to exhibit his inner life, and the processes that moulded it.

That Prince Albert was much more than a mere amiable *dilettante* in music, poetry, and art, making sentimental love to the Queen, this volume clearly shows; and we suspect the next will show it more fully. The kind of undefined dislike with which, at first, he was regarded by the English people, and especially by the aristocracy, who deemed him something of a prig, manifestly sprung from the consummate self-restraint which he imposed upon himself, so as not to compromise either

the Queen or himself until he thoroughly understood his position. That he was a statesman of no ordinary penetration and breadth, is clear from the fact that he never failed to win the respect of her Majesty's Ministers, whichever party was in power—Sir Robert Peel, equally with Lord John Russell. His letters and minutes on Continental affairs, and on the political position and relations of England, are more than clear-sighted; they are singularly sagacious in their penetration and forecast. It is scarcely too much to say that had he been an English hereditary peer, had the lack of constitutional robustness permitted the necessary labour, there is no office in the State which his thorough knowledge, his clear judgment, and his high-toned policy might not have attained. His modest self-estimate and magnanimity are singularly seen in the plain, almost rude speaking of Baron Stockmar, who, as a well-tried and privileged friend, sometimes rated him like a schoolboy. The book is full of exquisite little pictures of home life, especially after his marriage. The Royal House was one of the happiest homes in England. Tears start to one's eyes as one reads these indications of conjugal and parental love, and thinks of the mysterious Providence which so prematurely left his children fatherless and his wife a widow. It is scarcely too much to say that only the noble excellencies of the Queen have preserved our English throne, while others have fallen, and when, had either of her immediate predecessors been upon it, it would have fallen also; and that one of the main elements of its stability has been the wise, strong excellency of Albert the Good.

Autobiography and other Memorials of Mrs. Gilbert (formerly Ann Taylor). With Portraits and Illustrations. Edited by JOSIAH GILBERT. Two Vols. Henry S. King and Co.

In the persistence of intellectual power in some families there is a good deal that may seem to favour the theories of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Galton. One thinks of the Wilberforces, the Arnolds, and the Hares, and, as equally gifted, the Taylors. As artists, authors, and scientists, through four generations, few families have a more numerous roll of honour. The engraver of illustrations to Boydell's 'Shakespeare' and 'Bible' takes high rank among line engravers; the author of the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm' is only the most eminent of a greatly gifted family, now worthily represented in literature by the learned author of 'Words and Places' and 'Etruscan Researches;' and in art and literature, both, by the accomplished author of 'The Dolomite Mountains.' Almost every member of this richly-endowed family would have won a name independently; altogether they present a cluster of stars, of different magnitudes indeed, but of collective brilliancy, rarely paralleled.

These tender and beautiful volumes are worthy to stand by the side of 'Memorials of a Quiet Life.' They are the biographical record of a higher literary genius; they contain memorials of a family, one of whose members has achieved a higher literary place than even the accomplished preacher and author of 'The Mission of the Comforter;' and they are written with a tender beauty and delicacy that could not be surpassed. Only there is a difference between the memorials of a Nonconformist Minister's family, even when he is as learned and vigorous as Mr. Gilbert was, and an Episcopal Archdeacon. Only thus can we account for any words in disparagement of a record such as this. We have read it with absorbing interest, although 'The Family Pen' might be supposed to have discounted the interest. Its pure, beautiful, high-toned, and pious delineations have

an exquisite charm. As the principal author of 'Original Poems for Infant Minds,' which won testimonies of admiration from Scott and Southey, Dr. Arnold, and Archbishop Whately, and which are still unrivalled in their sphere of composition; as a frequent reviewer in the *Eclectic*; and as the authoress of innumerable poems and papers, Mrs. Gilbert was a woman of remarkable talents, and also of womanly beauty, delicacy, and motherliness, in no way inferior. She was known to the present writer only in advanced life; but she appeared to him to approach as nearly ideal womanhood, in its matronly maturity, as is perhaps possible in this imperfect life. Her husband, too, was a remarkable man, whose acquisitions and scholarly habits may be inferred from the fact that the writer once surprised him in his study, shortly after dinner, when sexagenarians usually indulge in a nap, smoking his pipe, and amusing himself with a work on quaternions.

We cannot follow Mrs. Gilbert's life from her early residence in Islington, to Lavenham, Colchester, Rotherham, Hull, and Nottingham; nor dwell upon her early essays in authorship, and her achievement of success and fame; nor upon the curious pictures of Nonconformist Church life as it existed at Lavenham; nor upon the lights and shadows of the home of a Nonconformist Minister with limited means and a large family; nor can we cite the interesting indications of life long gone by, when there were no steamboats, nor railroads, when umbrellas were a fashionable novelty, and when Ongar and Hull were practically as distant as London and Geneva now are.

The book is full of charming description and incident, and delineates a family life which, if not superior in gentle grace and lofty piety to religious life now, yet which embodied these in forms that have now almost disappeared. We can hardly conceive a life more beautiful or a piety more genuine, natural, and tender.

Autobiography of A. B. Granville, M.D., &c.; being Eighty-eight Years of the Life of a Physician. Edited, with a Brief Account of the Last Years of his Life, by his Youngest Daughter, PAULINA B. GRANVILLE. Two Vols. Henry S. King and Co.

Many elements contribute to the very amusing character of these volumes, in which the adventures of a Gil Blas are combined with the opportunities of a Sir Henry Holland, and both with an egotism that makes every social circle revolve around the author as primary. Dr. Granville's life was too long, its experience too various, his journal keeping too voluminous, and his good stories too numerous, to permit a short notice like this to be anything more than a finger-post to direct readers to a gossiping book, second only as a contemporary repertory of good things to Mr. Greville's Memoirs. Dr. Granville was descended on the mother's side from Mrs. Delany's Bevil Granville. His father, Carlo Bozzi, was an Italian of aristocratic family, and Postmaster-General of the Austro-Lombardic province. He was born in Milan in 1783, received a good education, studied medicine at Pavia, had for his fellow students and friends Manzoni and Ugo Foscoli, and for his professors Scarpi, and Volta the discoverer of the electric pile that bears his name. His first tendencies were towards the Church; he escaped from the Conscription in Milan in 1802, took refuge in Ferrara, went to the Ionian Isles, Greece, and Constantinople, practising as a physician. He caught the plague, then entered the Turkish navy as a medical officer, visited Palestine and

Egypt; entered the English service by becoming assistant-surgeon of the *Rover*; traversed many seas and countries; and ultimately, in 1813, settled in London as a medical practitioner, where he assumed the English family name of his maternal ancestor, and married an English wife. Patients did not at once discover his merits; in 1814, therefore, he undertook to carry despatches to Italy, and narrowly escaped apprehension by the Austrians as a spy. He seems to have taken to politics with eager versatility and much sagacity, only unfortunately his advice was not always taken. Thus he foretold the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and advised the unification of Italy under a constitutional king of the House of Savoy. When he settled down to steady practice, after studying chemistry under Dalton, he still, like Sir Henry Holland, indulged in almost yearly foreign travel, visited Russia, as well as the countries of Southern Europe, and generally gave the result to the public. He seems to think that had he arrived in time and been permitted access to the Princess Charlotte, she might have lived, and that had he not been accidentally absent from the sick-room of the Duchess of Clarence—afterwards Queen Adelaide—her children might have sat on the English throne. He acquired a large practice in aristocratic circles; came into contact with innumerable notabilities, from Napoleon Buonaparte to Lord Palmerston; and wrote many books—two very popular ones on the Spas of Germany and the Spas of England. He introduced into England the use of hydrocyanic acid; was really very clever and amusing; wrote this autobiography in the last years of his life; and died nearly ninety years of age. We dare not begin to pluck the plums out of the pudding; we can only say that it is full of them.

Life and Letters of Rowland Williams, D.D., with Extracts from his Note Books. Edited by his WIFE. Two Vols. Henry S. King and Co.

These volumes reveal a side of Dr. Williams's character, which those who have known him only as a theological critic, with certain rationalistic tendencies, such as found expression in his 'Rational Godliness' and his 'Paper on Bunsen's Biblical Researches,' contributed to 'Essays and Reviews,' will hardly expect; viz., the great spiritual tenderness and devoutness of his nature, finding expression in prayers both formally composed and spontaneously breaking forth in his journal, which are very sincere, searching, and beautiful. It would be difficult to find in either Catholic or Puritan prayers more humble and earnest outpourings of heart before God. His intellect was very keen, and his uncompromising honesty of soul incapable of concealment, equivocation, or temporizing. Hence he boldly uttered all that he thought; and possibly the fear of not doing so gave exaggeration to his heretical positions. He seems at one time to have escaped being a High Churchman only through his keen intellectual quality joined to sensitive moral feeling. In this his biographer contrasts him with even a thinker so free and outspoken as Bishop Thirlwall, who, Dr. Williams maintained, censured him officially while sharing his sentiments. We think there must have been some misapprehension here. Dr. Thirlwall has always evinced a moral courage beyond all possibility of finessing.

We cannot deal with the Memoir as a whole, which is highly interesting, and is the record of an industrious, scholarly, devout, and manly life. We differ from some of Dr. Williams's conclusions, and venture to think that, as in many cases, sheer intellectual keenness led him to con-

clusions that moral considerations, which are equally valid data, ought to have modified. At Eton, at Cambridge, at Lampeter, and at Broadchalk, Dr. Williams was always an indefatigable worker, a thorough scholar, a keen thinker, and a devout, fearless man. We regret being compelled to deal with this record of him so summarily. He records in one of his journals the quotation by Dr. Pusey of a capital *mot* concerning D'Israeli, that 'his religious belief might probably be compared to the blank leaf' between the Old and New Testament.

Ulrich von Hutten : his Life and Times. By DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. Translated, with the Author's permission, from the Second German Edition, by Mrs. GEORGE STURGE. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

There is something touching in the circumstances under which this book was recently given to the English public, no less than there was in those under which it first saw the light. Its author died—himself a kind of Hutten of a new crisis—just as it was being published; and his biography shows in what a brave and unflinching spirit he fought for the ground he had taken, and bore the loss that his determination involved. In 'Ulrich von Hutten' he unconsciously wrote a section of his own biography—in his desire to make literature serve at once to revive national spirit and to enshrine the memory of a hero of the past. Like Hutten, Strauss was a true patriot, and, politically, a genuine reformer; but he was also a mere humanist, who had escaped from religious influence, as the other had never realized it. But unconsciously both have helped religion, in aiding the cause of freedom and of a true patriotism. It was in 1848, when Austria had concluded a *concordat* with Rome, and all Germany threatened to follow suite, that Strauss set himself to tell the story of Hutten; for an example, if haply some new Hutten might come forth to save Germany from despair, humiliation, dismemberment; for, as a true patriot, Strauss saw that nothing else could come by submission to Rome.

Hutten has, in High Church irony, been called the Thersites of the Reformation, but he was far more truly its Hector. He wrote cutting epigrams and epistles, and was not slow to lampoon any who offended him; but he wielded the sword as well as the pen, stood his part well, and never let words take the place of action. And if he was guilty of vicious lampoons, he wrote true poems also; he received, indeed, the laurel crown from the Emperor Maximilian in 1517, and was made poet of the Imperial Court. From the early days, when he avenged himself in verse, as in other ways also, on Duke Ulrich of Wurtemberg, for the murder of his cousin, Hans Hutten, and through his ceaseless conflicts with the Popedom, and his exposures of the nobles who lulled themselves in a luxurious satisfaction while all other classes suffered, he was ever on the side of justice and freedom, and popular rights, as he said he was. Yet it is very remarkable how the three great master-spirits of the Reformation excluded each other. Hutten reproached Erasmus for weak compliances which could never benefit him, or restore him to favour with the powers he had maligned. Luther discredited Hutten for his humanism, even while the humanist was more and more putting on the Reformer; and Hutten again regarded Luther as narrow, and, we fear, even thought of him secretly as a bigot. Yet the three worked, each in his own way, for one great end, for which Europe has good cause to be thankful. One of the most valuable points in Strauss's book is that he clearly perceives

this, and brings it out. How humanism helped the Reformation, and has so permeated the thought and culture of Germany as to have had a share in later revivals, is stated by him with great clearness and force. The following is a significant passage viewed in this light:—

‘Luther and German Protestantism confined themselves to the religious sphere, ignored the political, and only availed themselves of so much of the achievements of humanism as was indispensable for their purpose. Protestantism, in its conflict with Catholic reaction, destroyed the unity and power of the German Empire, limited the morals and culture of the German people to a narrow sphere, and clothed them in coarse raiment. But within its own sphere it attained its object, the liberation of the purified church from Rome, the education of the German people, so far as they would receive it, to independent religious life. And when the time was come for the hard rind to burst, liberal humanistic culture and German classical literature sprung out of the Protestant training. And again, when the time was come, political unity and power sprung out of this permeation of the German people with humanistic culture.’

Strauss's book is a powerful plea for tolerance, and was well worth the translating, even at this late day. We are not sure that Mrs. Sturge has been so well justified in all her omissions, as in the case of the chapter containing the strictures on Hutten's disease; but if she has erred, it is a fault which leans to virtue's side; for Strauss, although he had a rare gift for setting forth leading traits, sometimes overdid facts, and even his original Ulrich the English people would never stand. Mrs. Sturge has translated and condensed well; and we cordially recommend this volume as giving a very clear idea of a man of whom too little is known amongst us, seeing that he was one of the earliest and the greatest of Protestant Reformers, for whose services we can never be grateful enough.

David Friedrich Strauss, in his Life and Writings. By EDUARD ZELLER. Authorized Translation. With a Portrait. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This is a literary and critical biography of the author of ‘The Life of Jesus;’ containing, however, adequate information concerning the incidents of His somewhat mournful life. His friend represents him as affectionate, amiable, and sympathetic; but we find it difficult to accept this estimate of a man who was capable of so hard and unsympathetic a presentation of, to say the least, the human character and claims of Jesus of Nazareth. His own separation from his wife, although probably the fault was not entirely his, points to the same conclusion. Nor can we, in the hard, sharp features of the photographic portrait prefixed to the volume read much that is loveable. On the other hand, he had a poetical vein in his composition. The impression of perfect sincerity and fearlessness is produced by every page. Strauss had to pay a heavy professional price for his scepticism. Herr Zeller enumerates his numerous works, and gives us a critical estimate, and sometimes an analysis of them. The memoir will interest all who care to know how Strauss became first the hard pitiless critic of Christianity, and then the apostate from it that he was.

The Life of Thomas Fuller, D.D., with Notices of his Books, his Kinsmen, and his Friends. By JOHN EGLINGTON BAILEY. Basil Montague Pickering.

This new life of a man notable and loveable ‘for all time,’ is welcome.

It is an immense advance—in a double way—on previous lives of him. Its merit is, that the laborious and enthusiastic biographic-compiler has brought together from every possible quarter every possible kind of material bearing on his hero. Its fault is, that its really important and valuable collections are so fragmentarily and discursively presented, and so illustrated, and sub-illustrated, and re-illustrated, that the proverbial needle is buried, and lost in the huge bundle of hay. For ourselves, indeed, the (literary) hay is acceptable in its enormous totality; but ninety-nine readers in a hundred will be, it is to be feared, repelled alike from purchase and perusal by its surplusage of extraneous matter.

A handy little book like Russell's 'Memorials' would contain every new fact, and every new interpretation of old facts of the new life. Mr. Bailey gives evidence of capacity to furnish such a reasonably-sized, well-arranged 'Life of Fuller' as most certainly is a desideratum; and having thus printed the results of his prolonged and successful researches, he can afford to accept our counsel—to recast and compact his materials, rigidly adhere to the life and life-work, give to them an informing spirit of unity, and, above all, let us have more of Fuller's own words, and fewer of Mr. Bailey's about them, especially fewer of his extremely juvenile bits of eloquence and scraps of Latin.

The elaborate and admirable indices greatly neutralize the biographer's eccentricities of arrangement and digressive dissertation. Through their help the idlest reader can scarcely fail to come on 'full many a gem of purest ray serene.' It surely is a scandal that Fuller's University Press has not given us a critical and adequate edition of his works. This new 'Life' may perhaps sting even the composite conscience into action; and, Nonconformist though he be, the University could scarcely choose a better than Mr. Bailey for the task of love.

The Life of John Holland, of Sheffield Park. By WILLIAM HUDSON. Longmans, Green, and Co.

We are afraid that ordinary readers, as well as reviewers, will find this book wearisomely long. The contagion of prolixity seems to have been very strong in Mr. Holland's circle, notwithstanding Mr. Hudson's prediction that Montgomery's life will be more valued a century hence than it is now—a prediction that, from a bibliographical and antiquarian point of view, we do not dispute. We must hold that the poet is hopelessly buried beneath Mr. Holland's huge sarcophagus, and we thus lose the benefit and pleasure which his memoir might have given to us. And assuredly the next generation will not be less busy or more tolerant of prolixity than this. Mr. Hudson has filled a big octavo volume with chroniclings of the smallest of small beer. He even tells us that Mr. Holland went to Whitby, and didn't write a poem there; which reminds us of the Jerusalem showmen, who point out to you 'the stones that *didn't* cry out.'

Mr. Holland's life was an interesting, industrious, and exemplary one, and a record of him one-half or one-third the present size would have been welcome. He was the son of a telescope maker, and a worker at the trade himself; he was self-taught; he early developed a respectable talent for verse-making, which he indulged on every occasion, and almost to the end of his long life. He wrote several volumes of biography and a great number of biographical sketches for newspapers. He was, indeed, an indefatigable and respectable *littérateur*, a contributor to contemporary literature, whose productions did their work and died

with their generation. He was a pious, amiable, and most exemplary man. He inspires us with very great respect, but his name is indissolubly associated with the literary manslaughter of Montgomery, and we fear that the recollection of this will not lessen the involuntary recoil from this overlaid volume.

Bossuet and his Contemporaries. By the Author of 'A Dominican Artist,' &c. Rivingtons.

A biography of the distinguished orator and controversialist, who will always be one of the greatest ornaments of the Gallican Church, is particularly seasonable at the present time. Though it might have been wished the story of Bossuet's life had been told for English readers by one whose sympathies were less pronounced in favour of the Romish Church than the author of the 'Life of S. Francis de Sales,' no biographer of Bossuet can fail to bring into prominence the strong opposition of the Gallican Church to the claims of the Roman See to temporal power and political supremacy. The 'Declaration of the Clergy of France concerning Ecclesiastical Power' occupies the same ground as that which Dr. Dollinger has defined for the Old Catholics. Bossuet himself was firm on this point. In his sermons and letters he denounced the Ultramontane opinion as offensive in the extreme, and used to ask 'what sovereign power would subject itself to a master able to deprive him of his kingdom by a decree?' One of the most interesting, but by far the most painful chapters in the life of the Bishop of Meaux is the one narrating his relations with Fénelon, with reference to Mme. Guyon and Quietism, which for a season created so much sensation in Paris. The biographer's sympathies in this matter are wholly with Fénelon, who was, without doubt, victimized by Bossuet's unaccountable irritability and prejudices, if not jealousy. He enters at great length into the subject; and as he promises to give us shortly a life of Fénelon, we suppose the same ground will be gone over again there. Another interesting episode in Bossuet's life was his correspondence with Leibnitz, on the reunion of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches. On this subject the present biography is less ample and satisfactory. The author's feelings are too plainly hostile to Protestantism to allow us to expect a fair and impartial criticism of any transactions or negotiations in which Protestant interests are involved. Bossuet himself was more friendly to the Reformed Church of England than his biographer. Apart from the Romanist tone which pervades the book, it is, nevertheless, an excellent piece of biographical workmanship, and presents a full and on the whole a faithful view of the Bishop of Meaux. The work, therefore, supplies a blank in our literature, and may be cordially commended to those who regard him from the same point of view as the writer. We doubt if it will equally commend itself to others who are less sympathetic with Roman Catholicism, *minus* the Papacy, than the author.

The Worthies of Cumberland—John Dalton, F.R.S., &c. By HENRY LONSDALE, M.D. G. Routledge and Sons.

The biography of the 'Founder of the Atomic Theory,' which is here presented as one of the series of sketches of 'Cumberland Worthies,' is not designed for the scientific public, but for a wider and less instructed circle, and is therefore written in a popular style. Dr. Lonsdale has done admirable literary work in his biographies of Professor Goodsir and Dr. Robert Knox, the Scottish anatomists; but he has not aimed in

this sketch of Dalton at anything so scientific as either of them. Dr. Henry's Memoir has already done what was necessary to vindicate Dalton's memory in its purely scientific references. Dr. Lonsdale did not, therefore, require to excuse himself for passing lightly over his more recondite labours and services; and, indeed, our only fear is that the biography, as it is, is too much taken up with these, considering the prime object for which it was intended. However, he has given us an admirably readable little book, which is well fitted to stimulate those who peruse it to make further acquaintance with the main topics that engrossed Dalton's energies, and that have given him a high place in the annals of modern science.

The Ministry and Character of Robert Henry Hare, Wesleyan Minister. By JOHN MIDDLETON HARE, his Brother. Wesleyan Conference Office.

This memoir is the loving tribute of a brother's affection, and a fitting record of an active, well-spent, and useful life. In all respects it is worthy of the subject and the writer. Mr. Hare was a man of culture, earnestness, and superior gifts. He stood high in the estimation of all who knew him, and was effective as a preacher. And in sketching his life his brother has evinced great skill in arranging his materials, as well as remarkable wisdom combined with good taste in refraining from such eulogies as affection might have dictated, and permitting the subject to speak for himself, and those who knew him, and were associated with him in the ministry, to express their estimate of his gifts and character. From his letters and the brief extracts of his sermons which are given, it is evident Mr. Hare was no ordinary man. His understanding was vigorous, his logical power was acute, his fancy, if not brilliant, was ready and graceful, and his attainments highly respectable. Above all, he entered with the deepest earnestness, and a sense of heavy responsibility into the spirit of his work. He uniformly exhibited the claims of his Master, and urged men to repentance and faith. All this shows throughout the memoir, and hence it cannot fail to be read with interest by all, and especially by those who are engaged in the work of the ministry. Such lives should be embalmed, and perpetuated as examples; and therefore the author will doubtless earn the thanks of many for putting into their hands a memoir so replete with what is beautiful, true, and instructive.

Ismailia: A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, Organized by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt. By Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER, Pacha, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c., &c. With Maps, Portraits, and upwards of Fifty Full-page Illustrations, by Zwecker and Durand. In Two Volumes. Macmillan and Co.

As an African traveller, Sir Samuel Baker shares with Livingstone the homage of popular hero-worship. His dashing exploits, his genial nature, and his racy narratives have gained for him a high place in public regard, for Englishmen are always proud of the man who does their country honour. Baker's dash is even more attractive popularly than Livingstone's persistent devotion; but it would, nevertheless, be absurd to compare the results achieved by these two explorers. During more than thirty years of toil and hardship, Livingstone laboriously filled in the details of the southern portion of the map of Africa, which he found a mere skeleton,

and he sacrificed his noble life in endeavouring to disperse the darkness which still enshrouds the central portion of the Continent. Baker's explorations have been far less extensive than those of Livingstone, but he was the first European to penetrate to the equatorial region from the north, or at least to get so far to the south, by way of the White Nile, as the Albert N'yanza. But the two explorers, together with Burton and Speke, proved that the interior of the African continent is of abundant fertility, and that if it could be opened up, great commercial advantages must necessarily follow. To do this successfully would, it was evident, require, in the first place, the suppression of the slave trade; and the expedition which the Khedive of Egypt equipped and placed under the command of Sir Samuel Baker was reputed to have the achievement of this result as its primary object. We may, however, be permitted to doubt whether the suppression of the slave trade possessed such attractions in the eyes of the Egyptian Government as the conquest and annexation of an extensive dominion. Indeed, our doubts are almost resolved into certainty when Sir Samuel Baker tells us at the end of his book that Abou Saoud, a hypocritical, treacherous scoundrel, who was engaged in all kinds of nefarious enterprises, and whom the Pacha is for ever cursing, has been advanced to high place and power as Colonel Gordon's 'assistant.'

But whatever may have been the real cause which prompted the equipment of the expedition, its conduct and experiences were most interesting and exciting. Sir Samuel Baker received a firman which gave him very extensive powers, and a force was placed at his disposal against which no human enemy that he would probably encounter would be likely to offer very serious resistance. But the natural difficulties which interposed between him and his goal were of fearful magnitude. Navigation along the White Nile was rendered almost impossible by 'floating islands' and masses of vegetation, which rendered progress altogether impossible, except by the cutting of a channel! But the channel was cut, and Gondokoro was ultimately reached, although the malarious passage produced serious effects upon the animals and troops. So much time and energy were expended upon preliminaries that when the real work of the expedition came to be done, the force was greatly weakened, and the temper of the troops was not improved. We are not surprised to learn that the native potentates objected to the course which the Pacha proposed to adopt. And being in the possession of conscious strength, Sir Samuel Baker was not disposed to temporize or to waste much time in efforts at conciliation. The consequence was that the progress of the expedition was marked by continual strife, and the hostility of the natives was punished with slaughter and depredation. It is, perhaps, impossible to appreciate, here in England, the difficult position in which Sir Samuel Baker was placed, and we cannot say that his object could have been gained except by such means as he adopted. But we should certainly have read his book with much greater pleasure had it recorded fewer cases of wholesale slaughter, although, possibly, that slaughter was necessary to the safety of the expedition. We entirely sympathize with Baker, however, in the punishment he inflicted on the King of Unyoro. Kamrasi, who reigned in that country when Baker previously visited it, had died, and the throne was occupied by Kabba Réga, his son. This man seems to be a compound of all that is vile in the African character. Under the guise of hospitality he attempted to poison Baker and his party, and, in return, Baker burned Masindi, the capital, to the ground. His position, however, became

desperate, and his only hope of safety lay in retreat. The circumstances of that retreat are among the most thrilling recorded in his book, and invest his escape with the character of miracle. Indeed, Baker and his wife seem to possess charmed lives, and to be proof against every danger and hardship. The presence of Lady Baker during the whole campaign gives to the expedition that touch of romance which makes the record more piquant than it would otherwise appear.

The task which Sir Samuel Baker undertook, and, to a great extent, accomplished, was really stupendous, and the impression of its magnitude increases as we read the account of its performance. To have literally cut a passage for his flotilla through the marshes which mainly constitute the country between Khartoum and Gondokoro; to have conquered an immense region with comparatively a mere handful of troops; and to have organized a system of government which must greatly facilitate the operations of his successor, demonstrate the possession of qualities which are rarely combined in the same person. We should have been glad if to these achievements Sir Samuel Baker had added the solution of some geographical problem. English geographers certainly looked with confidence to the survey of the Albert N'yanza, and to the settlement of the dispute which raged between Burton and Speke relative to the river at the northern end of Lake Tanganyika. Native report indicated a connection between the Tanganyika and the Albert N'yanza, but Baker was prevented from personally verifying or disproving this report; while the exploration of the northern end of the Tanganyika by Livingstone and Stanley—described by the latter at the Brighton meeting of the British Association—pointed to an exactly contrary conclusion. The accuracy of the information furnished by Livingstone and Stanley has just been proved by Lieutenant Cameron, who has carefully surveyed the whole Lake Tanganyika, and has found its effluent on the western shore, whence it flows, as he believes, into the Conga. Baker may, however, be satisfied with the laurels he has won. First of all he made a grand journey into the very heart of Africa, and revealed to us a portion of the Continent with which we were wholly unacquainted; and, in the second place, he has done much to bring that interesting region within the influence of commerce and civilization. Sir Samuel Baker's account of his second journey into Equatorial Africa is as full of interest as that of the first; and while his enterprise will be accorded a place among the most remarkable of ancient or modern times, the book in which he describes it will take its place among the most popular classics of travel.

The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa, from 1865 to his Death. Continued by a Narrative of his last moments and sufferings, obtained from his faithful servants Chuma and Susi. By HORACE WALLER, F.R.G.S. Two Vols. John Murray.

These important and deeply interesting and affecting volumes have reached us too late for the *extended* notice which they demand. We content ourselves, therefore, at present, with the simple announcement of their appearance. We shall recur to them in our next number. We cannot, however, forbear reference to the following entry in one of Livingstone's closely-written pocket-books, made in August, 1870, after two years of suffering and heroic endurance and determination, the

diurnal records of which are full of pathos. It was, perhaps, the most despondent period of his noble life.' 'Turn over and see a drop of comfort, found when suffering from irritable eating ulcers on the feet in 'Manynema,' for which his only remedy was 'malachite, rubbed down 'with water on a stone, and applied with a feather.' The drop of comfort is a printed advertisement of his 'Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries,' with an appended criticism, which had reached him, wrapped round some supplies, at Ujiji, and which he had cut out and pasted in his pocket-book. The criticism is extracted from a notice of the book in this journal in January, 1866 (*British Quarterly Review*, vol. xliii., p. 225). Here is the extract: 'Few achievements in our day 'have made a greater impression than that of the adventurous missionary 'who, unaided, crossed the continent of equatorial Africa. . . . His 'unassuming simplicity, his varied intelligence, his indomitable pluck, his 'steady religious purpose, form a combination of qualities rarely found in 'one man. By common consent Dr. Livingstone has come to be regarded 'as one of the most remarkable travellers of his own or of any other 'age.' It needed not the partiality of personal friendship to write thus of David Livingstone. He would be an atrabilious member of his craft indeed who could dissect a book of his in a spirit even of cold criticism. The crowning acclamation of the civilized world has accorded him his place since this was written; but the present writer may be permitted to say that it will be among the proudest and most thankful memories of his literary work, to have thus, in almost the first lines of his editorial pen, ministered even the smallest 'drop of comfort' to the desponding heart of his illustrious friend. Of all ministries of comfort which are the privilege of life, there is surely none to inspire more legitimate thankfulness than, in his sorest need and greatest loneliness, so unconsciously to have ministered to the heart of this holy and heroic servant of God. The deep pathos of feeling which could find comfort in so slight a thing, almost equals that of Mungo Park, when a simple word of womanly sympathy so affected him. It is a measure of the sore straits of one of the most self-reliant and resolute of men. Here is his prayer on his last birthday but one, March 19, 1872: 'My Jesus, my king, my life, my 'all; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O 'gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, I may finish my task. In 'Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be. David Livingstone.' Again, under date April 18: 'I pray the good Lord of all to favour me so as to 'allow me to discover the ancient fountains of Herodotus; and if there is 'anything in the underground excavations to confirm the precious old 'documents (Τὰ Βιβλία), the Scriptures of truth, may He permit me to 'bring it to light, and give me wisdom to make a proper use of it.' And here is the record of the end: 'Passing inside, they looked towards the 'bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged 'in prayer, and they instinctively drew back for the instant. The men 'drew nearer. . . . A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the 'box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone 'was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his 'head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched 'him: he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, 'Matthew, advanced softly to him, and placed his hands to his cheeks. 'It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was 'almost cold: Livingstone was dead.'

Travels in South America : from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean. By PAUL MARCOY. Illustrated by Five Hundred and Twenty-Five Engravings on Wood, drawn by E. Riou, and Ten Maps, from Drawings by the Author. Two Vols. Blackie and Sons.

These two fine volumes are a second and somewhat cheaper edition of a magnificent folio work, which, printed on large paper, and with great finish and beauty, has rarely been surpassed in a book of travels. Even with some of the engravings of the original edition omitted, and some slight abridgment of the text, the book before us is a luxurious embodiment of a very remarkable journey. From Ilay, in Peru, on the Pacific coast, to the mouth of the Amazon, on the Atlantic, the course of the author was first eastward, across the Andes to Lampa, then northwards through Cuzco to the river Ucayale, which runs north to Nanta, where a bigger stream than itself flows into the Amazon, down which, along nearly its entire course across the Continent, he sailed to the Pacific. The journey itself is not, of course, equal either in enterprise or in peril to Livingstone's journey across Africa, but it is one of very great interest, and furnishes opportunity for much information, both to the ethnologist and the naturalist, as well as much novel adventure. Travels, however, yield their fruit only to those qualified to reap it: nothing is more provoking than the boast of a travelled fool, who has enjoyed opportunities by which he has not known how to profit. Its sumptuousness notwithstanding, M. Marcoy's book depends for its value upon his qualifications for observing and recording what he saw. We are bound to say that, in the combination of such qualifications, he has few superiors. Mr. Bates and Mr. Wallace, in their delightful volumes, have revealed to us the rich fruit which a naturalist may reap in the valley of the Amazons. M. Marcoy is not equal in scientific attainments to either of these accomplished men. What he is cannot be better expressed than by his countryman, M. Emile Darier: 'A naturalist, he describes
' with a master-hand the fauna and flora of these countries; an archæolo-
' gist, he restores from the ruins they have left the temples and palaces,
' shattered monuments of the power of the Lucas; an ethnologist, he
' carefully distinguishes each of the Indian tribes through whose territory
' he passes; a linguist, he gives a specimen of their idioms, showing the differ-
' ences and analogies between them; a musician, he notes down their death
' songs, their laments, their divine tunes; a draughtsman, lastly, his album
' has furnished the originals of the many engravings with which M. Riou
' has enriched the published account of his journey.' This praise is not exaggerated: all these qualifications he possessed in an adequate, if not the highest degree of excellence. And in addition, his translator attests the excellent literary style in which, in the French original, he has told the story of his wanderings; 'associating with exactness in detail a freedom
' of hand and breadth of colouring which every lover of nature must
' appreciate; and combining with a good humour, which is proof against
' every mishap, and is often heightened by a grotesque incident, a sym-
' pathy with the "harmless savagery" of Indian life and character, which
' shows his manliness.'

These characterizations leave the reviewer scarcely anything to add. Nothing can exceed the charm of the book; while the eye luxuriates in the illustrations which adorn almost every page, and which are generally of a very high order of artistic excellence,—as beautiful as pictures as

they are perfect as engravings,—the literary taste is gratified with the graceful ease and well-regulated vivacity of the style. Unlike the poetic rhapsodizing of M. Michelet, M. Marcoy feels that he has enough to tell and to describe without fictitious sentiment or artful exaggeration; and he narrates a journey of some peril, and of much little known information and romance, and describes the fauna and flora of the most gorgeous region in the world, with a simplicity and sobriety that engraft the caution of the Scotchman upon the vivacity and garrulity of the Frenchman. We scarcely know where we could direct readers to more reliable information concerning Peru and the valley of the Amazons, nor to a more enthralling narrative of personal adventure. Nothing comes amiss to the author. Around what he sees he groups everything that he knows,—scraps of history, speculations of archæology, elucidations of science,—whether ethnology, geology, botany, physiology; he records conversations and incidents with unfailing vivacity; and presents the whole in pictures, in which those addressed to the eye and those addressed to the literary understanding, rival and supplement each other. For the uses of science, and for the drawing-room table, the book is equally superb. It is more informing than a manual of science, and more absorbing than ten novels out of twelve. It seems stupid so far to forego the prescriptive function of the critic as only to lavish praise, but we have failed in all our endeavours to find fault. We have been so absorbed with the letterpress, as almost to overlook the illustrations, and again so satisfied with the illustrations as scarcely to need the letterpress. We cannot imagine a requisite for such a journey which the author does not seem to possess. He abundantly makes good the claim which M. Darier puts forth for him, as ‘the type of the model traveller.’

The Straits of Malacca, Indo-China, and China; or, Ten Years' Travels, Adventures, and Residence Abroad. By J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

It is not easy to convey an idea of a book of travels, which attains a level somewhat higher than is usual in such books, but has no very salient points, either of excellency or defect, and no very special information to impart. Mr. Thomson gives us his impressions of Siamese and Chinese life, and narrates incidents and describes customs in an intelligent, sensible, and interesting manner; his book, from beginning to end, is eminently readable, and supplies a great deal of that minute information which fills up the outlines of general knowledge, and which only prolonged residence among a people can acquire. Perhaps Mr. Thomson's estimate of both the Siamese and the Chinese is higher than that of mere superficial travellers. There must be among the latter strong and conservative virtues—virtues of industry, literature, and family life—their perversions notwithstanding, and the disorganization and despotism to which they have been subjected. Out of China they exhibit quiet, industrious, and solid excellencies of character.

We recommend to the consideration of our educational authorities what the author says on the literary culture of China; more especially his estimate of the practical working of competitive examinations. Our present tendency to make success depend upon cram, renders it necessary carefully to study its results elsewhere. We mean no disparagement to the letter-press of Mr. Thomson's volume, when we say that its most attractive feature is its illustrations. Mr. Thomson is an accomplished photographer, as his superb book on ‘China and its People’

—of which this volume is a kind of supplement—proves. It contains twenty-five full page engravings, and about twice that number of smaller illustrations, together with good maps, &c. The engravings are not only accurate, affording perhaps a better idea of Chinese life and scenery than we have hitherto had, but they are rendered with great effect, and are very beautiful as pictures. Not only natural scenes, like the Mitau-Gorge on the Upper Yangtze (which looks like a bit of the Middle Rhine), and the Sung-ing Day Fall, but archaeological fragments, like the Cambodian bas-relief, and literary curiosities, such as the reproduction of Chinese drawings and maps, are faithfully rendered. The text of the book is interesting, but the artistic beauty and fidelity of its illustrations make it really valuable.

Anatolica; or, the Journal of a Visit to some of the Ancient Ruined Cities of Caria, Phrygia, Lycia, and Pisidia. By the Rev. E. J. DAVIS, H.B.M.'s Episcopal Consular Chaplain, Alexandria. Grant and Co.

The Rev. Mr. Davis tells us in his preface that since his boyhood 'the dream of his life' has been to visit the interesting country described in Sir C. Fellows's 'Asia Minor and Lycia.' For a long time it seemed likely to remain a dream, but he became a resident in the East, and in 1872 was at last able to turn it into a reality. He kept a journal during his travels, which is the basis of his book, and now, 'with some diffidence,' he 'ventures to publish' it. We feel sure that Mr. Davis has 'tried to describe faithfully' what he saw; but we are not able to congratulate him very heartily on the result. The standard of literary excellence attained might give pleasure to the writer's friends, if he had chosen to print for private circulation among them, or to hand them his MS., but the work is scarcely of a character to afford either instruction or entertainment to the reading public. Mr. Davis's excuses of the 'brief time he could give to the journey,' and 'the want of a library of reference,' may be good excuses in the eyes of indulgent friends, but are scarcely reasonable as addressed to the public, seeing that there was no obligation resting on him to publish. We are inclined to repeat Lord Melbourne's well-known interrogatory, asked under other circumstances, 'Why couldn't he let it alone?' Some readers may possibly find matter to interest them in the pages of this book, and the illustrations are numerous and of fairly good quality. But on the whole the volume is a sample of not very successful book-making, an impression which is encouraged by the unusually wide margin, which contributes to increase the number of the pages.

'Those Holy Fields.' Palestine Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. Religious Tract Society.

Dr. Manning has struck out a literature of travel that is distinctively his own. One feels at first as if the charm of his book consists chiefly in the copious extracts from all sources and authorities which he brings together. Let, however, any unpractised or unskilful hand try to compile a volume of extracts, and he will find that it is one thing to bring bricks, another to build a house. Dr. Manning has the instinctive power of selection of a true artist; he arranges and connects his excerpts so as to make a genuine book. Then again he has the true genius of travel; he knows what to look for and how to see it, and almost intuitively

acquires the requisite information for getting knowledge. One would think that little more could be said by an ordinary traveller about Palestine, and yet, as with his Italian and Swiss books, here is a volume that will take and maintain its own place, and that, as much in virtue of its letterpress as of its illustrations. Nothing escapes Dr. Manning. The conclusions of the latest travellers, the discoveries of the Palestine Exploration Society, especially the invaluable topographical work of Lieut. Conder, are eagerly and perfectly mastered. The result is a work which makes the Land illustrate the book in a very interesting way.

A Ramble Round the World, 1871. By M. LE BARON DE HÜBNER. Translated by LADY HERBERT. Two Vols. Macmillan and Co.

Copious extracts could alone do justice to Baron Hübner's clever and interesting volumes, but neither this nor the next best thing—a summary of his judgments concerning the principal peoples and things which he saw—is possible to us in the pressure upon our space in this department of our number this quarter. We can only commend it by some brief characterizations. There are travellers and travellers. Travel is what a man brings to it, more than what it presents to him. We scarcely need to say that the author of *Sextus the Fifth* is well qualified by historical knowledge and scholarly habit to appreciate what he saw; or that the practised Austrian diplomatist and statesman is a shrewd observer of men and things. His book, therefore, is singularly clear and penetrating in its judgments, and with a rare felicity blends the description of what is seen with sagacious judgments and interpretations of it, so that we are able to understand the causes and tendencies of things in the lights which history, politics, and a large knowledge of human nature can supply. Baron Hübner writes, moreover, we presume, in German, in a rapid vivacious style, which Lady Herbert has admirably translated. It is difficult to recognize the translation at all, and there is not a single dull paragraph in the two bulky volumes. Few travellers have possessed in equal combination the requisites for a book of travel in which the value and the interest are equal. The three points of interest are Western America, Japan, and the Celestial Empire; and, we should add, the rank and political position of Baron Hübner gave him special facilities of both access and information.

He gives us his impressions fully and frankly of New York, Washington, and the Eastern States of America generally. His judgments are genial and appreciative, but clearly he does not admire republican democracy so much as the Americans do themselves, although some of his remarks upon its feeling in relation to property should surely lead to more favourable conclusions. The contrast between the democracy of America and that of Europe is that of a statesman and a philosopher, and is full of suggestiveness. About Mormonism, and Brigham Young, whom he interviewed, he has nothing new to tell us; his judgment is that of most travellers; but he produces, perhaps, a fuller impression that, on Young's death, Mormonism as such must break up. Railroad influences and the Gentile settlement of Corinne, are disintegrating it terribly. Young's chiefest hold seems to be that of a creditor. He is, it is said, possessed of twelve million dollars. Of San Francisco, and its strange conglomerate of people, and of the Yosemite Valley he gives us amusing descriptions. The Japanese, he thinks, are in peril of sacrificing every thing for change, which is not always progress. They are versatile and

superficial, and are rapidly being denationalized to become—it is difficult to say what. Less rapidity of change and more thorough assimilation would be a far better augury for the future.

The Chinese are more immobile and far more solid. They are serious thinking men, more open to influence than we think, but to be influenced only by solid conviction and genuine sympathy, which alone are the conditions of true progress, and make it beneficial. He saw much of the Chinese Empire and of Chinese life, as well as of our own English settlements. He forms judgments concerning our colonization and national characteristics—‘the boldness, the perseverance, the elastic, energetic, indefatigable genius,’—that are flattering enough.

Baron Hübner returned from Hong Kong to Europe by the Overland Route, the chapter devoted to which contains some interesting disquisitions concerning the relations of Europe with China, and concerning Christian missions in China. Baron Hübner is an Austrian statesman, and he is a Roman Catholic, but his judgments are singularly candid and liberal. Those who care for the lively descriptions of an accomplished writer, and for the suggestive judgments of a sagacious statesman, will find great interest in this book. We have not often read a book of travels intrinsically more excellent.

Telegraph and Travel. A Narrative of the Formation and Development of Telegraphic Communication between England and India, under the orders of her Majesty's Government, with Incidental Notices of the Countries traversed by the Lines. By Colonel Sir FREDERICK JOHN GOLDSMID, C.B. With Maps and Numerous Illustrations. Macmillan and Co.

This is one of those valuable, almost sumptuous, volumes devoted to special topics, which combine the information and accuracy of a Parliamentary Report with the popular interest of a book of travels, and in which no expense is spared through maps, and illustrations from photographs and exact drawings, to convey exact impressions. It is the telegraphic history of ten years, in the special field indicated. It recounts many old controversies, hesitating purposes, and unfavourable vaticinations, which, perhaps, as the great result has been realized, and we ourselves have held direct and almost instantaneous communication with Madras and Calcutta, had better be burned. The work is divided into two parts; the one a strictly official, the other a more personal narrative. An initial chapter of sixty pages is fitly given to Colonel Patrick Stewart, the originator of the first practical scheme of a telegraph to India, who was cut off at the early age of thirty-three, and not spared to witness the realization of the great idea of his life. The details of successive steps, political negotiations, &c., by which the consummation was reached, can, from their very nature, be read only in Colonel Goldsmid's chapters. The notes of travel, taken largely from the author's notebooks, although sometimes unnecessarily minute, give interesting information, which the writer was in favourable circumstances to acquire, about Persia and Russia, as well as about the Indian Presidencies. Altogether, the volume is a very readable and interesting one.

Days Near Rome. By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE. Two Vols. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Mr. Hare has here written a worthy companion to his ‘Walks in Rome,’

which was a book of real interest, full of fine description, and of traces of wide culture. 'Days Near Rome' is in every way its equal in respect of interest, and in one sense is even more valuable. It is a great service when places that are familiar and easily accessible are made to take an additional attraction from being associated with fine description and poetic reminiscence. But it is more when we are led to outlying and neglected corners, where few have been bold enough to sojourn, and where considerable difficulties, even of a physical kind, have been undergone, in order to introduce fresh beauty, and to revive associations that were lapsing out of remembrance. It is astonishing that so many places, once full of interest, both classical and mediæval, within a short distance of Rome, have now entirely fallen out of regard, and are unvisited. Mr. Hare says:—

The ground, in many instances, had been almost untrodden; several of the places described are difficult of access, and have never before been visited by foreigners; and in most cases, published descriptions do not exist at all already, or are so inaccurate and untrustworthy, as to be only misleading. A great field for discovery still remains within a day's journey of Rome; and if, in opening the way to others, I lead them to enjoy half the pleasure I have received from my own researches, I shall be more than rewarded.'

Mr. Hare is most patient and enduring, finding out the point and object of which he is in search, in spite of misdirection, and sometimes of the prejudices of the inhabitants. He is clear and graphic in description, but avails himself freely, wherever that is possible, of the descriptions of others. Our readers will remember that some time ago we noticed Mr. Davies' 'Pilgrimage of the Tiber,' an admirably-written book. Mr. Hare goes over some of the ground therein described, but with him it is merely a section of a wider circle. We are glad to see that he has taken one of the beautiful songs of the peasantry in the valley of the Tiber in Mr. Davies' spirited rendering. We have read through this book with delight, and have received much stimulus and information from it. The engravings are beautiful, done for the most part in simple outline, and though small, are most effective. The book altogether is of the kind one of the most fresh and thorough we have had in recent years.

The Life of Alfred Cookman; with a Brief Account of his Father, the Rev. G. Grimston Cookman. By HENRY B. RIDGAWAY, D.D. With a Preface by the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Many biographies have no value. They hold up no great example for imitation, they teach no important lesson. Such is not the case with that now before us. Alfred Cookman was a burning and a shining light. If his gifts were not of the most brilliant order, they were beyond those of ordinary men. His moral and spiritual power was eminent, and lent an influence to his mental gifts which clothed them with remarkable efficiency. Wherever he went he made himself felt as an able and efficient minister of divine truth, and turned many to righteousness. His zeal, which burnt within him as an intense passion, consumed him, and brought him to a premature grave. By this memoir he still speaks, and must speak impressively to all readers.—*Memoirs of a Huguenot Family.* Translated and Compiled from the Original Autobiography of the Rev. James Fontaine. (Religious Tract Society.) The Religious Tract Society has done well to revive this very remarkable record of true heroic faith in the midst of vicissitude and suffering.

No one who takes any interest in the history of the Huguenots, to whom we owe so much, can fail to be deeply impressed by this story of real life. In it truth will be found as strange as fiction.—*Sometime in Ireland: a Recollection*. (Henry S. King & Co.) These reminiscences of Ireland, as it was some thirty years ago, are spirited and graphic. The general habits and manners of the people, their political and ecclesiastical antipathies and conflicts, and their impressions of English rule, are described with a vividness which the experience of residence alone could command. Happily, many of the social and domestic usages, and not a little of the political bitterness and strife of the author's early days have passed away; still, much remains; and hence the volume is not merely 'a recollection' of the past, but to a certain extent a description of the present. It will repay perusal.—*The Ashantee War; a Popular Narrative*. By the 'DAILY NEWS' CORRESPONDENT. (Henry S. King & Co.) Although most readers are acquainted with the incidents and results of the Ashantee war, this volume, which presents a clear and connected narrative of the whole, will be found interesting. The march, and movements, and struggles of the troops onward to the capital of King Coffee, are graphically described, and vivid and charming pictures of the country are given. What was hitherto a *terra incognita*, and tribes of whose character and habits we had imperfect ideas, or no ideas at all, will, by the perusal of this admirable narrative, stand out in distinctness. The author is a master of narrative and description.—*Crusts: a Settler's Fare due South*. By LAURENCE J. KENNAWAY. (Sampson Low & Co.) This is one of the most extraordinary, and at the same time amusing, accounts of New Zealand squatting and settlement we have ever read. The privations and miseries passed through are such as but few could have survived, and are narrated with an amount of drollery and humour which indicate the pluck and spirit of the emigrants, and never fail to excite the wonder and provoke the laughter of the reader. The triumph was at length achieved, but the cost was tremendous, and only one here and there could have borne it.

POLITICS, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Speeches of Edward, Lord Lytton, now first collected, with some of his Political Writings hitherto unpublished, and a Prefatory Memoir by his Son. Two Vols. William Blackwood and Sons.

These volumes are a further proof that Lord Lytton was not one of those geniuses who are transcendent in their peculiar gift, and are weak as other men in all other functions of thought and action. He was a very clever man, who, in virtue of general powers of admirable quality and balance, could attain distinction in almost any department of literary work to which he might devote himself. Poetry and fiction, essays and politics, statesmanship and oratory, novels of all styles, from classical romance to modern fashionable life, dramas and scientific romances, nothing came to him amiss. Whatever he determined to do he could do well—so well that, if anonymous, his work always excited attention. But everything just fell short of the indefinable point, where cleverness ends and genius begins: the last supreme touch, the impalpable and ineffable spirit, that gives rank to Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot, was denied to Lytton. His was a great and successful

literary career, and his works will be read—or at least many of them—for some generations to come.

He was not a born orator; his speaking had not that magnetism and inspiration which human presence kindles; but he prepared good speeches, and by sheer intellectual force and good sense made himself heard, and his speeches to be regarded as events. His manifold abilities included this power also. Doubtless he would have been an effective preacher, and could have delivered a good bishop's charge. 'I do not say,' speaking of Macready, 'that our guest is versatile; I say that he is comprehensive.' Unconsciously Lytton described himself. He did not so much apply variously the same talent, as he applied well-balanced co-existing talents. His was the genius of hard work, not of inspiration; of the lamp, not of the air. It is a curious illustration of this, that these volumes should contain fourteen speeches, prepared for the House of Commons, but that never were delivered. One has only to contrast the published speeches of Mr. Bright to see the difference between the orator that is made and the orator that is born.

We need not recount Lord Lytton's political career, nor review his political principles. Fundamentally and constitutionally he was a Liberal; and from the beginning of his political career to its close he was an advocate of the Ballet; but he broke with the Liberal party on the question of the Corn Laws, and was to the end a staunch protectionist, as well as an uncompromising advocate of the State Establishment. In politics his chief characteristic was not passion, but industry; his opinions were not instincts so much as formations. Politics were clearly the secondary pursuit of his life; literature held the supreme place. His conceptions, on the whole, were broad and high principled, and his judgments those of sagacious good sense.

The speeches are interesting as records of part of a notable man's life, and valuable as throwing interesting lights upon an important transition period of our national history, and especially as exhibiting very fairly the views taken, not by statesmen of genius who have power of divination, but by men of intelligence and ability, who are not very far in advance of their fellows, and who both form and express contemporary opinion. The record is none the less instructive from the mistakes which were made and the errors which were maintained.

In an introductory memoir, Lord Lytton's character and career as a politician is very judiciously sketched by his son. If Lord Lytton's estimate of himself as contained in it, written when he was forty-three, is to be accepted as an accurate judgment, describing his sensitiveness and laboriousness in relation to political life, it is almost a sufficient account of both his attainments and his shortcomings. It hardly, however, justifies his biographer's claim to place him among the ten or twelve foremost of the parliamentary orators of the day; although speeches like that on the abolition of negro apprenticeship, which is said to have won several votes, almost reaches the very highest eloquence. The volumes raise our impression of Lytton's great abilities; they contain matter that will give them a permanent place upon our bookshelves.

Rocks Ahead; or, the Warnings of Cassandra. By W. R. GREG.
Trübner and Co.

'Cassandra' has been somewhat discredited since this volume appeared. Mr. Greg may not have altered his views or renounced his fundamental positions, but he does not seem quite so certain now as he

was at the first that the vessel of the State must needs strike and go to pieces on the 'Rocks Ahead.' The numerous rejoinders to the work that have been called forth have brought into view the other side of the shield, and Mr. Greg did not appear to allow there was another side. If we take his statements as warnings and not as predictions there is much in them that may be profitably pondered. There can be no doubt that the dangers he signalizes are real. The evils of a democratic society are unquestionable; the fact that our commercial and industrial supremacy is threatened is universally admitted; while the reality of the danger of a divorce of the intelligence of the country from its religion is only too patent. It may be held there are other influences counteracting in each case the force of those which 'Cassandra' makes prominent. Indeed, Mr. Greg incidentally refers to some of these himself, as when he shows that it is natural in even the most democratic society for the real political power to become concentrated in the hands of the few. The natural influence, that is to say, of intelligence and wealth will always operate whatever the political system may be. Our view of the probable ultimate result must depend upon the force we attribute to the one set of influences or the other. But it is well we should learn to know both; and if 'Cassandra' makes the 'Rocks Ahead' loom more largely and threateningly upon us than is altogether justified, it is probable that our national self-complacency will soon restore the balance. Mr. Greg has done good service in calling attention to sources of real peril, though we may hope they will not prove fatal to society and the State.

Social Pressure. By the Author of 'Friends in Council.'
Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

This addition to the series of discussions by the 'Friends in Council'—Milverton, Mauleverer, Ellesmere, and the rest, who delighted us many years ago—is one not only of real literary interest, but of high practical utility. Sir Arthur Helps could not write without point, delicacy, and suggestiveness. The book abounds in axioms that will well reward the collector. Besides, the oblique and indirect manner to which Sir Arthur's cherished form was so favourable, and which was sometimes found rather tantalizing by the ordinary reader who prizes results, and hates to go a roundabout way for them, is here at its lowest, in spite of the virtue which Sir Arthur finds in this quasi-dramatic disguise. And, considering Sir Arthur's high official position and its responsibilities, he may well be excused if he finds a certain relief in the power of conveying his own opinions, half-veiled under the authority of Mr. Milverton, and so escaping from directly committing himself. But some of Mr. Milverton's opinions are so practical and so valuable, that for the nonce we must accept him as Sir Arthur's *alter ego*. Milverton reads to the friends a series of essays on such subjects as 'Towns may be too large,' 'Over Publicity,' 'Discords between Legislation and Administration,' 'Choice of Men for Offices,' 'Local Government,' and so on. In the course of the book, which is dedicated to the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., most of the great social evils of the day are touched upon with wisdom and humour, and many practical suggestions are tendered. The evils of overcrowding in towns, and of the want of open spaces; the difficulty which denizens of large cities have in finding innocent enjoyments—'the few go out by railway, the many remain, and it is the worse for the many that the few do go'—the evils that accrue to administration by the heads of departments changing with a change of Government,

and a hundred other related topics are discussed in the liveliest manner. Here and there we come on a bit of delicate and admirable literary padding, which just serves to keep the graver topics from jostling too close upon each other, giving atmosphere, if we may so speak. But, as we have said, the real drift of the volume is social; and like so many more who have thought seriously and laboured to awaken the public mind to the importance of these matters, Sir Arthur cannot be said to be an optimist. Indeed, there is the recurrence of a desponding note that is not without its pathetic suggestion. In the very outset we have a half hopeless apology for mankind in general for their attention to what is remote and their neglect of great matters near at hand, as illustrated for one thing in the prominence given to political party questions over social questions; and in the essay on 'Looking Back' there is a really pathetic lament over the time it takes to get anything done. In the course of one of the essays we come on a maxim, which might serve for the motto of the book:—'With such an ingenious creature 'as man, the remedy is seldom far off, when the evil is known and 'thoroughly appreciated.' Sir Arthur Helps, by means of this volume, has helped to make certain well-known evils 'thoroughly appreciated,' and we sincerely hope that he may have the reward of knowing that he has aided substantially in bringing somewhat nearer the not distant remedy. We believe that he desires no other reward.

Cave Hunting. By W. BOYD DAWKINS. Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Dawkins has long been known as among the foremost of the little band of scientific men who have sought for early traces of man's life upon the earth in the deep recesses of the caves, and in this book he tells the story of the latest discoveries and opinions thereupon. It is a most interesting story, and on the whole well told. Mr. Dawkins, too, has another right to speak on this subject; for if he can scarcely claim to stand side by side with men like Falconer, Lyell, or Darwin, and though the reader misses in him that power of insight that in its highest form is a supreme gift of genius, yet every page of the book reveals the painstaking inquirer into the secrets of nature, and one who, by his industry and penetration, has done good work in this field. His theories, too, are carefully worked out, and may pretty fairly be taken to represent the least concessions that moderate geologists of the present day would accept from orthodox theology. When we realize the correlation of forces and events required in the first place to bury the relics of a past civilization in caves, and then to preserve them through the countless ages that have elapsed since the glacial epoch, we are not surprised at the fragmentary character of the record, but rather that so much light is thrown on the dark places of the past. In those caves in which the remains have been washed in by running water, the animal to which they belonged must have died on the edge of the stream, the carcase must have been swept along by the current into the interior channel, and carried down until it settled at the bottom, where from chemical or other causes a rapid deposition was taking place. What thousands of carcasses must have been broken up and destroyed to one safely lodged in a natural burying place! Again, in those caves that have been used as dwelling-houses, or places of sepulture, how rarely could it have been that the caves were shut up sufficiently to prevent the complete destruction of remains therein by wild beasts of prey, or by rabbits and other burrowing animals. The latter have been most destruc-

tive; for not only have the little animals often mixed the bones in a way almost maddening to a man who desires to piece them together and reproduce the old form, but by letting the air through their burrows they have brought in the agencies of putrefaction and decay.

After a short reference to the legendary tales that gather round caves, the author divides his book into two parts, the physical history of cave formation, and the life history of their inhabitants. Passing by the question of the formation of the most famous caves, such as those of Wookey Hole, Helln Pot, Kent's Hole, Brixham, and others, we will rapidly sketch the chief conclusions which the author has come to of the more interesting portion of this book, that relating to the past life history of our race, and of the animals associated with it. Travelling backward from the present, we find a strange light cast upon a time, of which it is true we know but little, but which yet would be called historic. In Victoria Cave, near Settle, in Yorkshire, have been found a number of Roman coins, together with ornaments and implements of bronze, and some brooches of singular taste and beauty, finger rings, armlets, bracelets, buckles, studs, iron spear-heads, and bone implements. The coins almost prove that this cave must have been inhabited by a cultured and in some sense wealthy family or clan after the Roman occupation; a conclusion curiously supported by the similarity of the jewellery to known specimens of Irish art of the same date, a bronze brooch figured, for instance, would not in its elegance of form and sculpture be easily surpassed in modern days. During the troublous times that succeeded the departure of the Romans, that the Brit-Welsh harried by the invading English, escaped for a time extermination or slavery by dragging out a miserable existence in caves and dens of the earth, the evidence amply proves, and bears unexpected testimony to the truth of Gildas' bold metaphor, that the flame kindled in the East raged over nearly all the land, until it flared red over the Western ocean.

But the story of the Victoria Cave is not yet told. Below the stratum in which the post-Roman remains have been discovered, have been found others that prove that the cave was also inhabited in prehistoric or neolithic times; six feet below the upper stratum, in stiff grey clay, a bone harpoon was found, and a few other remains, showing that they were left by hunters and fishermen in a much lower stage of civilization than the Brit-Welsh who succeeded them. In a cave close by, however, more light has been thrown upon the question of the human race by the important discovery of a human thigh bone, with a great development of the muscular ridge, called the *linea aspera*. Similar remains are found in the neolithic tumuli of Yorkshire and Denbighshire; indeed, they are pretty generally scattered over the Continent. Now, what is the meaning of this great development of the ridge of the thigh bone, which Professor Busk calls platycnemism. It is admittedly an ape character; is it an indication of a genetic connection, or can any other explanation be given? We think it may, and that Mr. Dawkins's suggestion is correct; and it is one of those cases that have to be so carefully looked for on the evolution hypothesis of like circumstances producing like results. It seems to be connected with the prehensile use of the foot, and to be more common in those races that go about unshod, which it is to be presumed the uncivilized inhabitants of these caves did.

Further research proves that two very distinct races lived almost together in Europe, though one was probably declining while the other was advancing, both as a rule platycnemic, one rather small, dark, and narrow-headed, the other larger and broad-headed. Now, can these two boldly

distinguished races be identified with existing races? Our author thinks, and we agree with him, that they can; the descendants of the narrow-headed race are to be seen in that dark narrow-headed people that in their purity now inhabit the north-west corner of Spain—the Basques; but traces of whose blood may be seen in the dark, small, narrow-headed men and women met with in Derbyshire and Denbighshire, and in the country of the Old Silures. The broad-headed race, on the other hand, more civilized and later in time than the dark race, whom, doubtless, they conquered and largely absorbed, were the Celts of Gaul and Britain.

So far all is pretty clear, but evident traces of man are to be found farther back, both before and after the great and terrible glacial epoch. Of these men we know, indeed, but little; that they lived a life not altogether unlike the Eskimos is indeed certain, but whether there is anything more than a similarity of surrounding circumstances, or whether there is really a genetic connection, we see not a tittle of evidence at present. Here we reach the end of the human life story; at present we can go no farther. In a worse than Arctic night, in a cold harder than that of Greenland, we can dimly make out a race of hunters and fishermen, living surrounded with the reindeer and other Arctic animals; but even in that earliest known stage of civilization they buried their dead, and by doing so revealed their belief in some hereafter. For the facts on which these conclusions are based, our readers must go to the book itself, and they will be well rewarded.

The Creation: The Earth's Formation on Dynamical Principles, in accordance with the Mosaic record and the latest scientific discoveries. By ARCHIBALD TUCKER RITCHIE, Author of 'The Columbiad.'

This work, with the motto '*Magna est veritas, et prevalebit*,' is the most striking example we have met with of the power of a false dogma, to vitiate the conclusions of a keen and painstaking inquirer.

No one can glance through the 130 theorems in the first appendix, with the large array of references attached to them, without admitting that the author has gathered his facts and fancies with great care, from all the geological sources open to him a quarter of a century ago, though we should hardly expect to find in a new and revised edition, published this year, such constant appeals to Bridgewater treatises and scientific works of similar age and authority.

His theory is that the earth, at the first creation, the 'beginning' of the Mosaic record, while it was without form and void, was a sphere, evenly covered with an ocean of equal depth; that it revolved round a lightless centre, but without any diurnal motion round its own axis, and without any atmosphere above the waters. During this time the ocean was inhabited by successive races of apulmonic creatures, whose life-purpose it was to absorb from the water the solid matter held in solution, and deposit it upon the central sphere, and so gradually form the mass of sedimentary strata that covers the earth. He utterly ignores the innumerable exceptions to the apulmonic law that geologic research has revealed. Marking the a- and the mono-cotyledonic character of the carboniferous vegetation, he even assumes that this grew beneath the waters; indeed, under this extraordinary ocean, charged to saturation with solids and gases, were deposited all the long line of sedimentary rocks, and in it lived all the long series of organized beings, from ancient Cambrian to modern tertiary times.

At last, in the fulness of time, when the earth was ready for the new creation, God said 'Let there be light,' and lo! this new agent, striking the waste of waters, set up a chemical and molecular disturbance, the latent gases were liberated and rushed up into space, to be pulled back by the power of the earth's attraction, and finally settled as the fifty miles of atmosphere that surround the globe. At the same time, by the application of a tangential force, the earth was started spinning round its axis, and by the irregular application of this force, the hitherto undisturbed strata was here thrown up into mountains, there depressed into deep valleys, and a mighty rush of waters, scouring the sides of the land, and filling the depressions, poured from the poles towards the equator.

Then, in successive days of twenty-four hours, God brought the world into its present state, as told us in Genesis. Such is a fair account of the theory expounded in this book. Our readers will, we suspect, think we are satirical, but we are not so; and yet it is impossible to give any idea of the extent of reading in geological, chemical, physical, and magnetic science that is brought together in it. For that, they must go to the book itself, if they think it worth their while.

The Science of Law. By SHELDON AMOS, M.A., &c. Henry S. King and Co.

'The International Scientific Series' has already furnished us with a number of valuable treatises, but we doubt if any one of these is more important or is fitted to prove more beneficial as a source of general educative influence than Mr. Sheldon Amos's comprehensive and admirably lucid essay on 'The Science of Law.' Wisely avoiding the abstractions and metaphysical subtleties that have been associated with the subject by German writers of the schools of Kant and Hegel, he confines himself to an exhibition of the province of law as presented in experience, and the various ways in which it is both the expression of, and a powerful agency working upon, the relations of the social organization. The author's aim in this work has been to translate technical terms back again into the terms familiar in common speech, to bring into clear light the meaning and bearing of fundamental conceptions lying at the roots of our society as a civilized State, and tracing them into their applications in the theories and practice of law, thereby opening up a new sphere of intellectual interest to many. We think he has admirably succeeded. Yet, while standing on the firm ground of induction, he does not fall into the error of the opposite extreme, in representing law as the haphazard growth of circumstances and external conditions, instead of depending, as it does, upon the permanent constitutive elements of man's moral and intellectual nature, which condition the development and 'grouping' of aggregates of human beings as civilized States. Mr. Sheldon Amos brings into prominence the dependence of law upon morality, while his definition of liberty, as not only negatively the removal of restraints, but positively 'the fulness of individual existence,' is in accordance with the best speculative thought on the subject. 'The Science of Law,' like the 'Philosophy of History,' is of recent origin, and is, indeed, only possible when an advanced stage of progress has been reached. It is dependent upon the comparative method, which is the great intellectual achievement of the age, and though but in its infancy it has a mighty future before it. Only by the avoidance alike of an exaggerated and impoverishing empiricism and a

rashly discursive and generalizing transcendentalism will the science of law ever be brought to perfection. The author of this little book writes in this spirit in the volume before us, which we very heartily recommend to the intelligent reader. We could have wished that the simplicity of language he professes to aim at had prevented the use of such terms as 'facilitation,' 'imputability,' 'merger,' 'duteous,' and not a few others, more American than English.

Animal Mechanism. A Treatise on Terrestrial and Aërial Locomotion. By E. J. MAREY, Professor at the College of France, and Member of the Academy of Medicine. Henry S. King and Co.

The eleventh volume in 'The International Scientific Series' is devoted to a comparison of animal motion with that which results from mechanical appliances. The position and reputation of the author afford sufficient guarantees of his scientific character as an experimentalist, and that the conclusions he offers to his readers will at least deserve their attention. The principle on which he proceeds is, that mechanical motion must be on the model of animal locomotion, and from a comparison of the two useful results may, therefore, be expected. Whether his judgment of what is possible to mechanical motion in the future will be ultimately justified we do not inquire. He has given us a volume of curious and interesting facts and investigations, illustrated by numerous diagrams prepared under his own directions, and for that let us be duly grateful.

Address in Medicine, delivered at the Meeting of the British Medical Association, in Norwich, 1874. By J. RUSSELL REYNOLDS, M.D., F.R.S. Churchill.

It is somewhat remarkable that this eloquent and thoughtful 'Address in Medicine' should have been pronounced almost simultaneously with the deliverances of Professors Tyndall and Huxley at Belfast. Here is an accomplished student of the facts of nature and the phenomena of nerve force and cerebration, and consciousness, who utters his emphatic protest against the modern Lucretianism, which is likely to be as mischievous in medical as in theological science. The notions entertained with reference to 'Life,' 'Man,' 'Individuality,' and 'Speciality of Disease,' are shown by Dr. Reynolds to affect the whole character and bearing of the work of the physician. The brilliance and the solemnity of this discourse are remarkable. We have no space for quotation, but commend to our readers the proof which this 'Address' gives, that the armour of dogmatic materialism can be pierced and shivered by the lance of science, and by the onset of a true spiritual philosophy, which takes account of more facts than can be quantitatively measured, of more forces than can be correlated in the laboratory.

'Lux e Tenebris ;' or, the Testimony of Consciousness. A Theoretic Essay. Trübner and Co.

It is a comfort that some people know everything, and have solved all the soluble, and generalized and unified all phenomena in the physical, psychical, social, and spiritual spheres ; and are perfectly satisfied that when their ideas prevail, all wrong will be righted, all ignorance, inequality, and preventible evil mastered and expelled from the universe. 'There is such a thing as truth,' 'there is such a thing as right ;' but 'truth,' according to our author, consists of 'the plan of the Cosmos, the facts

that it presents, and the laws of its constitution and development; a statement requiring serious reconsideration. 'Right,' physical and psychical, is the harmonious relation of physical things to produce happiness in the body and mind of man, and of psychical things to each other, so as to produce happiness. Though this 'right' only exists potentially, it is discoverable; 'truth' can be made a matter of apprehension, and conceptions or idols of right and truth become *arts* and instruments of progress.

The author proceeds to deal with consciousness or knowledge of (1) *facts*, (2) *statements* of facts, (3) *inferences* from both. He then endeavours—while admitting that all physical and psychical facts are in their genesis *mental* phenomena—to show that they are dependent on material changes and bodily organs for their cause. The book seems to us to be a representation in the terms of modern biological psychology of the old interpretation of all mental states, faculties, and results, by the theory of transformed sensations. The whole hypothesis has been run to earth a dozen times in the history of philosophical research. Our author passes rapidly on to a discussion of our æsthetic nature, as well as of our organic sensations,—the pathetic and contemplative states consequent upon the entrance of the 'physical revelation' into the consciousness. The '*ego*, the conscious and perceiving Psyche,' is an 'effect' of the *non-ego*, i.e., of the physical body and its surroundings, but it is a centre of fresh effects in the way of imaginations and ideals. To this centre or 'mind-cell' is attributed various powers of development, not unlike those of the physical germ or gemmule of life. The social phenomena and relationships are discussed at length, and then the 'spiritual' deductions, religious creeds, and ideals are referred to, and 'Christianity as a moral, not an intellectual revelation,' is treated as a philosophical possibility. The Incarnation is 'equivalent to asserting that Deity, when viewed from beneath, is 'human, and humanity in its highest aspect is divine.' The great moral and philosophical truth of Christianity is to 'suffer and be strong.' The volume is very condensed in its style, and very ambitious in its intentions. We cannot see the *lux*, the *tenebræ* seem to us darker than ever with the assistance of these revelations.

The Maintenance of Health. A Medical Work for Lay Readers.
By J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D. Edin. Smith, Elder,
and Co.

Dr. Fothergill's book contains a great deal of sound advice, and is calculated to be of much value. It is half physiological, half moral; half lecture, half sermon. It sets forth the general physiological principles and conditions of health, and it urges practical attention to them with a well-considered precision and earnestness. It connects moral and physical conditions as, indeed, they are connected in nature. The text of the book might well be *mens sana in corpore sano*. It is not a handbook of medicine, but a handbook of health. Like the popular works of Dr. Combe some forty years ago, it is a physiological guide to life, and treats with sound philosophy and great wisdom on all matters that demand practical care. It should be in every home.

How to Build a House. An Architectural Novelette. By E.
VIOLET-LE-DUC. Translated by BENJAMIN BUCKNELL.
Sampson Low and Marston.

We have in this volume a specimen of the lucid, though somewhat

diffuse style of writing, and of the admirably drawn illustrations for which M. Viollet-le-Duc is celebrated. The topic chosen by the learned and versatile author is not one of the class for which he has hitherto been famous; he turns here from the arts and the sciences of the Middle Ages to the practical side of architecture, and endeavours to describe, in a manner so little technical, that any reader may follow him, the processes and modes of procedure to be adopted in commencing and carrying out a mansion of some size in a country district in France. The book will be of but little use to those who are attracted to it by a wish to be put in the way of carrying out a similar work under ordinary circumstances in England. The conditions supposed are such as would very rarely occur even in France, and are still less frequently met with in England. But to those who, though not desirous of meeting with a guide to direct them how to proceed in an intended building, are, on the other hand, interested enough about buildings to seek for information upon their materials and construction, the present work will prove very useful. It describes and explains in a manner which, if sometimes prolix, is never involved or inaccurate, most of the processes which are gone through in the earlier stages of a stone building, and it is enlivened by a thread of narrative running through the whole, which, at least, serves as an excuse for the introduction of dialogues between a teacher and a learner in a manner rather less bald and unattractive than that adopted in the 'scientific dialogues' of days gone by. The book is handsomely got up, and the accuracy, ease, and spirit with which the translator has done his work, ought not to be allowed to pass without remark.

Ashes to Ashes: a Cremation Prelude. By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., Author of 'Music and Morals,' &c. &c. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Mr. Haweis has here accomplished a difficult feat. He has written a story for a purpose, a very special purpose, and has done it so well that, as he describes the relations of his characters—their callings, loves, jealousies, &c.—you forget occasionally that he is charging against English customs that are full of the most touching and cherished associations. Le Normand and Miss Morant are well done; we feel that they are real characters; and gradually as we read, the horrors of the present system of sepulture are forcibly brought before us—how graves are rifled, how bodies are transferred from one grave to another and the ground resold, or are taken up after such slight lapse of time, that the flesh needs to be scraped off, and so on! It is too horrible to think of, and we can hardly believe that such things are possible abroad, not to speak of England. And yet Mr. Haweis prints an appendix, in which he gives authorities for his leading statements. We knew before that old graveyards were often overcrowded, that bodies were too soon lifted to make room for others, and that great evil was frequently done to the living by the bad effluvia rising from graveyards. But this book reveals a far worse state of matters, and brings it close to our immediate interest. We do not think that Mr. Haweis will convert the English people to cremation; though, we must say, that through the mouth of Le Normand, he makes out a fair case; but we cannot fancy such a book passing without producing some reform in respect of graveyards and burial, in so far as sanitary conditions are or may be affected by them. We should not omit to add

that Le Normand, who is a medical student, communicates incidentally much that is of real practical value respecting the administration of hospitals and charities generally. But we do not see that it was necessary for Mr. Haweis's purpose that he should visit Le Normand with such irony of circumstance after death, especially as the machinery of dreamland was adequate to shadow forth the 'brighter' future of cremation.

The Insect. By JULES MICHELET. With 140 Illustrations by GIACOMELLI. T. Nelson and Sons.

The romance of natural history has rarely been presented so attractively as by Michelet. His poetical temperature was intensified by his French verve, and his rapid generalizations had that glamour thrown over them with which a certain school of French writers idealize everything. He is ecstatic rather than reflective, and indulges in fancies much more than in philosophies. M. Michelet, however, was a close and loving student of nature; and in the sense in which fiction is often a truer presentation of life than history, M. Michelet's idealizing characterizations are a truer presentation of nature than Cuvier's exact descriptions. The way in which science and imagination, anecdote and personal feeling blend in his books is very fascinating. He shows us, at any rate, how full of poetry nature is, and what communion with the soul of nature a man may have who has the requisite qualifications of discernment and sympathy. To those who are acquainted with 'The Bird,' also translated by Mr. Davenport Adams, and with its exquisite illustrations by the same artist, we need only say that 'The Insect' is similar in form, and equally beautiful as an artistic gem. A fragment of Madame Michelet's journal was originally intended for insertion in 'The Bird.' It does equally well here. M. Michelet had a helpmeet of kindred tastes and accomplishments.

Manufacturing Arts in Ancient Times, with Special Reference to Bible History. By JAMES NAPIER, F.R.S.E., F.R.S., Author of 'Manual of the Art of Dyeing,' 'Ancient Working in Metal,' &c. (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) This is a volume by a scientific and practical man, and contains much that is suitable and interesting respecting arts and manufactures among the ancients. The author was drawn to an examination of the subject by the frequent allusions to articles and processes implying a high state of civilization, met with in the Bible and other ancient writings. Already acquainted with various departments of art, he pursued his investigations; and the result is a treatise which reveals the high skill the ancients had attained in almost every branch of manufacturing industry and tasteful decoration. Running over the various metals, glass, pottery, building, spinning, weaving, and dyeing, he furnishes an amount of information as to the skill of ancient nations in these things that must widen our ideas of their civilization and refinement. He clearly shows from articles of art and taste which have come down to us, not only that they were acquainted with the various manufacturing processes known to the moderns, but that they were pre-eminent and superior in the production of certain metals, and in the tasteful engraving of gems. The volume concludes with an able and instructive chapter on the construction and preparation of Noah's Ark. Mr. Napier has, by his work, not only opened up a wide and interesting field of inquiry for scientific men, but has presented not

a little that will prove serviceable to those whose mission is to expound the teachings of Scripture. The book is worthy of general perusal, and of a place in every library.—*A Manual of Precious Stones and Antique Gems.* By HODDER M. WESTROPP. *The China Collector's Pocket Companion.* By Mrs. BURY PALLISER. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) These two little volumes—uniform in form and appearance, and apparently the first of the series—are interesting and well executed hand-books to their respective subjects. Mr. Westropp has avowedly compiled from Dann, Bristowe, King, Maskelyne, and others, information about remarkable gems, scientific, historic, and anecdotal, which will not only interest a great number of general readers—for no passion is more widely diffused than interest in precious stones—but will be of practical value to those who have to deal with them. The arrangement is clear, and the text concise. Mr. Westropp has written up to the date of publication, availing himself even of an article in the July number of this Journal. Mrs. Bury Palliser's great authority on ceramic art will be a sufficient recommendation of her book. It is simply a portable guide-book to 'marks and monograms.'—*On the Impending Bengal Famine: How it will be Met, and How to Prevent Future Famines in India.* A Lecture, delivered before the Society of Arts, December 12, 1873, by the Right Hon. Sir H. BARTLE E. FRERE, G.O.S.L., K.C.B., D.C.L., Member of the Indian Council, and President of the Royal Geographical Society. With Three Maps. (John Murray.) The substance of this volume was delivered as a lecture, when the gloom of an impending Indian famine was gathering. Happily, the calamity has been averted, or greatly mitigated in its effects. But the volume has a permanent value, as it admirably shows how such calamities may in future be prevented. It merits the attention of all who feel the importance of our Indian Empire, and the duty of adopting such measures as will guard its inhabitants against the recurrence of famine.—*Lectures on the History of Education in Prussia and England, and other Kindred Topics.* By JAMES DONALDSON, LL.D., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. (Adam and Charles Black.) These lectures are from the hand of a scholar and thinker, and merit careful perusal by all who take an interest in the vital question discussed. They present a clear and rapid sketch of the history and present position of education in Prussia and this country, and enter somewhat fully into the philosophy of the subject. Our Continental neighbours, he shows, have far outstript us in the completeness and efficiency of their system, notwithstanding our ample means, and the struggles through which we have passed; nor is it possible that we shall rival them until the science of teaching is more thoroughly studied. Every teacher, Dr. Donaldson maintains, should be a well-trained and competent man, rising superior to mere dry routine, and coming into living contact with the minds of his pupils. Our universities should be great centres of truth-seekers, whence an elevating and enlightening influence should flow. Progress, he admits, has been made, and the sad past has been greatly improved; but still he shows that our plans of general education are defective, and our university system extremely imperfect. These lectures from one who has profoundly studied the subject of education, and is himself a great master in the art, are eminently fitted to stimulate, and lead to better plans and higher efforts. All who deem the subject of education important should read them.

POETRY, FICTION, AND BELLES LETTRES..

The Maid of Nuremberg and other Voluntaries. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. Brighton: Page.

The author does not claim for these productions 'the name of poetry,' yet we think he underrates their real merit. It would be easy to condemn certain wild vagaries of theme and taste and treatment; still it would be unjust not to recognize a great mastery over certain forms of rhythmical melody, and a daring and successful use of weird fancies which become almost realistic in his hands. He has the power of telling a long story in a few words. This is possible in burlesque, and is sometimes effected by chance, but it may be done by deliberate, self-repressive art, and Mr. Hood has shown the latter in the gruesome and terrible poem, 'Venice—from a Balcony.' The fancy painted in 'The Syndic's Daughter' impresses its images very forcibly upon the memory; the vision and the spectral wedding are told with true poetic feeling:—

And suddenly all the church was bright
In a haze of ghostly, but golden light;
And white-robed forms and angel wings
And long processions of glorious things.
He took her hand up the altar stair;
There were lamps and tapers blazing there.
And the spectral priest his blessing said
A bridal benison for the dead.

'The House of Fears' is a work of high imaginative force which might have been held in firmer hands. The author ought not to leave such a conception so miserably incomplete, nor try to eke out his lack of pains or love for his own work with passages which are a cross between 'rough notes' and 'stage directions.' We thank Mr. Hood for the volume, which reveals his extraordinary versatility, his sparkling fancy, and his tender feeling.

The Odes of Horace in a Metrical Paraphrase. By R. M. HOVENDEN, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Macmillan and Co.

This is a most praiseworthy effort. All translations must be more or less paraphrastic, which is what its author professes this to be; and he has striven to reproduce the flavour, the bush, the sparkle, of these bubbling draughts of Epicurean wit and wisdom. Often lines, thoughts, epithets, are thrown into the dashing satire or lyrical epigram which represents the spirit of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1874, rather than that of the Sabine tavern or the Tusculan villa, and sometimes grotesque failure spoils a piece of splendid work; but we heartily thank Mr. Hovenden for some exquisite enjoyment. Parts of the third and fourth odes of the first book, the thirteenth of the second, the twenty-sixth of the third book appear to us peculiarly happy. We have no space for quotation.

Malcolm. By GEORGE MACDONALD, Author of 'Robert Falconer,' &c. &c. In Three Volumes. Henry S. King and Co.

Mr. Macdonald, who by prolonged trial of English scenes and English characters, seems gradually to lose his charm, completely recovers

strength and magic when, like Antæus, he touches his native earth. This story takes us back to ground not far distant from that made familiar to us in 'David Elginbrod,' and 'Robert Falconer,' and it is in some respects quite equal to either. There are at least four characters, who are touched with the naïve *vraisemblance* of real creation. Miss Horn, who prides herself that she 'has nae feelins' and never 'kent ony gude com' o' *them*,' yet is ever doing some kindly considerate action quite unconsciously and unostentatiously; Duncan McPhail, the blind piper, who loves 'ta pipes' and hates 'ta Cam'ells o' Glenlyon' with a depth of hatred such as is hardly credible unless one had met with such among the Scottish Celts—children of passion and tradition, and void of logic and reflection; the Marquis of Lossie, that erewhile rake, yet with lingering gleams of something noble amid the smouldering ashes of his grossness; and Malcolm himself—the putative grand-child of Duncan, the blind piper. There are a group of fisherfolk remarkably well done; especially that loud-tongued, rather 'randy'-ish 'Meg Partan,' and a Mrs. Catanach, a 'Howdie,' or midwife, who has rather a good stroke to do in the development of the plot. Then there is Mr. Graham, the schoolmaster, who, like some former characters of Mr. Macdonald's, is rather too much the mere mouthpiece of the author, though his teachings are very beautiful,—pure and lofty always. Of Lady Florimel, the daughter of the Marquis, we are not so sure; she reads rather like a creature out of some later Spenserian romance, and somehow will not properly assort herself with the rest of the work. But it may be that something is to be laid to the peculiar circumstances of her birth, which, however, for the sake of plot, are hidden from us till near the end; though unconsciously the author does either her or himself an injustice, seeing that this element has such direct verge given it in the case of the 'mad Laird,' whose odd shape, with the pathetic cry, flits through the story like some strange, yet plaintive-voiced bird of omen. It need not to be said that picturesque writing abounds; that there are passages of surpassing pathos and humour, in which we see the throbbing veins of Scottish life laid bare. Yet, in spite of its uncommon power, the story is certainly open to the criticism that the author seems to have been indeterminate too long between plot and character, and in a degree has fallen between two stools. The mystery of that secret visitant to the Chamber in the castle, next to that in which Malcolm slept, after he entered the service of the Marquis, is never made plain or even intelligible; the action of the story, forced as it appears, leaves Malcolm's development so entirely behind, that we are promised another book to unfold it (continued stories seldom succeed); while we can only guess at the meaning of Mrs. Catanach's conduct towards the dead in that stolen visit to Miss Horn's at the opening. We make note of these things merely to pave the way for a suggestion whether Mr. Macdonald's powers lie in the way of plot at all. It always leads him away off the line of real character to the false ground of extravagance or romance, as it did, for example, in the case of Judy in the 'Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood.' Whenever he has to hide a mystery, not to speak of inventing one, he is compelled to draw-in far too much of the element of which 'The Portent' is built up. But it must not be thought that we have failed to find enjoyment and proof of real power in this book. The power, however, lies mainly in the characters whose prototypes Mr. Macdonald has closely observed and studied amid their own low surroundings; and if he claims to have known the prototypes of Mrs. Catanach and Mrs. Stewart, then we think there surely must have been

some stray suggestion that should have made him pity them, if not love them more.

Fur from the Madding Crowd. By THOMAS HARDY. Two Vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This is, in many characteristics of it, a novel of great cleverness and power. Its conception is original, the stratum of social life in which it is wrought is fresh, and the development of somewhat complex conditions and passions, is sustained with masterly skill, minute knowledge, and is clothed in descriptions of great force and beauty.

Bathsheba's three lovers are admirably discriminated—the noble, self-restrained, and unselfish fidelity of Gabriel Oak, the volcanic passion of Boldwood, and the meretricious flirtation of the profligate Troy. Each, moreover, is subtly accounted for in the connection of circumstance and character—Gabriel, a steady, unsophisticated peasant, Boldwood, a mature country squire, who, through lack of adequate attraction in early life, has crusted over with a certain cold cynicism of habit an impetuous and violent nature—like Etna, covered with snow; his utterly ungovernable passion being explained by a taint of insanity. Troy is an illegitimate son of a nobleman, and has French blood in his veins. Bathsheba's rejection at first of Gabriel, her sense of obligation to Boldwood—somewhat exaggerated, however—and the weak side of her womanly nature, led captive by the worthless Troy, are admirably exhibited in conjunction with the really sterling qualities of her nature.

Very few living writers could so minutely describe the manifold phenomena of nature, or work up with such genuine power scenes of sublimity and passion,—such as the night storm at the harvest revel, and the Christmas dance at Boldwood's house, or delineate with so true and restrained a power the splendid character of Gabriel. If mere power were the only criterion of judgment, the criticisms which attributed the story to George Eliot, as the first portions of it appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, might be pardoned. A critic, however, must be very blind who could mistake the highly finished work of George Eliot for the much rougher work of Mr. Hardy; although, again, there is a certain lack of feminine delicacy in the former which might be superficially mistaken for the vein of coarseness which runs through the work of the latter. Mr. Hardy abandons himself to his representations of the thoughts and conversation of farm labourers, and probably does not exaggerate. He takes occasion to introduce one or two old stories—one about the husband who induced his wife to take off her wedding ring, for instance—which might well have been omitted. Coarseness is not a necessary attribute either of strength or reality. As a whole, however, the story is the cleverest and strongest since 'Middlemarch.'

Mr. Smith: a Part of his Life. By L. B. WALFORD. Two Vols. William Blackwood and Sons.

The thesis which Mr. Walford seems to set himself to work out, is the adulterations of the characters of ordinary men and women, and the fair amount of excellence and happiness that may work out from the fermentations of early life. His method is to exhibit a couple of rival families, making up five or six marriageable girls, scheming and plotting at match-making; their quarry being a middle-aged and wealthy bachelor, Mr. Smith, who suddenly takes up his residence in the village. Mr. Walford has wrought out this thesis with a good deal of patience and mordant

cleverness which, however, does not prevent our being very tired of it; for these small matrimonial intrigues, jealousies, and passions, are unfolded through two thick volumes, and constitute the entire staple and incident of the story. We feel as if it were a wrong to be thus dragged through the interminable small rivalries, jealousies, and manœuvres of a pack of girls, their waylayings of Mr. Smith, their speculations about him, and their backbitings of each other. The anatomy, if not morbid, is very tiresome. A higher art would have restricted it to two or three chapters, or would have embodied it in more varied action. Mr. Walford belongs to the school of Mr. Thackeray. He clearly scorns all Minerva-press idealism, and exhibits the follies and vices of his characters with a good deal of sardonic gusto. We think better of human nature. There are thousands of families, the members of which would be incapable of such coarse, hard, unblushing match-making as the Hunts and Tolletons are represented as pursuing. Certainly no girl with the qualities with which Helen is accredited could be so grossly indelicate and selfish. There might be the purpose and the scheming, but it would be more subtle and concealed even from herself. The representation is overdone. Nor is it easy to imagine such a course as Captain Wellwood pursues. The story, which has otherwise a good deal of clever characterization and some inimitable touches, wants congruity, and does not get on.

Queenie. A Novel. Three Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

A similar criticism is demanded by 'Queenie,' only there is in it no subacid of Mephistophelianism, as in Mr. Walford's story. Apparently, it is the first work of a new writer, and it is so good in style, so affluent in description, and so observant in delineation, that it is full of promise. When the writer, who is probably young, shall be a little more practised in dramatic art, she will, we think, take respectable rank among our lady novelists. The artistic defects of 'Queenie' are that its analytical and descriptive elements are in excess of its dramatic element; and that the analysis is not of some great and overmastering passion, such as has supplied some of our greatest writers with a worthy study, but of somewhat commonplace, not to say frivolous, incidents and feelings; and inasmuch as the story is told in the first person singular, the effect is that of a false intensity; the contrast being between the personal interest of the narrator and the intrinsic unimportance of the incident or feeling. True, it may be, and is, a faithful delineation of certain phases of human nature and of our modern social life, but the first responsibility of art is the selection of its subject. And if, as we maintain, the function of art is to idealize life, so as to give it good impulse and elevation, it is not every phase of common life that will lend itself to such a purpose. Perhaps in Mrs. Gaskell's 'Wives and Daughters' we have as high a specimen of what may be done with common life, not with its foibles, but with its excellencies, as the literature of modern fiction presents. 'Queenie' wants incident and movement, and occasionally a note of false sentiment is struck. That the writer is capable of fine dramatic representation is shown by the very vivid and pathetic description of the death of the little boy, at the close of the second volume. Few can read it without tears. For the rest, the story is well written; the style is vivid, graceful, and accurate; the descriptions, although as we have said, somewhat in excess, are precise, artistic, and eloquent. Some Canadian pieces, for instance, are the result of very careful and accurate study. The characterization is good, especially that of Harvey Graham, exhibiting the rift that there may be in the most high-toned lute, the fault in

the finest geological stratum, the clay in the noblest iron of character. We can hardly think Dudley Wyverne's assiduities quite in keeping with fidelity to his friend, or with the nobility of character attributed to him, but he is well drawn, as, indeed, are all the characters. We have only to add that the story is pure and high-toned. We shall watch with interest the intellectual development of a writer so full of promise.

Hope Meredith. By the Author of 'St. Olave's,' &c. Three Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Few writers have more assiduously won, or more conscientiously tried to justify their laurels, than the author of 'St. Olave's.' The purity, simplicity, and beauty of her literary work are too well known to need critical demonstration here. 'Hope Meredith' is, we think, her best work. There are in it a maturity of thought, an easy power of representation, and a finished art, which, by assiduous cultivation, has become almost a nature, and seem to mark the culmination of her powers.

We accept the designation of 'Hope Meredith,' as the heroine of the story, somewhat hesitatingly. It seems rather to belong to Madolin Lauderdale, whose character is by far the most carefully studied and wrought out, and is in its conception and conditions almost an original creation. The only daughter of Sir David Lauderdale, she is beautiful, strong-willed, and somewhat imperious; the fiery Spanish blood of her mother, mingling with that of her calm, proud, old English stock of her father. When she was eighteen the failure of the Matchborough Bank through the forgery of Jetsam, its chief cashier, rendered it necessary that Sir David should let Nunthorpe Chase for three years, and retire to Heidelberg to nurse his estate. In the *Pension* there, a fascinating and unknown Swedish gentleman, Gustave Nilken by name, won her fancy, if not her heart, so one fine morning they went to a little church and were married; he leaving her at the church door in obedience to an imperative and unexpected call of business. Nilken proves to be Jetsam, who had heard that the police were after him, and who was arrested the same day, and subsequently transported for fifteen years. Madolin keeps her secret, and her position gives scope for a good deal of tragic feeling. A maiden wife, she of course refuses all offers of marriage. Ultimately Jetsam returns on ticket-of-leave, comes to the Chase, and of course extorts money. Madolin takes to her home Hope Meredith, the orphan child of a medical man, solicits and reciprocates her healing affection, but gradually permits the evil qualities of her nature to overpower the good, after the type of the first king of Israel. A Canadian connection of the family, 'Uncle Mac,' returns, gets enamoured of Hope, which excites a strange jealousy in Madolin's nature, which grows into unscrupulous hate. She is alienated from Hope, who leaves her. To satisfy Jetsam she appropriates a thousand pounds of her father's money, and contrives that suspicion shall fall upon Mac.

A stroke of lightning, if we rightly understand, as she shelters under a tree, puts a tragic end to her life and her hidden misery. Mac is cleared by Hope's sagacious penetration of Madolin's secret, and the two are married. Among the characters Aunt Griselda is admirably drawn. The entire story is written with great care and power, both of psychological analysis and dramatic presentation.

A Rose in June. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Two Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

In delicate touch and subtle power of delineation, Mrs. Oliphant has

never, we think, surpassed this slight story. The character of Mr. Damarel, the Rector of Dinglefield, is conceived with great subtlety, and is possible only to a keen observer of human life. As a type of refined and amiable selfishness, imposing alike upon itself and upon those who minister to it, it is very masterly. It is almost startling in its truth. What Dickens caricatured in Mr. Micawber, Mrs. Oliphant has drawn in natural and truthful portraiture.

As a psychological phenomenon the possibility of which few, perhaps, had surmised, but the truth of which none can doubt, the dying speculations of the old rector are startling and strange enough to become a type in literature. They were not so much religious solitudes as natural and philosophical lucubrations. The tragedy of the story is one of the 'Auld Robin Grey' kind, only happily it is not consummated. Rose, in her penury, and urged, almost persecuted by her mother, who appeals to her self-sacrifice, is wooed by Mr. Incledon, a rich, elderly suitor, although loving and loved by Edward Wodehouse; she is coerced into accepting him—whence the tragedy of feeling of the novel—but deliverance comes at the end. It is a little 'bit' of careful study and exquisite workmanship.

Harry Heathcote, of Gangooli: a Tale of Australian Bush Life.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

As might be expected, Mr. Trollope has turned his Australian experiences to account, and has found fresh fields and pastures new for his novel-writing genius; although *Harry Heathcote* is a tale of the slightest texture and of very little incident. Heathcote is a young settler renting extensive sheep runs. Frank, and somewhat imperious, he offends some of his men, who, leaguely with lawless marauders, seek to fire his grass. He is, moreover, angry with Mr. Medlicot, a sugar manufacturer, who, as a 'free selector,' has bought of the Government a portion of Heathcote's run. An attempt to fire his grass is made and defeated, largely by Medlicot's help. Heathcote and he get to understand each other; Medlicot marries Mr. Heathcote's sister; and that is all. The canvas is small, and the figures are slightly sketched in, but Mr. Trollope gives us a fair specimen of his level realistic writing, and a tolerably vivid picture of bush life in Queensland.

A Romance of Acadia Two Centuries Ago. From a Sketch by the late CHARLES KNIGHT. Three Vols. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

A historical note prefixed to this story puts the reader in possession of the information needful for understanding it. The time is two centuries and a-half ago, when the Treaty of St. Germain in 1632, restored Nova Scotia to the French, and when the Huguenot settlers in Acadia were required to surrender either their religion or their homes.

The general historical condition is the groundwork of the story, and the three principal characters are also historical. The two heroines are Acadian girls—Victoire, and her cousin, Jeanne-Marie. Willie, the son of the Earl of Stirling, the Scottish resident, is brought up there for his health, and of course falls in love with Victoire. He dies in Scotland after the consent of the family to their marriage—upon which his life seemed to hang—had been given. Victoire sailing to Scotland to be married, finds that he is dead. Willie's uncle, James Alexander, who had conducted her, yields to her fascinations, but is refused. She marries Claude, the

outlawed lieutenant-governor, while Jeanne-Marie, whose affections were set on Claude, has been forced to marry his deadly enemy, D'Aulnay de Chamisé, who is seeking Claude to have him executed. Claude, with the help of the Bostonians, carries on a war with Chamisé; who, in the absence of Claude, besieges his fortress, which is gallantly defended by Victoire, but is at length treacherously betrayed. Victoire's life is saved from the brutal ferocity of Chamisé by the resolution of Jeanne-Marie, his wife, only, however, to die shortly after. Chamisé is subsequently drowned, and at last Claude marries Jeanne-Marie. The story disregards the unities, but it is told with a good deal of skill and pathos. The editor tells us that Mr. Knight did not leave very much to be done. It has the attraction of novelty, and reflects very fairly the character and circumstances of perhaps the least known of our colonies.

Tales of the Zenana; or, a Nuwab's Leisure Hours. By W. B. HOCKLEY, Author of 'Pandurang Hari.' With an Introductory Preface by Lord STANLEY of Alderley. Two Vols. Henry S. King and Co.

Mr. Hockley's literary resurrection is among the most singular things in recent literary history. That a writer of so much special knowledge and graphic power, the author of three or four such remarkable books, should have sunk so entirely into oblivion implies either great obtuseness of popular discernment or great profuseness of literary wealth. 'Pandurang Hari' surprised us all into unwonted praise. We supposed at the time that it had been a solitary production. Here, however, is a book which, in its wit and vivacity, surpasses it; and which, we are told, was published by Saunders and Otley in 1827, and yet which has been utterly forgotten. It is modelled after 'The Arabian Nights,' and is inspired by the Oriental penchant for story-telling; only the framework here is much more elaborate, and is of itself an effective novel. The stories, moreover, are longer, more realistic, and serve for illustration of historical incidents and conditions. Their charm is that they help one so vividly to realize the despotism, obsequiousness, precariousness, and intrigues of Oriental life. The fair Persian Zeefa is the heroine of a charming romance, or rather of two; but we are not offended at the transference of her love from Humza, after his murder, to the courteous Nuwab, who deserved his bride. We cannot attempt to epitomize any of the stories. Criticism of the characters is equally impracticable. We can only commend a book which, in its atmosphere and feeling of Oriental life, is surpassed only by its famous prototype. It will charm both young and old.

Olympia. A Romance. By R. E. FRANCILLON, Author of 'Earls Dene,' &c. Three Vols. Grant and Co.

Given a middle-aged convict just released from a seven years' penal servitude for forgery, and the home of an extreme specimen of the English Philistine, whose young and beautiful niece,—rich in Spanish blood, impulsive generosity, and grand ambition is guarded, moreover, by a she-dragon who is the quintessence of ingrained vulgarity and meanness, a tuft huntress and money lover—the problem is, how to marry the convict to the beauty, and produce a reciprocal fervour of passionate admiration and love. The plot is complicated and the difficulties are purposely enhanced. The lying, the misadventure, and improbability

are excessive. Some of the scenes are highly flavoured, if not extravagantly overdrawn. The story travels from Weymouth to Buenos Ayres, and brings the reader to the verge of bigamy, unconscious incest, and murder. Duels and dancing bears, the green-room of a petty London theatre, the heroine in masculine attire painting pictures for the Royal Academy, diversify the phantasmagoria which pass before us. *Diablerie* and *legerdemain* are freely laid under contribution; but the thing is done, and a good deal more beside. The convict turns out to be an angel of unselfishness and honour, and a live earl into the bargain, also a consummate philosopher, a finished artist, and the only gentleman in the group. The story of Roger Tichborne, in part at least, is hinted, and not obscurely, in the fortunes of the Earl of Wendale, though when he does reveal himself, the process of identification is unceremonious and rapid. The character of Olympia is very cleverly made out. There is considerable trash, but a good deal of power, and some little fascination about this story.

The Gosañ Smithy, and other Stories. By Mrs. PARR, Author of 'Dorothy Fox,' &c. &c. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Mrs. Parr has not given us anything in these volumes at all equal to the best of the 'How it all happened' set. There we had crispness, humour, delicacy: here we have—well, we must say it—an approach to commonplace. Mrs. Parr has raised a high standard for herself to be judged by, and, whether criticism be faithful or not, readers of stories, who trust to instinct, are certain to feel disappointed in these volumes. 'Fair Margaret' is a mere trifle, here and there lapsing into vulgarity, and certainly ought never to have been reprinted. 'Sylvia' is only a shade better; and 'Saxham Grange' perhaps two. It would be ungrateful to go through the list. It is odd, however, to observe how much strength and character return when Mrs. Parr leaves behind her the conventionality, the small talk, and half-bred vulgarity which she seems to regard as the inseparable accompaniment of English fashionable life, and tries to paint foreign characters and scenes. 'The Gosañ Smithy' has touches of real power; the life on the Alps, the simplicity and directness of character, the sheer determination, and the bridled impulse of the people are admirably given here, alongside a thread of very tender love story. 'La Bonne Mère Nannette' has a tragical pathos. Poor Nannette! Surely after all her faithful waiting and trusting, she deserved to fare better at the hands of her lover, who returns to die with his wife and children, and Nannette having gone to meet him, not knowing all this, yet nurses him and closes his eyes in that little inn. It is because Mrs. Parr can write like this that we have allowed ourselves to speak as we have done of 'Fair Margaret' and such as it.

Theresa. By GEORGINA M. CRAIK, Author of 'Mildred,' &c. &c. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Miss Craik, who has hitherto been remarkable for quiet, graceful studies of female character, has here ventured on a theme which would have been dangerous, unless done with fine perception and instinct for the pain and tragedy of real life, which cannot but convey a lesson. Theresa, the daughter of a country squire, wearied of the commonplace

round of duties, has a pleasant surprise in the visit of a Mr. Harold, who has become their neighbour. He is intellectual, cultivated, and catches her fancy ere she is aware. He tries to stay away from the house; but her father's good nature and heartiness bring him back and back again, and he falls in love with Theresa, and cannot now tear himself from her company, being sensitive, sympathetic, but not strong-willed. Duty is strong enough in him to make him tell her his story; which is that, being rich, he foolishly married a low adventuress when young, who cares not for him now, but only for his money. Theresa does not ask him to leave her, and her father's death coming just when Harold gets news of his wife's death, hope arises that their union may be consummated at no very distant date. He advises her and helps her on this footing; and they are just about to be married, when Mrs. Harold, not drowned, as was supposed, turns up, demanding her arrears of allowance. Theresa and Harold now tear themselves apart; and the lesson of the story may be said to be that neglect of a step dictated by duty, however excusable it may seem from the side of sentiment, can only lead to deeper pain and tragedy the longer it is delayed. There is a world of pathos in the parting of the two; the characters are faithfully portrayed, and the story throughout is tastefully and gracefully written. It is done with thorough purity and delicacy; its *motif* is not only moral, but grand, and yet we fear that unless readers are patient enough to read to the end they will not think so.

The Neglected Question. By B. MARKEWITCH. Translated from the Russian by the PRINCESSES OURONSSOFF. Two Vols. Henry S. King and Co.

To say that we like this story of Russian life would be as inaccurate as to declare that it is without interest. The fact being that, while its heroes and heroines are exceedingly disagreeable, they are sketched with an artistic skill which deserves the warmest commendation. The scenes to which we are introduced are comparatively novel, and we obtain some vivid pictures of social country life in Russia. We can hardly look upon Foma Bogdanovitch, in whose house the plot develops, as a typical representative of his nation, yet he charms us by his joviality, his generosity, and his very stupidity—for he is a man who cannot see the little tragedy that is being enacted right under his nose. Whether it is customary for rich landed proprietors in that country to fill their palace-like houses with multitudes of guests from wherever they can obtain them we do not know; but this 'bold-headed, stout little man' is never satisfied unless he is surrounded by a swarm of friends, and his very obtuseness helps to precipitate the catastrophe which his kindly nature would have done anything to prevent. However, in his house may be met all kinds of people and nationalities, English, French, German, as well as Russian. The heroine of the story is a wondrously beautiful lady, married, against her will, to a man who passionately adores her, but who has become a helpless paralytic, and it is his misfortune to watch the progress of her intrigue with Baron Felsen, a German; yet he and his son Vassia feel utterly unable to interfere. The result is fatal to both father and son. There is something painfully objectionable in the whole conception of this novel. The narrator is a lad of sixteen, who peers about, listens at doors, hides behind trees, &c., in order to obtain his information of this woman's infidelity. We feel not a little thankful that the boys here described are Russian and not English.

Translations from the Hakayit Abdulla (Beir Abdulkadar) Munshi.
With Comments, by J. T. THOMSON, F.R.G.S. Henry S.
King and Co.

This somewhat singular book consists of passages of autobiography by an orientalist, and is singular, inasmuch as the translator can recall only one other such instance, viz., 'The Memoirs of a Malay Family.' The author was a Malay writer, for a time employed by Sir Stamford Raffles as an interpreter; and a translator and teacher in connection with the London Missionary Society at Singapore and Malacca. He was a Mohammedan, and died some twenty years ago. The interest of his book lies in the record of the writer's impressions of what he saw at an eventful period in the history of Java, and in the lights that he throws upon the really great character of Sir Stamford Raffles. It is thoroughly oriental in its modes of thought and expression, and is valuable chiefly as a specimen of contemporary literature. As a revelation of oriental thoughts and processes, which might furnish hints to the rulers of India, it is valueless. It is shrewd, truthful, and graphic, but reveals no hidden depths. The writer witnessed the occupation of Malacca by the English, and tells some good stories—one, of the clever way in which Sir Stamford was outwitted by a villainous emissary. The description of the governor is, however, very flattering as well as minute. His impressions of Lord Minto, whose physical stature belied his rank, and other great men, are very amusing, while he draws some portraits of officers that are the reverse of favourable. Of Dr. Milne and Dr. Morrison he speaks very highly, and apparently with a good deal of discrimination of character. The book would have been better without the commentaries of the editor, which are often mere repetitions of the autobiography, and are not very weighty, although Mr. Thomson's scholarship is of a high order. The translation itself is a genuine contribution to lighter literature.

Wyncote. By Mrs. THOMAS ERSKINE, Author of 'Marjory.'
Two Vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Readers of 'Marjory' need not be told that 'Wyncote' is carefully studied, well thought out, and well written. Its distinctive excellence is the cast of originality pertaining to all the characters. Although the incidents are of the ordinary novelist's stock, they are wrought out by men and women of something more than distinct individuality—the Squire, Lady Wargrave, Mrs. Wyncote, George, and especially Camilla, who form the Wyncote group. Mr. Ashton, the purse-proud, vulgar millionaire, with his boast that he began by sweeping out a grocer's shop, would be original if Dickens had not written 'Hard Times.' Lydia has decidedly a character of her own, and is, we fear, typical of a good deal that money does; while about Phoebe there is a quiet, distinctive individuality equally cognizable and charming. In short, the novel is a thoroughly good one: with nothing in it approaching to the sensational, there is nothing commonplace. It is a story of every-day life, told by a fresh, thoughtful pen.

A Book About the Table. By JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON. In
Two Volumes. Hurst and Blackett.

This is a book for readers rather than reviewers. Like Mr. Jeaffreson's other amusing and interesting books about 'doctors,' 'lawyers,' 'clergy,' &c, it contains a rich fund of curious information, illustrated by apt and felicitous anecdotes fished from 'volumes of forgotten

lore,' about some of the commonest and most familiar things. The treatment here, as before in other works is anecdotal, and no better amusement for an unoccupied half hour could readily be found than in dipping discursively into Mr. Jeaffreson's 'Book about the Table.'

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and an Essay on Milton's English. By DAVID MASSON, M.A., LL.D. Three Vols. Macmillan and Co.

Dr. Masson has devoted himself to the exposition of Milton with an entireness and enthusiasm that fully equal those of Charles Knight for Shakespere. And as was fitting and essential in a biographer and editor of Milton, his enthusiasm is informed by a liberal scholarship and expressed with a long-practised literary skill. This superb edition of the poetical works, edited and annotated with loving care and patient minuteness, is a fitting pendant to the biography, to which we have rendered due praise in this Review. Since Todd's Milton, no edition of the great poet's works has been so laboriously and learnedly annotated; and Professor Masson is far superior in literary art to the learned Archdeacon. Todd's notes, gathered from every source that industry and learning could discover, were collections for a critical structure rather than the structure itself; but his materials are indispensable for every subsequent editor. Dr. Masson, after hesitating about the best method of using the body of notes that were equally indispensable and obvious, and that had become the common stock of Miltonic literature, has finally determined to recast and reproduce rather than simply to quote them. Annotations of special excellence are quoted, and even when the substance only is used the obligation is acknowledged. When we say that 450 pages of the third volume are occupied with illustrative notes, it will at once be seen what laborious toil Dr. Masson has bestowed. As in the biography, however, his tendency is to overdo things, and if he did not do so well it would be wearisome; and yet in turning over the pages of annotations for an instance, we must honestly confess that we cannot light upon one that would not subject us to the imputation of hyper-criticism. Above all our great poets Milton needs elucidation, through the wealth of his classical and other lore. He abounds in allusions patent only to the scholar.

Perhaps the most important element in these volumes is the valuable and exhaustive Essay on Milton's English; viz., his Vocabulary, Spelling and Pronunciation, Peculiarities of Grammatical Inflexion, Syntax and Idiom, Punctuation, Versification, and place in the history of English verse. To this very learned and acute dissertation, 120 pages are given. All that philology can do to elucidate Milton and Elizabethan English is done, and with very great judgment.

An Introduction—bibliographical, biographical, and expository—follows, in which the literature of the poems is reviewed and characterized. Sufficient biographical information is given, as well as a general exposition of the purpose, principles, and structure of the 'Paradise Lost.' Not only has each separate poem a special bibliographical introduction, but a general introduction is prefixed to each group of poems, in which a good deal of valuable criticism is to be found. Altogether we must pronounce this edition, if not so multifarious as Todd's, or so sumptuous as Pickering's, yet, beyond all dispute, *facile princeps* in its combination of wise learning, loving elucidation and homage, and elegant form. It should be the classical gift-book of the year.

Characteristics of English Poets, from Chaucer to Shirley. By WILLIAM MINTO, M.A., Author of 'A Manual of English Prose Literature.' Blackwood and Sons.

This is a companion to Mr. Minto's former work, of which we spoke in high terms on its appearance. But to deal with poets is proverbially more difficult than to deal with prose writers. Besides, special difficulties arise, when the authors are so far removed in time that facts and readings are matters of dispute. Mr. Minto has borne himself well throughout; and if sometimes we differ from him, he always claims our respect and admiration. He is industrious, careful, correct, and thoroughgoing, making sure of his facts at every step; he is sufficiently sensitive and sympathetic to catch fine suggestions; and if he is now and again prone to be dogmatic and ambitious to be original at all costs, that is a fault, which in these days may be said to lean to virtue's side, if only accompanied with real talent; and this being so in his case, we readily forgive it to him. Chaucer, he finds, drew his most pervading influence from the early French romancers—not from the Italians—as has been said; and he gives us a remarkably acute summary of the characteristics of that 'morning star of song.' With Spencer, he is no less delicate and sympathetic; and the chapter on the Scottish Successors of Chaucer—James I., Henryson, Dunbar, Douglas, and Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount—is done with great tact. Little fault either can be found with the treatment of the dramatists prior to Shakespeare, though we do miss a fuller analysis of the character of Marlowe—that 'Columbus of a new literary world,' and a slightly detailed account of the *Faustus*, which is almost entirely passed over, notwithstanding that for eloquence and polish of blank verse it has not in its own line been surpassed. Of the section on Shakespeare, we must say this, that it is at once the ablest and the weakest part of the book. Mr. Minto has studied the matter thoroughly, and has in a way *exhausted* the plays—that is, if theory and determined intellectual application could do so. But there were roses and violets before botany; and the wonder and mystery of Shakespeare's plays remain, after all comment, just as in life itself. So it is a narrow criticism which, before such works, pretends to absolute and exceptional interpretation. It was the merit of Goethe's criticism of Hamlet, that it was at every point qualified by this confession. But Mr. Minto, forgetful of this, runs madly against Goethe, Schiller, and Coleridge, and the followers of that school. He will have it that Hamlet affected madness merely, and throughout acted on plan or reason, maintaining that Goethe's idea, in elevating Providence, or some would call it Fate, above the hero's action, would make Hamlet out only a poor creature; though we only go with Mr. Minto himself, when we say that true tragedy has a wonderful way of dwarfing human actors, so that, the reins being sooner or later taken out of their hands, they do seem poor creatures. Indeed we had always thought that this was of the very essence of tragedy pure and simple, as distinguished from idyllic or even epical creation—though Mr. Tennyson's 'King Arthur,' baulked of his purpose by a woman's folly mainly, would be elevated thus to the dignity of tragic motive too. We are tempted to details, but cannot afford the space. Suffice it, that we have tried hard to reconcile Mr. Minto's particular theory of Hamlet with his theory of Providence as a whole in the drama of Shakespeare, and cannot reconcile them—which we might have fancied arose from defects peculiar to us, had we not met with others who laboured under the same difficulty.

With the dramatists who succeeded Shakespeare he is equally well acquainted, and equally happy. We have very incisive little remarks on Dekker, Jonson, Massinger, and the rest, and it would be ungrateful if we did not acknowledge the profit and the pleasure we have derived from a very careful and prolonged perusal of this book. No volume we have seen of late could be more confidently recommended as likely to stir up a young man's liking for literature, if it was not already awakened in him.

Essays on Shakespeare. By KARL ELZE, Ph.D. Translated with the Author's sanction by L. DORA SCHMITZ. Macmillan and Co.

We have no doubt the hope of the translator, that these essays will be valued by the English student of Shakespeare, will be fulfilled. They are a worthy contribution to the literature of Shakespearian criticism. In discussing such questions as 'The Date of the "Tempest"'—which he fixes earlier than is commonly done, the time and occasion of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and the scope and purport of 'The Merchant of Venice,' Dr. Elze displays the learning and acuteness of a competent critic of the English dramatist. His '"Hamlet" in France,' also, is interesting, and brings into clear light what seems the radical incompetence of the French mind to appreciate Shakespeare, M. Taine's lively comments notwithstanding; while the essays on 'The Supposed Travels of Shakespeare' and 'Sir William Davenant' are excellent literary studies. But when we have admitted all this we fail to see that Dr. Elze's work can be taken, as the translator offers it, as a good illustration of what is characteristic of German Shakespeare-criticism. Since Goethe wrote his 'Shakespeare und kein Ende,' whole libraries of German works on the dramatist have been given to the world. At last the reaction has come, and Benedix has prepared a work to prove that Shakespeare is vastly over-rated. Side by side with this attack on the 'Shakespearomanie' there has come to fuller maturity that profound interpretation of Shakespeare as the true national poet of England, the production of her history, and the type of her unity, which is the best result of German criticism. Dr. Elze's work cannot be said to illustrate either of these two tendencies, but is only one of a multitude of similar books, the criticism of which is external rather than philosophical. On the whole it has been well translated.

The Sonnet: its Origin, Structure, and Place in Poetry. With Original Translations from the Sonnets of Dante, Petrarch, &c., and Remarks on the Art of Translating. By CHARLES TOMLINSON, F.R.S. John Murray.

'Scorn not the sonnet,' might have been a motto for this serious study of the noblest forms of one species of metrical composition. Under the pressure of a deep grief, the author, like 'the bees that soar for bloom' and murmur by the hour in fox-glove bells,' has found with Wordsworth that 'twas pastime to be bound within the sonnet's scanty plot 'of ground.' He has produced the most scholarly and philosophical discussion of the subject that we know. He has shown the earliest law of the sonnet, and the severity of taste which it imposed, the epigrammatic completeness of the production with its double quatrain and its varied tercets, and the relation of the tercet to the quatrain. He has given a numerical analysis of the various 'types' adopted by Dante and

Petrarch, the modifications accepted by Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and some modern sonnetteers, and the fundamental deviation from the old Italian models effected by Wordsworth. Mr. Tomlinson has most sympathetically and ingeniously imitated the peculiarities of each sonnet *form* in his 'original translations,' and his discussions throw much light on the intellectual progress and æsthetic culture of the great age of the *Renaissance*. Interesting discussions follow in the notes. One of these, demonstrative of the fact that Petrarch's 'Laura' was never married, will be read with much attention. The volume, like a spectroscope, will aid the student to read much more between the lines of an Italian sonnet than the superficial charm of its rich colouring would at first suggest. As 'proud philosophy' has not lost the mystery and beauty of the rainbow; as the botanist has not deflowered the rosebud, so the metrist has added to its beauty, by showing the origin, structure, and poetical place of the sonnet.

Essays, Critical and Biographical, Contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review.' By HENRY ROGERS. Two Vols. New Edition. Longmans, Green, and Co.

Essays on some Theological Controversies of the Time. Chiefly Contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review.' By HENRY ROGERS. New Edition. Longmans, Green, and Co.

Mr. Rogers is almost the last of the brilliant staff of essayists whom Jeffery gathered round his editorial chair, and whose essays, collected in volumes, form a considerable library. Mr. Rogers is, on the whole, scarcely inferior to any of his colleagues; he has a good deal of the wit of Sidney Smith, the critical acumen of Jeffery, the rhetorical brilliancy of Macaulay, the ingenuity of Whately, and the ratiocination of Brougham. Notequalling any one of these perhaps in his characteristic quality, we are inclined to think that he transcends them all in the high degree in which he combines their qualities. His reprinted essays have found favour with the public, and have passed through several editions—a distinction which only one or two of his compeers can boast. It is indicative of very much, that after so many years they should still be in demand, and that the publishers should feel justified in this reissue of the whole. It is too late to characterize Mr. Rogers as an essayist. His articles have taken their place in our permanent literature, and will be reserved for choice reading so long as men can appreciate wit and wisdom, vigour and pathos. The essay on 'Reason and Faith' is omitted, because after having been reprinted nine or ten times, it has been published in a separate volume, together with some other papers contributed to *Good Words*. Some other essays, more ephemeral, because turning on passing questions of the day, have also been omitted. On the other hand, two essays, hitherto appearing only in the *Edinburgh Review*, one on M. Huc's 'China,' the other on the 'Remains of William Archer Butler,' are included in these volumes. In the volume of theological essays an article on Erasmus, contributed to *Good Words*, is reprinted. The other essays on the Oxford Tractarian Controversy, which, as we are old enough to remember, made a great sensation through their trenchant and keen ridicule, when they first appeared, have still only too great pertinence to present controversies. No one of this generation has more competently wielded Pascal's sword, or more easily worn his mantle. These compact and elegant volumes will find their place on almost every shelf of 'favourite authors.'

Sketches and Studies. Descriptive and Historical. By RICHARD JOHN KING, B.A. John Murray.

An increasing proportion of the contents of our more important periodicals get collected into volumes; some of which will not live much longer than they did in their ephemeral form; others will form a permanent part of what is becoming a large and interesting element in our libraries. Mr. King's essays are written with so much knowledge and care and force as to deserve collection. The first essay on Carolingian Romance was contributed to one of the volumes of the '*Oxford Essays*,' published in 1856, and attracted some attention at the time; the other half a dozen were contributed to the *Quarterly Review*. Their themes are such as to give occasion for the gathering together of interesting and curious information—which one is glad to preserve. Thus, '*Sacred Trees and Flowers*,' '*The Days of Folk Lore*,' '*History and Romance*,' '*The Great Shrines of England*,' '*Travelling in England*,' '*Devonshire*,' &c., are all eminently of this character. Mr. King's writing is easy, picturesque, and scholarly. He has something of Mr. Jacob's gift of anecdotal illustration. His theme is a thread upon which he strings all kinds of illustrative matter, some of it derived from sources obvious enough, others from those more recondite. He does not care to stick very closely to his text; it is enough if in any way he can hook on to it. The volume contains a good deal of entertaining reading.

Occasional Essays. By SAMUEL SMITH. Edinburgh: Maclaren and Macniven.

Mr. Smith does not tell us where his essays have been before published, only that they are 'reprints of papers written at different times during the past fifteen years.' Their form indicates that some of them have been addresses. They are miscellaneous enough, varying from '*British Rule in India*' to '*Rationalism and the Bible*.' Mr. Smith intimates in one of the papers that he is engaged in business. He is a man of some culture, travel, and thought. We cannot say that his essays will contribute much to the settlement of any of the questions they touch. The two on the Bible and Miracles especially, strike us as touching only the surface of these great topics, as they are questioned by modern rationalism. Their value is the light of average common sense which they throw upon them. This, indeed, is the quality of the papers generally. Mr. Smith has no very great knowledge, nor any peculiar vigour of thought; but he is a man of strong good sense, who tells us how things strike him when he sees them—only if he had occasion in 1866 to modify so greatly his impressions of America in 1860, why print the latter?

The Perils of Orphanhood; or, Fredrica and her Guardians. By the Author of '*The Bains*.' (Hodder & Stoughton.) This story is not equal to '*The Bains*,' by which the Canadian author won so largely upon her English readers. It is, however, well written, and its characters are well discriminated. It traces an orphan family through manifold difficulties and trials, specially from Jesuit intrigues. All, however, comes right at last. The book is pleasant to read, and has an interest from its well described scenes and incidents of Canadian life.—*Leaves from the Unpublished Journals, Letters, and Poems of Charlotte Elliot.* (Religious Tract Society.) These gleanings from Miss Elliot's writing desk will not of course enhance her literary reputation, but they are interesting as throwing fresh light upon a well-cultured and devout

character. A peculiar fervency of character joined to a keen appreciation of beauty in nature, art, and literature, made her sympathies very keen and her affections ardent. She is full of appreciation and optimism. Even in old age she is bright and cheerful as a young girl. We heartily commend these expressions of her feeling to all who think it a sin to be merry.—*A Cluster of Lives*. By ALICE KING. (Henry S. King & Co.) Miss King compares her lives to a nosegay made up of flowers greatly differing from each other; and when we say that they include Vittoria Colonna, Madame Récamur, Dante, Geoffrey Chaucer, Ariosto, and Madame Cattin, the comparison is justified. Predominance, however, is given to Italians, probably because Italian literature has been a special study of the authoress. She does not endorse Mr. W. Gilbert's white-washing of Lucrezia Borgia. She writes carefully, gracefully, and vivaciously. A more interesting and instructive book than these sixteen short biographies could scarcely be put into a young person's hands.—*The Heavens and the Earth*. A Popular Book of Astronomy. By THOMAS MILNER, M.A. With Revision and Additions by EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S. (Religious Tract Society.) A new edition of one of these popular and invaluable handbooks, which put young people in possession of the principles and latest results of science. It is simply an account of the solar system, and is written in a lively and interesting way.—*Good and Bad Managers*. Three Stories by ELLEN BARLEE. (Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.) In the story of the 'Two Neighbours,' Mrs. Smith, the good manager, does her washing at the Public Wash-house; Mrs. Brown, the bad manager, does hers at home, to the great discomfort of her husband. This may serve as an illustration of the lessons that Mrs. Barlee seeks to inculcate. Few things are more needful than the inculcation of household economies among the poorer classes. Mrs. Barlee teaches them without cant or priggishness, and with great good sense.—*A Father's Letters to his Son upon his Coming of Age*. By the late Rev. Dr. URWICK, of Dublin. (Religious Tract Society.) These letters were given by Dr. Urwick complete into the hands of his son, on the morning of the day when he came of age. They treat on the chief elements of a true manly life—self-government, manliness, self-culture (including study, religion, habits, &c.), property, &c. They are full of good sense, and we most earnestly commend them as a wise and holy *vade mecum*.—*On the North Wind: Thistledown*. By the Hon. Mrs. WILLOUGHBY. (Henry S. King & Co.) Mrs. Willoughby's volume consists of four Scottish idylls and some songs, in which there is, now and again, real music. The idylls, we must say, however, are diffusive and occasionally rugged in metre; for blank verse, which seems easy, is the most difficult of all forms. We are doubtful whether the themes chosen would not have been more effective in prose, after the style which Professor Wilson so aptly accommodated to idyllic subjects somewhat of the same class. But we should not forget to say that there are now and again fine touches,—simple, pathetic, and true,—especially in 'Euphamie,'—which promise more perfect work. The shorter pieces at the end have given us more unqualified pleasure. The 'Sandhills of Culbin,'—based as it is on a real circumstance,—shows great power; and the song, ' 'Twas on a fair May morning,' has a genuine ring of passion in it. Mrs. Willoughby's genius is distinctly lyrical, and she is equal to doing very good work; but she must surrender all old affected phraseology of a past age before she will succeed in Scotch song-writing, as she may and ought.—Messrs. King have published five new volumes of their elegant and

handy pocket edition of Tennyson, viz., *Locksley Hall, and other Poems*, *Lucretius, and other Poems*, and *The Idylls of the King*, in three volumes. As the latest, this is of course the completest edition of Tennyson. Thus the first of the five contains the *Window*, set so beautifully by Arthur Sullivan, as also the welcome to Marie Alexandrovna, and one or two other little poems; the second contains 'England and America in 1872;' while at the end of 'The Idylls of the King' there are some very fine lines addressed to the Queen on the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's on the recovery of the Prince of Wales. We shall take advantage of this edition to consider again, probably in our next number, the poetical genius and place of Mr. Tennyson.—*Over the Hills and Far Away: a Story of New Zealand*. By C. EVANS. (Sampson Low & Marston.) There is nothing descriptive or distinctive of New Zealand life in this story, except that its personages are said to have lived there. It deals with purely human interests, chiefly love-passages of Lucy, the heroine, who becomes engaged to Clinton Meredith on the outward voyage, and makes the acquaintance of Dr. Dacre. She is jilted by Meredith. Dacre, who really loves her, is disabled by a previous marriage with a mysterious Mrs. Keith from declaring his love. Poor Dacre is wantonly killed by the fall of his horse when galloping to tell her that his wife is dead. The story has a good many little intricacies, is interesting, and is fairly written, but it is put together like a puzzle, rather than fused into an organism.—Under the title of the *Rose Library*, Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have published half-a-dozen neatly got up shilling volumes of old favourites and new claimants for favour, which we can very heartily commend. The works are Jules Sandeau's 'Seagull Rock,' Miss Louisa M. Allcott's 'Little Women,' 'Little Women Wedded,' 'Little Men,' 'Old-Fashioned Girl,' Madame de Statz' 'House on Wheels,' and J. G. Holland's 'Mistress of the Manse.' The latter, a very touching poem, new to us, by the author of 'Arthur Bonnycastle,' containing passages of great beauty and pathos, from which we would fain quote, is a story of the Civil War, of which the hero is Mildred of the Manse, to whose inspiration her husband owes his martyr glory, destined to inspire much American fiction and poetry, as well as history.—*Cook's Handbooks to Venice and Florence*. (Hodder & Stoughton.) These two-shilling volumes contain less of extraneous and second-hand matter than their predecessors. They are direct and practical, and contain a great deal of condensed information of the kind that is valuable to a traveller. Of necessity they are little more than catalogues, but it is much to have trusty catalogues.—*A Story of Three Sisters*. By CECIL MAXWELL. Two Vols. (Smith, Elder, & Co.) This is a well-written story of common-place life, without much of incident and without any exaggeration; it is carefully studied and well disseminated. The three sisters are, of course, three different types of girl. Pamela has a dash of genius in her; Ann is sensible and common-place; Emilia a kind of butterfly. Nor are the destinies which they work out for themselves different from thousands in common life. Richard their father is a pale kind of literary recluse. Mrs. Burnet, the grandmother, naggy and coarse; Mrs. Lynton, proud and cold; Lord Lynton, vulgar and choleric. Mr. Quicke is, perhaps, the most marked character in the book. It may be read pleasantly enough, but there is nothing to be said about it in the way of criticism.—*Songs of our Youth*. By the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' With Music. (Daldy, Isbister, & Co.) Mrs. Craik here gives us a collection of very short and simple lyrics—love songs, or songs of the domestic

affections. 'May' is very sweet and tender, and 'Pretty Polly Oliver' has the genuine lyric lilt and a touch of humour. But they are not all equal. Mrs. Craik, it would appear, has been taken with the harmony and beauty of some Swedish, Welsh, French, and Irish airs—the former preponderating—and has written poems for them; then she has added some compositions of her own, both words and music, or has got music from a friend or two. Only in three instances has she borrowed words from others—Mrs. Barrett Browning, Shelley, and W. C. Bryant. Altogether, the book is far above the ordinary run of drawing-room music, being pure and elevated, and thoughtful, though simple in style. The book is very chastely got up, and would form a handsome present.—*Selected Hymns*. By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Arranged for Part Singing, with Instrumental Accompaniment. By DAVID COLVILLE. (Johnstone & Hunter). Apparently this is in part the binding-up of some cheap musical serial. About a hundred of Dr. Bonar's Hymns have been set to music selected from the great masters; we cannot say with much success. As is inevitable, there is terrible mutilation, amounting to murder, in the adaptations. Some of the themes and melodies selected are so intractable that the false accent renders it almost impossible to sing the hymn—e.g., the settings on pp. 38, 54, 60, 66, 81, 85, 105, 142, &c. Others are utterly unsuited in the character of the music for the sentiment of the hymns—e.g., the setting of 'Not what I am, O Lord,' on p. 136, a florid melody, full of false accents, which utterly destroys the quiet restful feeling of the hymn. The setting on p. 46 is not Graun's; that on p. 64 is, however, very effective. We can hardly commend the work as a whole.—*Paul Haddon*. By the Author of 'Somebody and Nobody,' (Jarrold & Sons.) A little story, intended to vindicate religious consecration and evangelical truth against worldliness on the one hand and Anglicanism on the other. Paul, the heir presumptive of a wealthy and irascible old baronet, feels called to become a clergyman, and is disowned in consequence. Various types of fashionable and of religious life are brought into contact with his powerful and faithful ministry. The strands of one or two love stories are twisted into the narrative. It is a little too gushing, and wants subduing in tone. The outlines of character are too hard and the colours too glaring; perhaps, too, there is a little narrowness of feeling about it; but it is an interesting story and calculated to do good.—*The Christian Year*. By the late JOHN KEBLE, M.A. (Cassell, Petter, & Co.) Among the numerous editions of the 'Christian Year' which the expiry of the copyright has produced, this may claim a favourable notice. It is an elegant gift-book, and at the same time reasonable in price. The wood-cut borderings and illustrations are good—some of them very good—although others are inferior, and the portrait of the author might have been better; it is chalky, washed out, and inharmonious in tone. We should have been glad, too, to know who the illustrating artists are. Mr. T. Sulman's name, Dalziels', and two or three others may be deciphered on their works, but the beauty of some of the anonymous designs make us wish to know their authors. An index would have made the work of the editor more complete.—*Noble Workers; a Book of Examples for Young Men*. By H. A. PAGE. (Daldy, Isbister, & Co.) Mr. Page has a singular skill in biographical portraiture, a keen instinct of critical discernment, a corresponding faculty for picturesque grouping, and a power of infusing life and life-likeness into his delineations, which make these biographical sketches much more than mere condensations. They are in every sense fresh studies. Among the fourteen sketches of this able and attractive little volume, we have

Bishop Patteson, Charles Knight, Robert Chambers, Duncan Matheson, Arthur Tappan, Dr. Judson, Sir Donald Macleod, Henry Alford, &c. The author has genuine catholic sympathies with goodness wherever found, and equal delicacy of truth and enthusiasm of feeling in delineating it. It is the kind of inspiration to make noble lives.

JUVENILE BOOKS, &c.

We regret that we can do little more than catalogue a portion of the pile of Christmas books that has accumulated. The place of honour belongs to Miss Thackeray's charming *Bluebeard's Keys, and other Stories* (Smith, Elder, & Co.), which exalts and glorifies, while it paraphrases in modern life the old fairy tales of our childhood. A series of novelettes, which are fairy stories addressed to grown-up people, exhibit the qualities of excellency or of fault as they are embodied among us, which point the moral of the stories of the nursery. Miss Thackeray's fancy has its most graceful and charming play when it thus wreathes itself round the legends which delighted our childhood. We can only say that 'Bluebeard,' 'Riquet à la Houpe,' 'Jack and the Bean Stalk,' and 'The White Cat,' are the texts of the four stories of this volume, and that they are rendered with the charming atmospheric effects, and Titania-like fancies of tenderness and truth which, perhaps, above all living writers, her pen revels in. We place this volume in the foremost place as a Christmas gift for young men or women.—*Dr. Ox's Experiment, and other Stories*. Translated from the French of Jules Verne, with Numerous Illustrations. *A Floating City, and The Blockade Runners*. By JULES VERNE. Translated from the French. (Sampson Low & Co.) Two more of Jules Verne's glorious books, which young folks will hail with as much eagerness as their sires did a green-covered number of Dickens. The first of these volumes contains four stories, of which 'Dr. Ox's Experiment' is the first and best. It is a scientific fantasia, showing the marvellous effects and excitements produced by breathing pure oxygen, which sets an entire population by the ears. This is told in the most fantastic way. But Jules Verne is indescribable in sober words of criticism. Like laughing gas, he must be inhaled to be enjoyed, and no one is proof against him. The second volume is an account, *à la Verne*, of the *Great Eastern* and her achievements.—Allied to the scientific extravaganzas of Jules Verne is the broad burlesque of *The Fantastic History of the Celebrated Pierrot*. Written by the Magician Alcofribas, and Translated from the Sodigan. By ALFRED ASSOLLANT. Rendered into English by A. G. MUNRO. With upwards of One Hundred Humorous Illustrations by YAN' DARGENT. (Sampson Low & Co.) This book is full, from beginning to end, of Munchausen-like achievements among the Chinese. Hair-breadth escapes, romantic mysteries, wonderful battles, grotesque situations, clever characterization, are to be found on every page. It is the Arabian Nights, Munchausen, Gulliver, and Monte Christo all rolled into one.—*Andrew Marvel and his Friends; a Story of the Siege of Hull*. By MARIE HALL, née SIBREE. (James Clarke & Co.) A new story from the light and attractive pen of 'Sermons from the Studio' will be welcomed by all who can appreciate tender sentiment, healthy piety, and a graceful imagination. Around the incidents of Andrew Marvel's life the authoress has grouped some well-studied sketches of pastimes, persons, and events in her native town of Hull. Marvel is a noble subject for the kind of imaginative biography here constructed,—the result is a volume that is equally delightful, instructive, and wholesome.—*Sceptres and Crowns, and the Flag of Truce*.

By the Author of 'The Wide, Wide World.' (James Nisbet & Co.) Miss Wetherell's name will attract attention to her new book. Upon a slender thread of story a good deal of conversational discussion is strung, concerning the world-old problems of evil and good, sin and sorrow, &c. It is, we suppose, impossible to embody metaphysical theology in dramatic action, but we confess we should have liked more story and less preaching. The style, however, is light and graceful.—*Fairy Frisket; or, Peeps at Insect Life.* By A. L. O. E. (T. Nelson & Sons.) A teaching of insect life from the standpoint of insect consciousness, a fairy's wand having wrought the transformation upon two boys. It is an ingenious idea well worked out.—*Dog Life: Narratives exhibiting Instinct, Intelligence, Fidelity, Sympathy, Attachment, and Sorrow.* Illustrated by Sixteen Engravings after Sir Edward Landseer. (Seeley, Jackson, & Co.) The title of this book sufficiently describes it. Our province is limited to the testimony that the stories and anecdotes, new and old, are admirably arranged, and made contributive to a defined purpose, and that the illustrations from some of Landseer's well-known pictures are not very well executed.—*Paws and Claws; being True Stories of Clever Creatures, Tame and Wild.* By one of the authors of 'Poems Written for a Child.' (Cassell, Petter, & Co.) Gorgeous in crimson and gold, and admirably illustrated by Harrison Weir, cover, text, and pictures combine to make this an unusually attractive book for juvenile readers. The stories are delightfully told, and good sense and amusement are combined in a very high degree.—*The Book of Sacred Song.* With a Preface by the (late) Rev. CHARLES KEMBLE, M.A., Rector of Bath. (Seeley, Jackson, & Co.) A chronological arrangement of a judiciously made selection of sacred poetry from the writers of Elizabeth's day to our own, exhibiting, as the editor tells us in his preface, the unity of the religious heart of men, and supplying for devotional reading pieces not commonly found in hymnals. We are surprised, however, to see so careless a reading of the first line of Byrom's hymn, as 'My spirit longeth for Thee.'—*Wrecked on a Reef; or, Twenty Months among the Auckland Isles.* A True Story. From the French of F. E. Raynal. (T. Nelson & Sons.) This is a thoroughly good book: vivid, truthful, and salutary in the highest sense, it is an exhibition of strong, noble character, as well as a narrative of exciting experiences. It is, as the translator says, 'graphically narrated, but apparently without any attempt at exaggeration.' It will revive reminiscences of Robinson Crusoe. The pictures are the most exciting portion of the book.—*Earth and its Treasures; a Description of the Metallic and Mineral Wealth of Nature.* By ARTHUR MANGIN. Edited, with Additions, by W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. (T. Nelson & Sons.) This also is from the French, and is a vivacious account of mines and minerals, gathered from all sources, and skilfully put together.—*The Hunter and Trapper in North America; or, Romantic Adventures in Field and Forest.* From the French of Benedict Révoil. By W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. (T. Nelson & Sons.) An exciting, and, let us say, a somewhat highly-coloured narrative of travelling adventures, which we more than suspect of 'travellers' tales,' in which more than one old story is made to do duty. It is, however, none the less instructive and illustrative, and all the more interesting as a picture of North American forest life. The life is vividly presented, whether all the stories are true or not, and M. Révoil's adventures will doubtless be read with 'breathless interest.'—*Two Years in East Africa: Adventures in Abyssinia and Arabia, with a Journey to the Sources of the Nile.* By EMILE JONVEAUX. Maps and Illustrations. (T. Nelson & Sons.) The imaginary traveller embodies

in his own experiences the chief African achievements of late years, from the Abyssinian war to the latest discoveries of Grant, Baker, and Livingstone. He has scarcely yet, however, discovered the source of the Nile; but, short of this, he has woven together a tale of romantic achievement and incident with a sufficient adherence to actual fact, to make the book instructive as well as interesting.—*Stories of Animal Sagacity*. By W. H. KINGSTON. With Sixty Illustrations by Harrison Weir. (T. Nelson and Sons.) The names of both writer and illustrator are a sufficient guarantee of vivid narrative, amusing anecdotes, and truthful pictures.—*The Ocean and its Wonders*. By R. M. BALLANTYNE. (T. Nelson & Sons.) We have here a very clever reproduction of the results of modern scientific discovery, especially from 'Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea.' Another year and the tale of the *Challenger* will have to be told. The book is admirably written, and will interest young folks immensely, while it will instruct their elders.—*River Legends of the Thames and Rhine*. By the Rt. Hon. E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, M.P. With Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ. (Daldy, Isbister, & Co.) One requisite is essential to successful writing for the nursery—simplicity. There may be double motives—the one within the other, as often in Hans Andersen; but when the only and obtrusive motive is one that cannot well be apprehended save by the old and experienced, and when, besides, this has found symbol for itself in sheer grotesque, then we become doubtful. But dogmatic we shall not be, because no opinion on a child's book is patent against fact, and 'River Legends' may command the suffrages of Lilliput in spite of our theories. We shall only say that on several points we are certain we are right, especially in that passage at p. 15—'The Sacrifice of Smith's Father'—which is repulsive. There is, however, much skill, talent, and dexterity in the book, as certainly there is in M. Doré's remarkable drawings, which alone are sufficient to carry it far and wide amongst youngsters.—*The Little Lamé Prince, and his Travelling Cloak: a Parable for Young and Old*. By the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' With Twenty-four Illustrations by JOHN McL. RALSTON. (Daldy, Isbister, & Co.) Mrs. Craik, in this exquisite parable of Prince Dolor, manages, we think, to secure the element in which Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen is deficient. How gracefully and simply we are told how Prince Dolor was made lame, how the doctors could do nothing for him, how he was confined, and how by a kind fairy all drawbacks were made up to him, and how admirable the lesson of it all! Mr. Ralston's pictures are full of character and expression, yet clear, delicate, and picturesque; scarcely anything could surpass the study of the doctors, at p. 21, for physiognomy. Altogether this is a delightful book, worthy both of author, artist, and publisher, and that is saying much.—*Nimrod of the Sea; or, the American Whaleman*. By WILLIAM M. DAVIS. (Sampson Low & Co.) A very capital idea is here almost spoiled by absurd exaggeration, national vanity, and interminable yarn-spinning. A book giving us a kind of autobiographical account of whale-fishing and whaling adventures would have been very attractive both to boys and men, and the author has both the knowledge and the literary abilities to do it well. Nay, in spite of the defects we have mentioned, the book is full of interest, and has bits of very graphic description. The fun is somewhat coarse, and occasionally irreverent, but the book is one that may well interest and amuse adult readers as well as boys.—*The Boy Slave in Bokhara*. By DAVID KER, Author of 'On the Road to Khiva.' Illustrated. (Henry S. King & Co.) This spirited story is the presumed recital of a young Russian officer, who, in his boyhood, was stolen and sold as a slave to the Emir

of Bokhara. Address and courage meet with their grim reward, and through countless scenes of bloodshed, intrigue, and magical adventure, he ultimately escapes to some Russian outpost, where he finds his oldest friend, and is able to restore to him a daughter whom the latter supposed to have been barbarously murdered. The Russian advance over Central Asia, and the many-sided conditions of the conflict between the Muscovite's sleepless lust of conquest and the bloody and perfidious despotism of the Turcoman and Bokhariste, are portrayed with great vivacity, and crowded into the incidents of a personal narrative. The volume would be more suitable for 'merry Christmas' if there were in it less of murderous revenge, assassination, and slaughter.—*Floss Silverthorn; or, the Master's Little Handmaid*. By AGNES GIBERNE. (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.) A somewhat sorrowful but very tender and touching story of a little girl who has to suffer a great deal, but who emerges from her trials strong and tempered, so that the after happiness of her life is enhanced and steadied. That sorrow has a great fascination for children, the popularity of the 'Babes in the Wood,' 'Cock Robin,' and other nursery stories show; perhaps, because it is an imaginative experience; but it is surely a great thing to pour sunshine upon young lives.—*King of No-land*. By B. L. FARJEON. (Tinsley Brothers.) We always welcome very heartily a tale from M. Farjeon, which is sure to be suffused with tender and healthy human sympathies, and to minister to some of our best feelings, as well as to inspire noble aspirations. Of course he takes us into scenes of black and sinful misery, but only that he may bring to them light and help. Here a young prince, —Haroun Alraschid like—steals from his father's palace to make himself acquainted with the struggling, poverty-stricken life of his father's subjects. The feelings and impressions, of both the Prince and Robin, are clearly and graphically described; and their intercourse teaches both valuable lessons, which tell when the real rank of the Prince is known, and when he comes to the throne. The lessons which M. Farjeon crowds into his little story are very important. There is good everywhere, if we have but eyes to see and hearts to feel it.—*The Children's Pastime*. Pictures and Stories for the Little Ones. By LISBETH G. SÉGUIN. (Daldy, Isbister, & Co.) A series of little stories and sketches, mostly restricted to a single page, the opposite page being occupied with an illustration. A nice little book for children of three or four years of age.—*The Orphans of Malvern, and other Tales*. (Houlston & Sons.) The anonymous editor tells us in the preface that these tales originally appeared more than thirty years ago, and that a wish to see them reprinted has often been expressed. They are worthy of it. Although short and simple, they are crisp and tender, and written with nice feeling. They are sixteen in number, apparently by different writers. We have read them with interest; the one from which the volume takes its title, and the one entitled 'The Well Dressing,' especially. It is a pleasant little volume for a gift-book.

SERIALS, &c.

Messrs. Cassell's serial publications are as numerous, we had almost said innumerable, and as excellent as ever. *Old and New London: A Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places*. By WALTER THORNBURY. Illustrated with Numerous Engravings, from the most authentic sources. Vol. II. How is it that Messrs. Cassell's serials hit so happily the style, selection, and illustrations demanded by the popular audience which they solicit? Nothing can be better than

the selected matter of Mr. Thornbury's volumes, unless it be the way in which he reproduces it. Sometimes, perhaps, he runs into excess of legend and story—certainly we could have dispensed with some of the 'shocking murders' connected with Newgate;—but as a whole, this history of our huge metropolis is full of interest for young and old. Some curious old engravings are reproduced in this volume.—*Races of Mankind; being a Popular Description of the Characteristic Manners and Customs of the Principal Varieties of the Human Family.* By ROBERT BROWN, M.A. Vol. II. With upwards of One Hundred and Forty Illustrations. The second volume of the 'Races of Mankind' sustains the character of the first, and gives promise of a standard popular work, in which scientific physiology is presented in picturesque description, and in a simple and attractive way. The principle of classification is that of geographical grouping. This second volume treats of the Hispano-American peoples, of the various Oceanic groups of the Pacific, of Australians, Tasmanians, and other Papuan races of the Malays, and of the various African races. Mr. Brown gives us vivid and interesting pictures of manners and customs, the whole being illustrated in a very effective way. The work is a happy specimen of useful and somewhat arid information, given in a most attractive form.—*The Arabian Nights.* A well-printed and well-illustrated edition of these perennial stories, which the youngest devour and the oldest do not tire of. It is a page very pleasant to read.—*The Bible Educator*, edited by the Rev. E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., has proceeded as far as the fourth volume, to which most of the writers who have given to the earlier volumes a character so scholarly and useful, contribute. Under Professor Plumptre's able editorship a degree of scientific excellence is attained not often reached by popular and cheap serials, and which give 'The Bible Educator' rank with the very best dictionaries of its class.—*The Illustrated History of England* has nearly completed its supplementary volume, bringing down the 'History' to the present time; special prominence is given to the commercial and industrial development of the country. The volume ends with a description of Sir Titus Salt's mills at Saltaire. The writer is an industrious compiler and a skilful narrator. His conclusions and comments, moreover, are marked by sober good sense. The 'History' professes to be no more than this. Being this, it is a very valuable book for general readers. The illustrations might be better. Robert Stephenson looks so smutty, that he might have just come out of a colliery. A general index to the eight volumes is added.—*British Battles on Land and Sea*, by JAMES GRANT, Author of the 'Romance of War,' has completed the second volume, which brings us to the close of the French War of 1815, and the Battle of Waterloo, and enters upon our subsequent and brilliant Indian campaigns. Mr. Grant can describe battles very graphically, and with adequate military knowledge. There is danger lest he should inoculate with a war fever the imagination of our youth.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have completed the third volume of M. Guizot's important *History of France*, translated by ROBERT BLOCK, M.A., to which we must return for a careful review.

MAGAZINE VOLUMES.

What can be said in intelligent and diversified characterization of the huge pile of periodicals which the closing year resolves into volumes—so generally resembling one another, and yet each having its subtle element of difference, so continuous from year to year, and yet enterprising editors contriving each year to introduce some novelty. Here are several substantial volumes, of from six to eight hundred pages each, of whole-

some, clever, and sometimes even very superior literature—light and solid, poetical and prose, sermon and novel, proverb and song, most of them running a first-class story. A man must be very hard to please who could not be satisfied with the literary aliment of any one of them if accidentally cut off for a few days from all other literature; nay, even for a long vacation. It is a perfect marvel what a mass of really high-class literature is contained in these popular serials, and what a tillage of our cottage homes they constitute. We can only mention our old friends, *The Leisure Hour* and *The Sunday at Home* (Religious Tract Society), which now put on gay apparel, as attractive externally as their contents are varied and excellent.—Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Co. pour out into our laps their monthly argosies. *The Quiver* is enriched from Mr. Cox's 'Expositor's Note Book,' Mr. Skene's 'One Life Only,' and Isa-Craig Knox's 'Fanny's Fortune.' *Cassell's Magazine* contains Mr. Charles Gibbon's very able and striking story, 'In Honour Bound;' also Arminius Vambéry's 'Early Adventures,' a story by Erckmann-Chatrian, and several contributions from Robert Buchanan. *Little Folks* still reigns in the nursery, without a rival near its throne.—Messrs. Isbister maintain the high character of *Good Words* and *The Sunday Magazine*. To the former Mrs. Craig contributes 'My Mother and I;' Mr. Augustus Hare, 'Days near Rome;' Professor Thomson, 'Letters from the Challenger;' Mr. C. M. Caird, 'Novantia.' To the latter, the Author of 'Crooked Places' contributes 'Still Waters,' and Professors Stanley Leathes, W. C. Alexander, and C. E. Plumptre, Canon Tristram, Dr. Ker, Dean Howson, and others, miscellaneous religious papers of a very high order.—We can have only a good word for two weekly publications which, in the form of newspapers, contain most excellent literary and religious matter, *The Saturday Journal* and *The Day of Rest*, both from Alexander Strahan. When we say that each monthly part contains from twenty to thirty miscellaneous papers, it is clear we can neither enumerate nor specify them. To the former, the Author of 'Abel Drake's Wife' contributes 'The Sherlocks;' and Matthew Brown and William Gilbert are among the contributors. To the latter, Hesba Stretton contributes 'The Wonderful Life;' Dr. C. J. Vaughan, Rev. John Hunt, Author of 'Episodes in an Obscure Life,' C. C. Fraser-Tytler also write largely for it.—Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. complete another volume of *The Picture Gallery*, in which very effective reproductions of great pictures by the Woodbury process of photographs make up a very handsome gift-book.—Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton send us another volume of *The Preacher's Lantern* (the fourth), which completes the series, Dr. Oswald Dykes' 'Sketches of Early Church History,' which have also been collected into a volume, entitled 'From Jerusalem to Antioch,' being the most important of the contents. A miscellany of Biblical and theological papers, suitable for preachers, constitute the rest of the volume.—*The Argonaut*, edited by GEORGE GLADSTONE, F.R.G.S., is a new candidate for popular favour. Its speciality is a somewhat greater prominence given to science and art than in ordinary magazines. It is very diversified in its contents, and contains many admirable papers, from 'Curious Wills' to 'Coggia's Comet.'—*The Christian Evidence Journal* is doing good service in the special department indicated by the title, and *The Christian Family* supplies good religious reading for Home Sundays.—Messrs. James Clarke & Co. send us *The Literary World*, an admirable weekly résumé of new literature; *The Christian World Pulpit*, a weekly report of sermons; *The Christian World Magazine*, a miscellany well conducted by Miss Worboise; and *Happy Hours*, a religious family herald, well sustained.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, AND PHILOLOGY.

John the Baptist: The Congregational Union Lecture for 1874.

By HENRY ROBERT REYNOLDS, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

These lectures are by no means mere academic prelections, without bearing upon the keen and critical controversies of the times. The origin of our Christianity—the question whether that origin is human or divine—is among the most intensely interesting questions of our day. Of this we have plain proof in the extraordinary circulation of the two most popular theological works of the year 1874—Farrar's 'Life of Christ,' and 'Supernatural Religion;' works which have been largely read, not by students only, but by the thinking public generally. It is into the heart of this same great and vital question that Dr. Reynolds, in a volume which deserves to rank as a worthy companion to these popular books, conducts his readers. If in eloquence of language, and picturesqueness of description and narrative, Dr Farrar bears the palm, the Congregational lecturer is certainly not inferior in mental grasp, in Biblical and patristic learning, or in spiritual insight.

The most striking feature of the work before us is the combination it exhibits of an evidently passionate belief in Divine revelation, and in the supernatural source of the Christian religion, with a wide and thorough acquaintance with the successive theories which the critical schools of German theology have elaborated in opposition to the orthodox belief in historical Christianity, and with a manifest susceptibility to the inquisitive, sceptical, and rational tendencies of our age. If we mistake not, this combination is as rare in a Christian controversialist, as it is admirable. It is true that Dr. Reynolds is merely defending one of the outposts of Christianity, and only indirectly the citadel itself. 'John did no miracle.' But at several points, notably in the circumstances preceding John's birth, and in those attending the baptism by him of our Lord, the Biblical record concerning the forerunner raises the question of the supernatural. The treatment of a subject so intimately associated with the mission of Christ required not only a mind enlarged by knowledge and disciplined by culture, but, owing to the remarkable diffusion throughout the Gospels of the information concerning John, a vivid and yet critical historical imagination. We do not hesitate to say that these requisites, together with a subtle, spiritual intuition of the higher aspects of religious ministry, are possessed by the author of these lectures. He must also in justice be credited with a large store of learning in two departments especially available for good service here—in the literature of the early Christian Church, and in that of the theological controversies of modern Germany.

It is somewhat singular that so little attention should have been given in theological and Biblical literature to this grand and imposing figure, the personification of the 'vox clamantis.' Until the publication of the volume before us, there existed in English no capital work upon this attractive theme. Yet a just understanding of John's position and ministry is essential to a fair appreciation of the mission of the Messiah. Such a work was therefore a 'desideratum,' especially to theological students; and the Congregational Union have rendered a true service in arranging the preparation and publication of these lectures.

An introductory lecture upon 'the significance and the sources of the

'biography of John the Baptist,' contains several preliminary discussions. Throughout the volume we meet with here and there an 'excursus,' not the least interesting and valuable results of Dr. Reynolds's labours. In this first lecture a difficult and delicate problem of Biblical criticism is skilfully handled, though at greater length, perhaps, than is required by the special theme: we refer to the relation between the synoptical and the fourth gospels. Here is a happy specimen of the lecturer's style:—

'It is not every man who has the chance of seeing an Alpine sunrise, and of those who do, there are comparatively few into whose souls the stupendous majesty and pathetic beauty of the mountains freely pass; but of those whose spirits are transfigured, or even touched by the "mountain-glory," still fewer can so describe what they have seen as to awaken corresponding emotions in other hearts. . . . It is a happy thing that that "other disciple" who had been his follower for several months, and who witnessed the baptism of Jesus, and saw the effect of it on the Baptist, should have recorded words and traits of character which escaped the less meditative and more hasty judgments of his companions.'

The account given in this lecture of the political state of Palestine in the first century is admirably clear and graphic.

In his second lecture, Dr. Reynolds is confronted with the supernatural events recorded in the first two chapters of Luke's Gospel. The modern destructive criticism, which takes its rise from a determination to evade the supernatural features of the narrative, is ably dealt with; and the appearance of the angel and the prediction concerning the forerunner, are vindicated as credible. In this, the most critical in its substance of all the lectures, the writer attacks with vigour both the rationalists and the mythicists. We may, in passing, point attention to the exposition of the Song of Zacharias, as a fair specimen of the lecturer's power of exegesis and analysis.

Under the heading, 'John, the Exponent of the Old Testament Dispensation,' the Baptist is represented in the three characters of priest, ascetic, and prophet. The treatment of this portion of the subject is peculiarly exhaustive; each of the three departments might in itself occupy a lecture. This third lecture is as noticeable for the abundance of information gathered from the fields of Biblical antiquities, and for Hebraistic learning, as the previous lecture is for critical judgment and skill. Under the subdivisions, 'the Nazarite' and 'the Essene' will be found appropriate and recondite matter, which will be serviceable even to the well-informed theologian. In pp. 184-190 will be found some psychological exposition of the possibility and the nature of the prophetic vocation, which is specially interesting as an attempt to bring the modern philosophy of the mind to bear upon the ancient claims to inspiration and illumination from above. In this section, evidently congenial to the lecturer's sympathies, we recognize, what we have already pointed out, Dr. Reynolds's singular participation in the old spirit and the new alike.

It is not until the fourth lecture that the public ministry of the forerunner is reached. To many readers, the main interest of the work will lie in this and the three following lectures, in which is traced the narrative of John's brief but significant and even eventful public life.

The fifth lecture upon what is infelicitously termed 'The Transitional Work of John,' is entirely occupied with John's baptism, and with the administration of that rite to Jesus Himself. There is here one of the

valuable 'excursus,' already alluded to, upon the several ancient baptisms known to the Jews. Another is upon the connection between John's baptism and the Christian ordinance. One of the most elaborate theological discussions of the volume is that in which it is endeavoured to show, that in an important sense the submission of the Saviour to John's baptism was a virtual confession of sin; not, of course, personal, but vicarious. As might be expected, there is a long argument bearing upon the accompaniments of the baptism of Jesus which, if not satisfactorily clear in its conclusions, is certainly conducted with delicacy, refinement, and careful and patient skill.

Then follows a lecture upon the Baptist's later ministry which might have been entitled 'John's Testimony to Christ.' 'The Son of God,' 'The Lamb of God,' 'The Bridegroom,'—these are the three heads of testimony considered, in each case, with abundant knowledge, and in the last of the three, especially, with decided originality and beauty.

In 'The Ministry of the Prison,' a great difficulty arises—how to explain the inquiry addressed by John through his disciples to Jesus, in consistency with the testimony which the Baptist had already, during his liberty, voluntarily and repeatedly tendered. To grapple with this formidable difficulty, the lecturer puts forth all his power, and (as in a previous attempt to explain the saying, 'I knew Him not') with very considerable effect. The account of the martyrdom at Machærus is the most pictorial passage of the whole work; it is truly dramatic, and evinces the vigour of an active historical imagination.

In the concluding lecture will be found some curious and recondite information concerning the survival of traces of Johannine influences in ecclesiastical history; and some ingenious and timely lessons regarding the perpetual reproduction of Johannine elements of religious life in contrast with those which are distinctively Christian.

The Appendix contains, amongst other matters of interest, a carefully prepared chronological table, embodying the conclusions of several high authorities. This will be of service to the student, by assisting him to grasp the facts of John's ministry in connection with contemporaneous events.

The only blemishes in the execution of the work that we have noticed are an occasional haziness of style, which is especially perceptible when the lecturer's feelings and imagination are excited, and an occasional indefiniteness in the use of terms. But if in a few passages and expressions there is a slight deficiency of directness and clearness, the lectures, as a whole, are written in a style not only interesting but strikingly attractive. They are indicative of unusual industry and unusual insight, and they are pervaded by a spirit of devout and loyal affection towards the True Light, to whom the divinely commissioned forerunner bore effectual witness.

Nature, the Utility of Religion, and Theism. By JOHN STUART MILL. Longmans and Co.

These essays have received from so many hands exposition and criticism, that the former seems now almost unnecessary, while the latter has already become a very complicated task. The comments by distinguished admirers or honourable opponents of Mill's philosophical career already form a body of disquisition far exceeding in bulk the original essays. One of the most noticeable features of the reception they have met with, has been the pious alarm which some religious dis-

believers in the possibility of the existence of the Living God have manifested, at the supposed recreance of the hardy positivist, at the few but perilous concessions which the supernaturalist will discover in these melancholy broodings, at the faint glimmer of hope which hovers like a phosphorescent glow over this posthumous production. They seem to murmur, 'If John Stuart Mill can be quoted as having seen dimly the gateway into the realm of transcendental illusion; if *he* can be appealed to, as having perceived a purpose in the Cosmos, or a ray of kind or gracious intention behind the veil of phenomena; if the phantasm of immortality or of future life appeared to him—though but the shadow of a dream, and the faintest of hopes—to be of any "utility" now in the progressive civilization of man; then the ignorant and prejudiced ranks of Christian believers will make such capital out of it, that the blessed calm of a holy nihilism will be unnecessarily disturbed!' This phantom-ship, with the weird form of that 'Ancient Mariner' upon its quarter-deck, floating in without a breeze from the dark waters of death, and with a story to tell, which the smartest positivist is bound to hear, has made a commotion that will not soon be forgotten. It is not very edifying, however, when the angry believers in the great NOTHING throw stones at that Ancient Mariner.

The first of these essays, which was written between the years 1850-58, is the most startling of the three. It appears to reflect the heartless training to which this remarkable personage was submitted in his youth. There are no signs of the spiritual progress which he describes in his autobiography as the result of his study of Wordsworth's poetry. He certainly never learned to look at Nature with the eyes of Wordsworth; and in this essay he proclaims war to the knife against her. The bare supposition that an ethical standard or a moral order, or a beneficent purpose, or a spirit of justice, could be discovered in her spontaneous operations, almost fills him with indignation. He accuses the sum of things—the ordinary course of Nature apart from human intervention—of every conceivable offence against goodness and equity, and with characteristic audacity exalts the skill and forethought of man above the most favourable interpretation of Providence.

Man's work, according to him, is to thwart, to counteract, to improve upon the proceedings of Nature. The 'following of Nature' is most irrational and immoral, and Mill closed his eyes on the great plan of God manifested in Nature. In each of the essays before us, he returns upon the thesis, that the facts of the universe are incompatible with either the goodness or the omnipotence of the supposed Creator. 'If good He could not be all-powerful.' In passages which must have become familiar to most of our readers by frequent quotation, he tries to show that Nature is ever doing that with human beings which if men were to imitate in their treatment of each other, would be punished with ignominy or death. He would impale the believer on the horns of the dilemma, if Nature *could* not accomplish benevolent or equitable ends on a grand scale without such tremendous sacrifice, she *must* be limited in power.

He frequently speaks of Omnipotence, as though believers in it were bound to show that Omnipotence involved the blending of contradictories and the doing of impossibilities. It is not enough, says Mr. Mill, to maintain a 'thesis, which could only avail to explain and justify the works of limited beings, compelled to labour under conditions independent of their own will, but can have no application to a Creator assumed to be omnipotent, who, if He bends to a supposed necessity

'Himself, makes the necessity He bends to.' But, surely even *Omnipotence* CANNOT determine the existence of two mountains without originating a valley between them. Every property of things, all the modes of force, and all the forms of life, involve millions on millions of incessant consequences, which the Omnipotence that determined their character and quantity *cannot* modify or invert in individual cases without infinite chaos. 'Nature,' or the sum of these properties, forces, forms, and activities, has, apart from any of the spontaneous efforts of man to improve upon her, during numberless ages and æons, been preparing a complicate equilibrium, in which, through the agency of perpetual death and boundless complexity of relationship, a place has been found for One, who, in the course of those few thousand years which are but as the twinkling of an eye, would see through the mystery, and learn to appreciate the order, and commune with the Eternal Source of every change, and use the boundless reserve of force which is never expended—that is, the right hand of God—for His own comfort, progress, and the prolongation of His being. How should the Omnipotent Goodness teach this great Companion of His eternity the nature of the universe, but by letting Him discover all its properties and forces. Mr. Mill might as well take us into a vast manufactory, all dizzy with its revolving machinery, the sole object of the maker and managers of which, moreover, we learn to be the production of some useful article of food or clothing, and which we know to be instinct with boundless benefits to mankind; and then because we see under our very eyes some poor blind child caught by the flying wheels and destroyed, or because we know that some of the workpeople suffer from its atmosphere, he might inform us, to our amazement, that there is neither wisdom nor justice, nor adequate power, nor any goodness, in the heart of the engineer or manager of that machine.

To some extent we agree with the argument. The whole creation groans; and it is because we know that the order and the teachings of Nature are inadequate as a guide to moral life; it is because Nature is too much of a machine, and is not a person, that without more help than itself we cannot learn all the character of its Maker, or feel all the pulsations of the Father's heart. Therefore it is that we look to other and deeper revelations of the Supreme will. Moreover, it is because the Sublime Ideal of humanity presents so many crushing contrasts with our actual life, that we find ourselves burdened by a sense of ruptured relation with God, which it is the aim of revelation to remedy.

Mr. Mill, in his 'Essay on the Utility of Religion,' pursues this theme; but, as it seems to us, without a hint or glimmer of true religious experience. His malignant antagonism to the Author of Nature, which recalls the old Gnostic and Manichæan dualism, prevents his seeing the significance of Christ's teaching about the Author of Nature, and condemns those who accept it, as being either most stupid observers, or most confused or deluded in their moral perceptions. If the ignorance of some spectators of the sacrifice of the blind child were to accuse the benevolent architect or engineer of deliberate murder, and of being utterly destitute of all moral qualities besides, it would be surely time for those who saw the misconception and could correct it, to speak out. We believe that the whole aspect of modern science, which Mr. Mill strangely ignores, contradicts his one-sided estimate, his narrow and bigoted rendering of the meaning of Nature.

He seems, moreover, to magnify the bitterness of death and suffering, and not to have got a ray of light on the significance of *death* either to God or man.

The essay on 'Theism' was produced at a later period in Mr. Mill's career, and it lacks his final revision. It is an ambitious and comprehensive attempt to review the entire field of natural theology and apologetics, and touches many questions, every one of which requires and deserves much more attention than he seems willing to have bestowed upon it. He admits that 'there is nothing to disprove the creation and 'government of nature by a sovereign will,' and then proceeds to criticise, as it seems to us, in the crudest fashion, the evidences for the truth of such an hypothesis. The strongest point against the intelligent character of the 'force' which produced 'mind,' is a reference to the law of the evolution of the higher form of life from the lower. It is remarkable, and to be regretted, that he did not grapple more heartily with that law, and criticise the doctrine of the 'persistence of force' and the 'correlation of the forces,' in which we believe he would have found thereby to his own position. The arguments from 'consent of mankind,' 'consciousness,' 'design,' are hastily touched; the last he admits to possess 'considerable strength.' The repetition of his previously expressed views on 'the attributes' of God makes the same approach to dualism, and to the discovery of the feebleness, fickleness, and blundering of the Almighty.

Then he endeavours oracularly to deny the faintest *evidence* for 'immortality' from natural religion, although admitting that if a man finds 'the hope of future life conducive to satisfaction or usefulness,' it will do him no harm to cherish it. He recapitulates his well-known argument concerning miracles, which appeared in his 'System of Logic,' and then, though showing that the presumptions against miraculous facts are great, he allows, that if the hypothesis of a God be admitted, then one *primâ facie* objection to their occurrence would be removed, and that a philosophical mind, if this, that, and the other evidence be forthcoming, need not be precluded from hoping that the revelation in Christ may be true.

The concluding passages have been so often quoted that we will not repeat them. There is a flash of light over the sad and hopeless meditations. The character of Christ and the morality of Christ are provisionally allowed to be a noble ideal of excellence. No loftier rule of life, or more stimulating imagination, can present itself, even to the mind of Mr. Mill, than that a man should so conduct his life as that Christ would approve it. We put down this volume with intense sorrowfulness, and a passionate and now vain wish, that John Stuart Mill, with his love of man, his candour, nobility of soul, and his desire for truth, had ever come into real contact with Christian ideas. A blind man discoursing of art would have made a better exposition of the mysteries of colour, the charms of beauty and of form, than this great thinker has effected in his estimate of 'the utility of religion,' or the hope of eternal life.

The Theology of the Old Testament. By DR. GUST. FR. OEHLER.
Vol. I. Translated by ELLEN D. SMITH. Edinburgh :
T. & T. Clark.

The history of the volume before us furnishes us with the ground of the thoroughness and completeness of the majority of German works. An author, in the enthusiasm of youth, takes up a subject, and quietly, but diligently, pursues it through his more maturer years, before he allows the full results to see the light. More than thirty years ago it was

confidently expected that Oehler would give to the world an exhaustive treatment of Old Testament theology; and when that confidence grew weaker by the years of delay, all felt certain that he would leave such a work behind him ready for the press; for not only had he distinctly promised such a treatise in his '*Prolegomena zur Theologie des Alten Testaments*, 1845,'—a production which received a great deal of well-merited attention,—but several elaborate and valuable articles upon the same theme in '*Herzog's Real Encyclopædie*' showed that the subject was still before his mind. But all these reasonable conjectures proved to be wrong. His lectures were left anything but ready for the press; so that a formidable task and great responsibility were thrown upon his son, who, by the satisfactory manner in which he has discharged his editorial functions, proved that he had other qualifications for the undertaking, besides filial affection. By aid of the above-mentioned *Prolegomena*, articles, lectures, and old students' note-books, the editor has produced a work, which, as far as editorial arrangement and completeness are concerned, will bear favourable comparison with the best of this kind, *e.g.*, '*Von Cölln's Bibl. Theol.*' and '*Bleek's Introduction.*'

The division and arrangement of materials in the volumes before us do not materially differ from those adopted in the *Prolegomena*. After stating at length, in the introduction, the nature of the subject and the standpoint, the history, and the method of treatment, he enters in the first part upon an exposition of Mosaism. The first section contains an historical survey of revelation from the creation to the settlement in the land of Canaan. The second section develops the doctrines and ordinances of Mosaism. Since the covenant between God and Israel constituted the essence of that revelation, the author first of all expounds the scriptural teaching respecting God, *e.g.*, His nature, name, creation, providence; and respecting man, *e.g.*, his nature, sin, death, &c. After expounding the nature of the covenant, he places before us the idea of the theocracy as exhibited partly in the theocratic organism (*e.g.*, division of the people, theocratic authorities, organization of the family), and partly in the Mosaic cultus. So far the English translation of the work extends. The second part also begins with an historical survey; the development of the theocracy from the death of Joshua to the close of Old Testament revelation, *i.e.*, until Ezra. Here we have a thorough and careful handling of all the topics connected with prophecy. In the third part, Old Testament 'wisdom' (*choema*) is investigated, as set forth in Proverbs, Job, and Ecclesiastes. These last two parts are incomparably the best portion of the work, and cannot easily be surpassed in completeness of detail and carefulness of treatment.

The work exhibits on every page signs of the most conscientious diligence, but this is especially the case in all matters connected with Old Testament exegesis. It is therefore free from the serious blemishes which damage all its predecessors, the valuable work of Schultz not excepted. Oehler was a strong believer in the supernatural, and imbued with the most profound reverence for Old Testament scriptures. With regard to the relation of the Old Testament to the New, he held a middle position between the view of Hengstenberg and the older orthodox party, which did not distinguish between the two, and that of Marcion and Schleiermacher, which entirely cuts loose the Old Testament religion from the New, thereby reducing it to a level with the other pre-Christian religions, and making it of scarcely greater importance for the explanation of the Christian system, than the theology of Homer.

While Oehler has successfully maintained against Hengstenberg that the Old and New Testaments were so distinct that no New Testament idea is fully set forth in the Old, he yet holds that the connection between them is so intimate and essential, that the genesis of all the ideas of New Testament salvation lie in the Old, and that both must stand or fall together. He must not be understood, however, as holding the opinion that the growth of religious ideas was owing to a certain religious sense, which became clearer and fuller with the progress of time, for he repudiates altogether this theory of the Rationalistic schools. While admiring the author's moderation and devotedness, we cannot help thinking that out of this too decided opposition to the above schools, arose two radical defects, which pervade the whole work, viz., a painful and unsuccessful attempt to reconcile all discrepancies between the different religious views and tendencies, *e.g.*, to reduce to complete harmony the thora, prophets, and chozma; and an entire exclusion of all side-lights from non-biblical sources. According to his own principle, God must have gradually, and by means of enlightened leaders, removed His people more and more from heathenism; and a complete history of the process would necessitate a comparison with heathen views. There must have been a period in which the religious views of Judaism and Heathenism were closely allied. And yet we find scarcely an allusion to the latter. The same exclusive tendency caused him, somewhat inconsistently, to limit his investigation to the canonical writings of the Old Testament. This tendency alone would suffice to render this work, though richer in detail, inferior in breadth and comprehensiveness to the valuable volumes of Hermann Schultz, and will cause the readers of Ewald, who lives in a different plane from ordinary men, to feel that they are entering a new world of thought and freedom. While we commend the work before us as containing a valuable exposition of the facts of the subject, carefully classified and arranged, we would remind our readers that it is characterized by fulness of details rather than by comprehensiveness of principles. It is but right, however, to add that it demands, and is worthy of a careful and critical study, and deserves a place in the library of every theological student.

The translation is stiff, but generally accurate. It would have been decidedly better if many of the longer sentences had been reduced into English proportions, and some of the terms had been *translated* and not *anglicized*. German theologians are expecting something better than has hitherto appeared in this important department of Old Testament study, either from Riehm or Diestel, who are known to be occupied with these studies.

The Philosophy of Natural Theology. An Essay, in Confutation of Scepticism of the Present Day, which obtained a Oxford, 1872. By Rev. WILLIAM JACKSON, M.A., Hodder and Stoughton.

has received the imprimatur of learned professors at therefore deserves serious consideration. It is, however, to arrive at a clear idea of its purport or argument. In eminent, it is simply one of the most confused and bewildering ever attempted to understand. It is burdened with notes within notes, and 'additional notes' to each chapter, useless. There are lengthened quotations from hundreds of philosophers, and criticisms on these quotations by other

writers. The pages are garnished with poetical scraps and diffusive illustrations, and 'practical appeals.' The end is like the beginning, and the middle seems nowhere; and pervading the entire discussion, the author is so delightfully complacent and communicative, and seems to be so willing to help the reader to wade through his work, and gives such nice hints as to how the book might be 'got up' by a painstaking student; and then so sincerely assures us at the end that 'every word of it has come from his heart,' that we cannot feel angry with him. We are sorry, however, that such well-meant work on the right side, pervaded by deep, devout feeling, and revealing the signs of omnivorous reading, should be so painfully difficult to apprehend as a whole. The separate notes are very interesting, and there is material enough for a dozen volumes of a similar size. We hope that when the 'Bampton Lecture' is delivered by Mr. Jackson he will leave his common-place book behind him, and give us more of himself. His own ideas are quite as good, and often vastly better than those he quotes so profusely. The first topic treated is the 'consilience of proofs;' a second is, the 'philosophy of design.' Some of the common objections to the 'design-argument' of Paley are met; but the most subtle ones which have been in vogue of late years are passed over in silence. Mr. Jackson then deals with the 'conditions of human knowledge.' His conclusion is that we must accept 'ultimate truths.' He estimates profoundly the position of Berkeley, and criticises the positivism of Mill and Comte, and accepts the positive side of Hamilton's philosophy, and says most admirable things on this head. 'The beliefs of reason' lead him to posit theism as a scientific datum, and as a necessary concomitant of thought and feeling. He labours to show how 'efficient cause,' as seen in 'human production,' is a *will*-posit theism; and, in handling this subject, he seems to make a new discovery, and suggests that the fifth chapter of his work should be substituted for the second. The power of the human will is traced in self-formation, in education of animals, &c., and he presses the analogy to the origination of all things by the Divine will. The chapters on 'Causation' and 'Responsibility' are very brief. Our disappointment with this volume is aggravated by the undoubted power, large resources, and high motive which are revealed throughout.

The Hopes of the Human Race, Here and Hereafter. By FRANCES POWER COBBE. Williams and Norgate.

Miss Cobbe has the pen of a ready writer, and there is in her writings on such subjects as 'The Life after Death' a noble spiritual enthusiasm which stimulates even where it does not instruct. There is much in this little volume which may be accepted with cordial satisfaction in these days of materialism and atheism. The principal essay in the book is 'The Life after Death,' in two parts, reprinted from the *Theological Review*, and with much that excites regret, that one who has gone so far should stop short of the only satisfying portion, there is much which the believer in revelation may welcome. Miss Cobbe's eloquent testimony to the truth that spiritual things can be only spiritually discerned, and her exposition of the moral grounds for the belief in immortality, drawn from the character of God, are impressive and sometimes powerful. Her answers to objectors against Divine beneficence may only, as has been said, be an expansion of the proposition that if creation was of necessity, it must be under conditions; but they have often great practical force. It is to her Preface, however, which has 'special reference to Mr. Mill's

Essay on Religion, that one naturally turns with freshest interest; and if there is nothing in it that is very new there is a good deal that is true. Mr. Mill's sad story, illustrated by the autobiography and the posthumous essays, is only intelligible if we bear in mind the attempted elimination of the religious element from his nature through his early training; and Miss Cobbe's exhibition of the manner in which, nevertheless, the remnants of the religious instinct struggled to attain satisfaction, and the results to which the struggle led, are exceedingly instructive. There is only another point to be noted in the volume, and that is the vista of human progress opened to view as the 'Hereafter' of the race by consideration of 'the evolution of the social sentiment'; though we may equally question the sufficiency of the evidence adduced to prove what the author calls the 'heteropathy' of primeval man, and the power of sympathy, as 'enthusiasm of humanity' or in any other form, to develop the highest powers of the race without an objective basis such as there is no room for on the ordinary theory of evolution.

The Paraclete: An Essay on the Personality and Ministry of the Holy Ghost, with some reference to Current Discussions.
Henry S. King and Co.

This is a work of great power and beauty. Whoever the anonymous author may be, he thinks clearly and strongly, and can express his thoughts with great precision and cogency. He has, moreover, great spiritual discernment. He lays a firm hold of the spirit, with an easy subordination of the letter, and finds the work of the Holy Spirit in ways and processes not always recognized by orthodox theologians. His conception of the inspiration of the Bible and of its most conclusive, if not its only valid proofs, is very masterly. If a single word may stand for the designation of some eloquent pages of diversified characterizations, the proof of the inspiration of the Bible is its life and its life-giving power. Only life can demonstrate life. The writer has no theory of inspiration to propound. He does not attempt to build much upon the two or three passages which formally affirm Scriptural inspiration. He leaves almost untrodden the old evidential paths, and boldly takes his stand upon the transcendent spiritual phenomena of the Scriptural collection. Thus the argument is directly addressed to the moral consciousness of men, and demands consideration from those the farthest removed from all respect for mere literary or historic evidence. In like manner the fourfold biography of Jesus is used in a very powerful way, to establish, in virtue of its sheer intellectual conception, and moral and spiritual characteristics, an argument for its necessary supernaturalism. It challenges philosophy on its own ground, and demands an explanation of phenomena which have taken such mighty hold of all that is best in human thinking, even in men like Mr. John Stuart Mill.

An epilogue deals pungently, although unequally, with anti-supernaturalists, such as Mr. Mill, Prof. Huxley, Dr. Tyndali, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. This, however, is not the strongest ground of the writer. The organic defect of the work is that it is fragmentary. It is not so much a scientific treatise, as it is a series of related homilies and criticisms, none of them fully wrought out to their issue; all, however, strongly, and sometimes cautiously, putting dilemmas, criticisms, and positions that, in our humble judgment, are unanswerable by materialistic philosophy. The thinking, too, is unequal, as is also the style. Sometimes a strong

and original beginning runs down rapidly into common-place, and passages of great beauty and eloquence degenerate into baldness and incongruity; but taking it as a whole, it is a book that ought to tell for a good deal, not only in passing conflicts, but in carrying on theological thought in its continual advance to more spiritual conceptions of God, and redemption, and the religious life of man; and of the Bible as a divinely authoritative revelation of truths concerning them. We heartily thank the writer for his manly, lucid, and powerful book.

The Religion of the Christ; its Historic and Literary Development Considered as an Evidence of its Origin. The Bampton Lecture for 1874. By the Rev. STANLEY LEATHES, M.A. Rivingtons.

In our last number we reviewed Professor Leathes' Hulsean Lecture for 1873 on an analogous theme, which, however, was but a prelude to the ampler treatment of the important volume before us. Both works, however, are a striking evidence of laborious thinking. Assuming that Jesus Christ really lived in Judæa at the beginning of our era, the two questions that, in his Bampton Lecture, Professor Leathes sets himself to answer are first, How did the Christian concept arise; and, next, How can its reception and results in the Apostolic and Patristic age be accounted for? The argument, in answer to the former question, is historical:—the Christ was possible only as the result of the antecedent religious culture and scripture of the Jewish people. The argument, in answer to the latter, is literary and moral:—the Christ could not have produced a following like the apostleship, and a literature like that of the New Testament, unless He had been essentially what Christians believe Him to have been. Professor Leathes assumes, or asserts, no theory about the Christ *à priori*. He simply requires the admission of the indubitable facts of His personal history, and of the existence of the Christian Church, as its result. He deals purely with the actual historic rise of the Christian faith and its literary results, and shows that the conceptions embodied in the New Testament representation of the Christ could not have had their origin in Jesus of Nazareth; and that the beliefs concerning Him of the Apostles and the early church could not have come into existence had He not been substantially what the New Testament affirms Him to have been. Professor Leathes' treatment is a purely scientific treatment of an indubitable historic problem. How came the Christ and the New Testament conception of Him?—a question independent of all theories of Scriptural inspiration and discrepancy, to be argued on the broad basis of indisputable fact. The idea is traced, step by step; first through heathen and Jewish history before the Christ; the argument being that, historically, the Christ was the result and culmination of what had been before Him, and that, historically speaking, He could not have been but for what had preceded Him: light being thus thrown upon the Messianic character and preparation of the Old Testament. The phenomena are unique in the history of the world, and can be accounted for only in one way. Here is a preparation for a person claiming to fulfil all the promise and provision of that preparation, and on the ground of that fulfilment producing a conviction which expressed itself in the beliefs and worship of the early church, such as are described in the New Testament. In a word, Professor Leathes traces 'the historic and literary development of the doctrine and religion of the Christ, first as it grew and gathered

'force before He came; and, secondly, as it was developed in the 'early Christian literature;' and upon this he founds an irrefragable argument, as we think, for the Divine origin of the Christ, as well as for the supernatural character of the Bible. The argument is cautiously and candidly conducted—every step is well considered; nothing is assumed that is beyond the province of the purely historical student. Chapters are given to the anticipation of the Christ in heathen nations, to the Christ of Jewish history, of the Psalms, of Prophecy, of the Gospels, of the Acts, of the Pauline Epistles, and of the other New Testament Scriptures. The whole is urged with much thoughtfulness and power, and with an intimate acquaintance with the modern currents of rationalistic thought. We should like to see any honest attempt on the part of rationalistic infidelity to grapple fairly and fully with this great argument. We ask of it only the thoroughness and the temper that Professor Leathes has here evinced.

The Sacred Anthology : a Book of Ethnical Scriptures. Collected and Edited by MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY. Second Edition. Trübner and Co.

Mr. Conway's book has speedily reached a second edition, at which we are not surprised. It is a book of considerable interest and value to the student of comparative religions; although for reasons, which we stated in our notice of the first edition, it is in our judgment defective, both in method and in critical discrimination. Mr. Conway gives no intimation of there being any change in the second edition; but it has clearly been subjected to revision—especially in the accentuation of the oriental names, and in the chronological notes. A second index of authors is also added, which greatly facilitates reference. Mr. Conway has evidently devoted many years of labour to his work, and if he will take the suggestion of orthodox critics, and subject it to a further severe and more scientific revision, he may leave behind him a permanent and valuable contribution to theological science. But he will not succeed in maintaining the distinction between ethical and religious, philosophical and supernatural elements. The only satisfactory way is to take the ethnical Scriptures of the different religions, and to submit them to a comparison in their entirety. Many of the passages which Mr. Conway has produced appear for the first time in English.

The Higher Life : its Reality, Experience, and Destiny. By JAMES BALDWIN BROWN, B.A. Henry S. King and Co.

In a series of sermons Mr. Brown surveys the course and progress of the Christian or spiritual life in man, commencing with the beginning of man himself, and ending with his final destiny, so far as it is revealed to us. The speciality of the sermons is the intelligent and fearless way in which Mr. Brown looks at scientific progress and speculation, and avows his unfaltering faith in spiritual truth and life and its immovable foundations. Thus, he sees nothing to be startled at in the doctrine of evolution as applied to men if science can demonstrate it, which it has not yet succeeded in doing. It would be only the demonstration of a specific way in which the Creator has worked. The question of the plurality of worlds receives the suggested solution 'Why should we not believe that the creation of 'man was the first step towards the peopling of the universe with 'beings of a lofty spiritual order, and that the working out of the 'higher stages of the Divine plan begins now, and in our world. There

' must be beginning somewhere—why not now and here ? ' Throughout, the book is written in the light of scientific truth and speculation. Its characteristics are spiritual breadth and penetration and force. It is full of suggestiveness and fine feeling, and shrinks from no difficulty, although before many difficulties speculation is necessarily silenced. Thus, Mr. Brown sees no hope in the annihilation of the finally impenitent, either by a punitive stroke of Divine justice, or by an inherent law of self-consumption. Such, he thinks, would be a 'miserable extrication from a tremendous difficulty ;' but surely not more 'miserable' than the difficulty itself. His own hopes tend towards a universal redemption, but he sees no way to formulate a theory of it. He is contented, with most wise men, to bow the head in the presence of Divine holiness and love, and to look with trust at vague gleams of hope, without attempting to 'complete any little theory of the ways of the unsearchable and eternal God.' We earnestly recommend Mr. Brown's eloquent and high-toned book.

Dictionary of Sects, Heresies, Ecclesiastical Parties, and Schools of Religious Thought. Edited by the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A. Rivingtons.

We must congratulate Mr. Blunt on the greatly-improved tone which distinguishes this work from his 'Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology.' It does not, indeed, afford occasion for the outrageous ecclesiastical assumptions which in the latter work merged true scholarship into an unqualified and reckless polemic—illustrations of which we gave in our review of it. Mr. Blunt's contemptuous High Churchmanship is still manifested, but it is chiefly in the use of epithets—not over-violent, but subtly insinuating his condemnation or contempt. These, however, are impartially applied to parties within the Established Church from whom he differs, as well as to Nonconformists, and sometimes very neatly. For example, he defines the negative theology of Broad Churchmen as that 'in which much is doubted and rejected, and very little believed.' He designates Wesley's ordination of American bishops as an assumption of a 'shocking character,' and the ordination of Wesleyan ministers as 'the usurpation of the sacerdotal office.' Epithets of this character are the worst indications of his High Churchism that we have met with in turning over the pages of the volume, and in perusing articles which we specially selected for the sake of testing his fairness and feeling. He does not spare even Anglicans, who, he says, are of the school of Andrewes and Laud, and 'inherit some of that narrowness and want of sympathy ' by which the seventeenth century divines were characterized in their 'dealings with foreign churches, and with dissenters at home.' We are glad to be able to say that the articles generally are written with a large amount of knowledge, patiently derived from the most authoritative sources, and with as much candour and courtesy as can, perhaps, be expected from a man holding such strongly-pronounced antagonistic opinions of his own, which in even the best men seem fatal to dispassionateness and breadth. No indication of the authorship of the articles is given, nor is there any preface to inform us concerning the methods of information adopted. The articles are singularly homogeneous, and probably the greater number of them are from the laborious pen of the indefatigable editor himself. We have been struck with the singular penetration and completeness of some of them—as, for instance, in the articles 'Mysticism' 'Spinoza,' and 'Puritans.' Not only are we informed concerning overt embodiments, but with great acumen and

research these are traced to their roots and early developments. Readers will be amazed at the multitudinous names of utterly obscure sects. It would be a crucial test of the most accomplished ecclesiastical student to question him with this book in hand. Herein however, consists the chief value of such a work : we can find the known anywhere ; a dictionary should inform us concerning the unknown.

Some of the articles are flimsy and splenetic, but with the memory of Mr. Blunt's former work fresh, we are surprised into more lenient judgments than otherwise perhaps we should form.

Evangelical Alliance Conference, 1873. History, Essays, Orations, and other Documents of the Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held in New York, October 2-12, 1873. Edited by the Rev. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., and the Rev. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D. Sampson Low and Co.

The Meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York has an importance far beyond its formal occasion. In America, as in Scotland, there is a religious susceptibility which gives to religious gatherings a prominence and an influence which they never attain in England. Hence the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance were even in New York the great event of the season. They attracted enormous crowds of busy men ; reports of their proceedings filled the journals, not of New York only, but of all parts of the States. The proceedings, in their combination of high intelligence, simple and manly brotherhood, and fervent devotional feeling, far transcended any similar meetings whose records have come before us ; indeed, the simplicity and reality of the men and of their sentiments have scarcely been impugned. In turning over the pages of this fine volume, we are very much struck with the manliness of feeling and appeal which characterizes it. No vestige of priestliness, ecclesiastical or dogmatic assumption, or sectarian intolerance disfigures it. The addresses and debates are those of honest manly men who challenge the verdict of reason and conscience for everything they advance ; who claim as a natural right perfect liberty of opinion ; who recognize as a necessity and a blessing diversity of church form, and even of dogmatic opinion ; but who make their essential unity and brotherhood in the life and faith of Christ unmistakably manifest. The addresses and speeches are of course unequal in intellectual ability ; some of them are expressive simply of the charities of good men ; others—as, for instance, the addresses of Dr. Christlieb, Mr. Ward Beecher, Dr. Cairns, Dr. Porter, Dr. Fisher, and many others—rise to high levels of intellectual thought.

The volume is admirably arranged in sections, and the addresses under each section are given. The ample and comprehensive programme of the proceedings has been nobly carried out, and a mass of information and thought concerning the contemporary condition of Christendom, by persons of the highest authority, is here brought together, which no other single source could supply. The debates could not be given, but all that was really valuable in the conferences is here preserved. It is a volume of which Protestantism may be proud.

Essays on Free Thinking and Plain Speaking. By LESLIE STEPHEN. Longmans, Green and Co.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's very advanced free-thinking sustains the relation to the timid free-thinking of Broad Church theologians, that a Dean is said

to sustain to a Rural Dean: the former is 'Very Reverend' the latter is 'Rather Reverend;' and from his advanced stand-point he takes the latter to task for their hesitating and disingenuous position; they ought, he maintains, either not to have gone so far or to go farther. Undoubtedly he hits them some hard knocks, and demonstrates the untenableness and immoral implications of their misty arguments. Nothing can be more forcible and conclusive than his denunciation of their utter inconsistency in subscribing the theological formulas of the sixteenth century, under the shelter of legal possibility, while they coquet with the scientific rationalism of the nineteenth. He ridicules the position of a man like Mr. Maurice 'a gentleman of great candour and abilities, thoroughly versed in all modern philosophy, who professes to have started from first principles, to have worked out his conclusions without fear or favour; to have followed the united teaching of reason and revelation wherever it led him; and, behold! he discovers that the Thirty-nine Articles exactly express his very deepest convictions in the most unequivocal language,' 'Either there is a coincidence which may almost be called miraculous or . . . the eminent modern thinker, like many other eminent men, has been unconsciously biassed in his reasonings by the desire to reach certain foregone conclusions.' With great force he shows that legal possibility is not the measure of moral obligation, inasmuch as to an ingenuous man it must be intolerably painful to read formulas and Scriptures upon which he personally puts one interpretation, knowing that to ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who hear them, they convey a meaning altogether different. To us this has always been an inexplicable difficulty. Equally trenchant is his dealing with the position that 'the tests were originally so lax, and they have since been so much strained and loosened, that the Articles and other formularies of the Church of England are compatible with the wildest divergence of sentiment.' If a man believes that some of the things that he reads as the Word of God are 'fables and demoralizing stories, read with a solemnity calculated to impress their sacred character upon the minds of his congregation,' what must be the moral effect upon a congregation of such an explanation from the pulpit?

To us Nonconformists who have many of us become such because we could not so deal with definite formularies, it has always seemed that whatever may be the advantages of a National Church Establishment, better a hundred such establishments should perish than practical moral sincerity be thus compromised. Mr. Leslie Stephen very properly insists that there should be plain speaking about his real beliefs, on the part of the religious teacher, and that he should relinquish every position incompatible with it.

In another essay he deals with delicious keenness and ruthlessness with the coarse brutalities and untenable paradoxes of Warburton. It does not, however, seem to have occurred to him that the fundamental assumption of the 'Divine Legation,' that there is no revelation of a future state in the Mosaic economy, may be a paradox as gratuitous as the rest. Mr. Stephen's purely destructive positions are far removed from ours; but he is a 'fighter in the daylight,' and is honest, fearless, and brilliant.

Aids to the Study of German Theology. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

This little volume is a valuable and instructive introduction to a department of theological literature that every student is now compelled to examine. The peculiarities of the treatment which German theology

receives in this volume are: first, that the author confines himself to theology in its philosophical rather than in its Biblical aspects; and, secondly, that he eschews all the technicalities and formulæ of our Teutonic neighbours, translating thought and expression into English equivalents. He even essays to give an idea of the main theological positions of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Schleiermacher, and Hegel, without any of the special and often uncouth phraseology which their interpreters have frequently transferred bodily into the English tongue. His 'remarks' on Kant, Schleiermacher, Hegel, and Strauss, are worthy of deep attention, and the filiation of the thought and method of Hegel, as well as the presentation and preservation of these in the antagonistic schools of the 'Right' and the 'Left' wing of Hegel's followers, are admirably effected. Conspicuous candour, charity, and even sympathy characterize the exposition of views from which the writer dissents most emphatically.

The Utrecht Psalter. Reports Addressed to the Trustees of the British Museum on the Age of the Manuscript. By E. A. BOND, E. M. THOMPSON, Rev. H. O. COX, Rev. S. S. LEWIS, Sir M. DIGBY WYATT, Professor WESTWOOD, F. H. DICKINSON, and Professor SWAINSON. With a Preface by A. PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster. With three Facsimiles. Williams and Norgate.

The age of the Utrecht Psalter is important in determining the date of the Athanasian Creed, inasmuch as it contains the earliest known copy of the Creed. The Utrecht Psalter formerly belonged to the collection of Sir Robert Cotton, prior to which nothing is known of its history. It appears to have been lent to the Earl of Arundel between the years 1625 and 1631, and had not been returned to him at the latter date. Nothing is known of it subsequently, until 1718, when, as recorded in a memorandum on the fly-leaf of the MS., it was presented to the library of the University of Utrecht by a D. de Ridder; how he came to possess it does not appear. In the proposed disuse of the Athanasian Creed in the English Church, Dean Stanley and his friends have energetically prosecuted every line of argument that could discredit this most metaphysical and denunciatory of Creeds. They succeeded in obtaining from the authorities at Utrecht first photographs of several portions of the MS., and ultimately, through the trustees of the British Museum, the loan of the original Psalter itself. It has been submitted to the experts whose names are given above. This volume consists simply of their reports. They all assign it to the eighth or ninth century, while Sir T. D. Hardy places it at the close of the sixth. Mr. Lumby, in his careful history of the Creeds just published, agrees with the majority of these experts. He contends, also, that the contents of the Utrecht volume are of very different dates. Historical arguments for the genuineness of this Creed there are none. Its earliest appearance as a whole in its present form is in the prayer book of Charles the Bald, in 870; the different portions of the Creed were combined into a whole between 800 and 825: while its metaphysical absurdities and damnatory intolerance disqualify it for any Christian service. In the interests of religion we trust it will soon be relegated to the class of ecclesiastical forgeries, of which the list is so portentous. The controversy, however, is not yet finished, as Sir T. D. Hardy has just published a rejoinder to the above report.

Man and Beast, Here and Hereafter, with Illustrative Anecdotes.

By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., Author of 'Homes without Hands,' &c. Two Vols. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Mr. Wood has unfortunately weighted a very attractive book with an inadequate theological argument, in which he does not seem to be a proficient. The mystery of the life of the lower creatures, and the possibility of a future for them, are no new subjects of speculation; but arguments and illustrations in that direction are so easily pushed to the border of grotesquerie that wiser and more reverent minds have usually been inclined to leave the matter at most with a kindly hope. Holy Scripture on the point is not definite. Dr. Newman touched it in one of his memorable sermons with the delicacy and the pathetic reticence which were so remarkable in him, as well as the subtle logic and casuistical keenness; and we turn back to that sermon often with an odd feeling compounded of lively pleasure and desire for a clearer deliverance. Mr. Wood is not so wise: he dogmatizes, and would compel us to his side. But, truth to say, his instances do far more than his arguments. They are very remarkable, many of them exhibiting certainly something approaching close to human reason; and what is more noticeable is that the most striking instances were those where reason moved at the bidding of affection. There are odd and humorous anecdotes, too, over which one laughs and then sighs, and falls to reading again with renewed zest. We fancy a much better arrangement altogether might have been adopted. But the book, as it is, is delightful. Anecdotes of all kinds are brought from far and near, and faithfully set down; and whatever may be said of Mr. Wood's logic, no one can doubt his desire to awaken and sustain that love for the lower creatures which, in a practical point of view, is perhaps more valuable at the present time than any intellectual conviction as to their future.

Christian Ethics. By H. MARTENSEN, D.D., Bishop of Zealand.

Translated from the Danish with sanction of the Author, by C. SPENCE. T. and T. Clark.

This volume is too profound and comprehensive to lend itself to exposition in a brief notice. After a careful discrimination of Christian ethics from dogmatics, and a discussion of the main differences between the Catholic and the Protestant versions of Christian morality, the author assumes certain grand postulates—(1) the ethical concept of God as the only good; (2) the position that man is created in the image of God with the philosophy of the soul, its relation to the body, the nature of sin, and the doctrine of the will; then (3) the moral system of the world and the providence and redemption of mankind; and (4) the ultimate completion of the Divine kingdom.

The fundamental concepts of ethics are treated under the three grand divisions of the Highest Good, Virtue, The Law. The second of these, which is an elaborate exposition of the 'Example of Christ,' presents a noble exhibition of the imitable elements of His sublime personality; and the third discussion deals in a masterly way with the deep and difficult question of the significance of the law to the regenerate, and the seat and occasion of sin in the regenerate man. The author comes firmly to the conclusion, also expressed in his work on 'Dogmatics,' that, 'in order that holiness may be perfect, it is requisite that the will should receive a new organism, the transition to which is through death—a

'transition only perfected by the resurrection of the body.' There is much in this treatise strongly opposed to all those Antinomian views on the nature of sanctification which are threatening to invade our theology.

Biblical Exposition; or, Brief Essays on Obscure or Misread Scriptures. By the Rev. SAMUEL COX. Hodder and Stoughton.

The Pilgrim Psalms: an Exposition of the Songs of Degrees. By the Rev. SAMUEL COX. Dalby, Isbister, and Co.

The first of these volumes is virtually a second volume of the 'Expositor's Note Book.' It is, as the author explains, not so much a book of 'notes,' as of 'elaborate studies of difficult or misread Scriptures.' It contains twenty-eight such studies, some of them of passages neither obscure nor misread—they are simply thoughtful sermons on obvious texts; others are characteristically ingenious and patient in rectifying wrong conceptions and establishing right ones.

The title of the second of the volumes sufficiently indicates its character. It is an endeavour to set 'The Songs of Degrees' in their historical framework, and to expound them in the light of their circumstances. It is enough to say concerning both volumes that they are worthy of their predecessors. Mr. Cox is rapidly establishing his claim to be considered as one of the most patient, scholarly, and ingenious of purely exegetical teachers. He shows us how much of light and freshness fidelity to the circumstance and exact meaning of Scripture may give to preaching. The book is sufficient in its fulness.

The Epistle of the Apostle Paul to Romans. A New Translation, with Notes, by JOHN H. GODWIN, Hon. Prof., New Coll., London. Hodder and Stoughton.

We have been favoured with translations of two of the Gospels and the Apocalypse, from the pen of Professor Godwin. They have all been characterized by the same manly determination to exhibit in ordinary, modern, unconventional English, the thoughts of the Apostles. They have not been overloaded with notes, nor with any *précis* of the interpretations which the author rejects. He has accustomed us to expect from him a straightforward representation of his own views in the fewest possible words, an honest utterance of his own theological position, whether it harmonized or clashed with current ideas. He has followed the same course in the present volume, and as he here deals with the great doctrinal epistle of Paul, the extent of his divergence from what are called evangelical views is more apparent than before. His phraseology is peculiar, and somewhat disturbing to old associations; but it is adopted intentionally, so that a person only acquainted with modern English might be able to receive readily the Apostle's thought. There is the same general doctrine of faith taught in this commentary as was so ably expounded by Professor Godwin in his lectures on 'Faith,' and the key to the whole book is clearly stated by himself in these words:—'The Gospel of Christ is commended as of inestimable value, because it is the Divinely appointed means for producing and perfecting this faith (trust in God). They who have faith in God and in Christ at once become right. They are judged to be right in character and position, being approved as upright, and declared to be in the right way for all good.'

‘As by faith they are set right, really and judicially, so being by the same faith united to Christ, they are renewed by the Divine Spirit, released from the dominion of sin, and raised through the discipline of service and suffering to the everlasting blessedness of the children of God.’ We think if this view could be established as the doctrine of the Apostle Paul, some difficulties would be removed, but the perplexities accompanying the relation of faith to justification, seem to us rather cut than solved by the hypothesis, and to come far short of the ideas of Paul. Mr. Godwin says: ‘He who is justified is not always judged to have been right, or to have done right, but to *be* right.’ Faith is the conduct which is right, and is the *ground* of Divine forgiveness, acceptance, and approval. This ‘rightness’ is secured not by faith in Christ as its object, so much as by observing and imitating the example of Christ’s own personal faith; and we have the following translation of the celebrated passage in chapter iii. 23 ff.:—‘All sinned and are in want of the glory of God; being judged to be right gratuitously, by His favour, through the redemption that is by Christ Jesus. And God set Him forth a mercy offering through faith with His blood; for an exhibition of the rightness which is from Him, on account of the passing over the sins of former times by the forbearance of God; for the exhibition of the rightness which is from Him that He should be righteous and judge to be right him who is of the faith of Jesus.’ In a note:—‘The sacrifice of Christ was offered *unto* God, and was acceptable to Him, not for the suffering that was there, but for the goodness that was there. It was offered *for* men, on behalf of men, and is effective in them for the same reason because it is the highest manifestation of the strongest faith in God and the greatest love to men.’ Christ’s *faith* produces faith in men, this faith is right conduct, and justification is the true estimate of the facts of the case. We have not space here to discuss with Mr. Godwin his translation or his conclusions, but another sentence in which he rejects the idea of any substitution for sinners in the righteousness of Christ, must be quoted:—‘It is not said that the *justice* of God is shown in the punishment of sin, but that God may be shown to be righteous in what he has done, that men become righteous. That righteousness is chiefly shown in punishment, which must fall on the sinner or his substitute, is not taught in the Bible.’ Again, on chap. iv. 25, he says: ‘Christ died that our wrong deeds may be put away by us and by God; in our repentance and in His forgiveness.’ It would be impossible in this place to follow Mr. Godwin through the epistle. There is much acute suggestion, and a whole theological system involved in the volume. It is open to much criticism, and deserves serious attention. As we are able to understand it, the entire efficacy of the thing done, the sacrifice offered by Christ, the blood shed by Him is measured by its moral power and effects upon mankind. Our author sees in the death of Christ a wondrous love-begetting power, a system of influences likely to produce faith, disarm enmity, effect reconciliation, and originate those states of mind which being right are judged to be so. We do not dispute this as far as it goes, but if it is intended that this is the whole of the Pauline doctrine of reconciliation and redemption, we greatly and gravely differ from Professor Godwin. The various points are too numerous to be treated here; we have simply indicated one of the positions of our author. We thank him for the candour with which he has exhibited his views, and admire the ingenuity with which he has expounded them. The work reveals the result of prolonged meditation, and eschews every conventionalism of thought or expression.

Introduction to the Pauline Epistles. By PATON J. GLOAG, D.D. T. and T. Clark.

This volume is an admirable companion to the author's 'Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles.' It reveals on every page the same industrious and judicious treatment. The author is familiar with the latest speculations, and does not show the slightest disposition to shirk difficulties. His sympathies are heartily conservative, but he gives due weight to the perverse ingenuities of Baur, and the brilliant distortions of Rénan. In the first chapter, he discusses the character, the education, and the style of the apostle Paul, and does not hesitate to conclude that several of Paul's epistles have been lost to the Church; he gives also a just estimate of the argument of Paley's 'Horse Paulinæ.' Special introductions to each of the Pauline epistles follow in succession, and though it does not come within the author's aim to interpret the *loci classici*, yet each epistle furnishes him with a theme for special dissertation. Thus, a very interesting discussion of Paul's views concerning the Second Coming of our Lord, is appended to the Introduction to the first epistle to the Thessalonians. A masterly treatment of 'The Man of Sin' follows the Introduction to the second epistle to the Thessalonians. In like manner, after reviewing the customary evidence for the authenticity of the epistle to the Galatians, describing Galatia, and Paul's visits there, the contents, date, and peculiarities of the epistle, the author introduces an extended dissertation on Paul's relation to Judaism. We are not aware that readers familiar with Meyer, Lange, Lightfoot, and Davidson would find here original speculation, or fresh solution of difficulty; but we may say without hesitation that it would be difficult to point to a volume where the balance is held more judicially, and where the labours of competent scholars are represented more adequately. Considerable facility is shown in bringing important controversies into reasonable relative limits. Two noble dissertations accompany the Introduction to the first epistle to the Corinthians; the one on the Factions in the Corinthian Church, the other on the Agapæ and the Lord's Supper. The Bodily Infirmities of the great apostle are discussed in connection with the second epistle to the Corinthians; the Dogmatic Vocabulary of the apostle, in dealing with the epistle to the Romans. The Authenticity of the pastoral epistles is well defended against Baur and De Wette. The date of the pastoral epistles introduces the vexed question of the Second Imprisonment of Paul, which Mr. Gloag decides in the affirmative. The Ecclesiastical Polity of the pastoral epistles is the theme of a prolonged dissertation, the final conclusion being that episcopacy has no foundation either in the New Testament or in the apostolic age, although there does not appear to be anything contrary to it in Holy Scripture. The author has made extensive use of the works of Jacob and Lightfoot.

The authorship of the epistle to the Hebrews is considered to be still an unsolved problem. It would be impossible to speak too highly of the spirit, energy, and accuracy with which Dr. Gloag has completed his task.

Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, based on the Doctrine of Evolution; with Criticisms on the Positive Philosophy. By JOHN FISKE, M.A., LL.B., Harvard. Two Vols. Macmillan and Co.

It is not to be wondered at that some of Mr. Herbert Spencer's

disciples should begin to treat his colossal work in the spirit of expositors and historians, that painstaking effort should be made to present in manageable compass an outline of the philosophy which professes to include in its encyclopædic range all objects of all thought, to unriddle the universe, and to reduce all phenomena and all states of consciousness, and relations of organisms and tendencies of society to their place in one huge generalization. Mr. Fiske is an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Spencer's method; and for the most part accepts his 'deductions' and his expositions of principles with more than the deference often paid by believers in a Divine revelation to their own sacred books. The spirit of these bulky and powerfully written volumes is 'there is one 'really great man, one safe teacher, one fountain of all truth, one mind 'that has embraced the totality of things and forces, more massive than 'Aristotle's, more original than Berkeley's, more Titanic in its inductive 'sweep than Newton's, more comprehensive than Comte's, more creative 'and consistent than Mill's—the real mental father of the great modern 'doctrine of evolution, and that tremendous personage and power is 'called Herbert Spencer, and John Fiske is his prophet.' It seems to us, moreover, that if the teaching of the volumes be an approximation to the truth, the principle of the Caliph Omar would be a sound one, 'burn all 'other books besides the works of Mr. Spencer. Those which impugn 'his principles are false, and those which are in partial harmony with 'them are unnecessary.'

The volumes before us, barring their almost childlike submission to Mr. Spencer's dicta, and the extraordinary confidence which they evince in the philosophy of the distinguished evolutionist, are interesting and valuable. They are written in a flowing, easy, lucid style, with very few ebullitions of bombast. They exhibit great mastery of the subject, and here and there—notably in the use of a few epithets, such as the term '*Cosmic*'—some independence of even Mr. Spencer's judgment and approval. The whole matter is arranged with care, and the exposition becomes an argument. The ratiocination is continuous from beginning to end, and the effect of the whole resembles that produced by a clever advocate, who in stating a case has not thought fit to imply that any other view of the universe will prove ultimately to be thinkable.

It would be impossible to give in a brief notice even the barest outline of the vast theme. The '*Prolegomena*' cover an immense range of meditation. The atheistic, pantheistic, and theistic hypotheses for the origin of the universe are shown to be equally helpless; and since the idea of a 'First Cause' must couple with it that of the Absolute and Infinite, in order to be of the slightest service, the mind is involved in a 'network of contradictions;' and refusing to attempt their solution, rests in the principle of the 'relativity of knowledge.' The author boldly declares that 'knowledge' must mean cognition of either *likeness*, *difference*, or *relation*, and since the Absolute possesses none of these elements, therefore knowledge of the Absolute is impossible. Knowledge, science, and philosophy are compared with each other; 'common knowledge' is such as can be expressed respecting a particular group of phenomena. 'Science' is the generalization of entire orders of phenomena, while 'Philosophy,' no longer to be confounded with ontology, is the expression in a single formula of universal truths respecting the whole world of phenomena. 'The test of truth' is 'conceivability.' This our author defends against the strictures of Mill and others; and by it he means 'inexpugnable persistence in consciousness.' The chapter on 'Phenomenon and Noumenon,' introduces a powerful argument to

show that 'absolute existence' has this inexpugnable position—that the relativity of knowledge itself rests on the tacit postulate of 'the unknown something beyond consciousness.' Here Spencer joins issue with the positivists and idealists, and though strenuous in denying that we can know the 'Something,' is as eager in maintaining that we cannot think at all without positing its existence. This something is neither 'matter' nor 'mind,' but that of which both matter and mind are manifestations. The author repudiates Comte's philosophical nihilism and the synthetic subjective process by which Comte gravely endeavoured to reconstruct his philosophy. We think he does not sufficiently take account of the new conception of *subject*, and the new seat of knowledge which Comte professed to place, not in individual thinkers, but in the activities and pulsations of the *Grand-Etre*. However, we cordially agree with Mr. Fiske in his criticism of Comte's method and classification of the sciences, and may take credit for having in this journal, nearly twenty years ago, submitted portions of the Comtean classification to an analogous handling.

There is a great flourish of trumpets over both Hamilton and Mill's demolition of the 'volition theory' of causation, which seems to us hasty; and we believe that a great deal more may be said as to the bearing of our consciousness of volition on the idea of Cause, an analogy which is persistent in spite of argument to the contrary.

But the great aim of our writer is to 'deanthropomorphize' our conception of the unknown Absolute Something, to substitute 'Cosmism' for 'Positivism,' or 'Cosmic theism' for 'Anthropomorphic theism.' He endeavours to show that it is possible to reach formulæ which generalize all the facts of the universe. It is perfectly impossible for us to review the synthetical process by which the author, following everywhere the lead of his great teacher, labours to arrive at the great generalizations from which it is possible to infer and deduce the universe. Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the persistence of force, which we have discussed in these pages, is here elaborated with great energy and eloquence, and every fact in physical science is made to be a corollary of this 'inexpugnable datum of consciousness.' We must leave Mr. Moulton and Mr. F. Stephen to fight out this battle with our author. But when he proceeds in later chapters to describe the processes of such persistence, the law of differentiation of the homogeneous, the integration of the heterogeneous, and all the rest of it, we are more than ever convinced that he has not 'explained' the mystery of this persistence by giving *names* to, or by describing the complication of the result. When he portrays with great ability what actually takes place, what changes of form and increase of function develop from the primordial cell of a vertebrate mammal, and gives to these successive mysterious changes names which are generalizations; when he endeavours to convey a statement of what happens *in terms of force*, he has, as it seems to us, opened a door, nay, a thousand doors, through which the old theological conceptions may freely pass. When he passes on to sketch the great doctrine of evolution in the solar system, and in the stellar heavens, and the probable consummation of the awful rhythm of integrating and dissolving masses, and the ultimate extinction of that entire system of which human life, and passion, and hope, and speculation—the cosmic philosophy included—are but an infinitesimal vibration, we feel that the natural result, the necessary inference of the whole dream is madness and suicide, unless by an 'inexpugnable persistence of consciousness' the thinker could not, and did not fall into

the arms of the LIVING, LOVING GOD. Mr. Spencer, by clinging to the 'Unknowable,'—of which after all he appears to know so much, and also to credit with everything that is or can be—will not allow us to think that he does not, in the depths of his own consciousness, see One whom he loves, and trusts, and adores. Indeed, Mr. Fiske winds up his long and elaborate argument by the statement—"Nearer, my God, 'to Thee,' is the prayer dictated by the religious faith of past ages, to which the deepest scientific analysis of the future may add new meanings, but of which it can never impair the primary significance.' 'We still regard Christianity as in the deepest sense our own religion a faith which precisely in the act of realizing more and more fully its own ideal, becomes more and more fully identified with the faith which we are conscious of cherishing.'

We have not space to state or discuss the 'corollaries' which are drawn from the whole argument, but we have perhaps said enough to show that the book is an important contribution to the history of philosophy, that it takes the widest range, and presents in comparatively small compass, yet with sufficient exposition, the outline and consequences of the whole doctrine of evolution.

Introductory Hebrew Grammar. By A. B. DAVIDSON, M.A., LL.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Gesenius' Hebrew Grammar. By Dr. ROEDIGER. Translated by Dr. DAVIES. Second Edition. Asher and Co.

A Treatise on the use of the Tenses in Hebrew. By S. R. DRIVER, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press Series.

The first of these works is a simple introductory grammar, and follows in the main the principles of Ewald. The design of it is two-fold; first to present in a short compass the leading principles of Hebrew grammar; and second, to accompany the principles with progressive exercises for the practice of the learner. In its present form it is an expansion of notes given in class during a number of years. The author correctly regards Ewald as *facile princeps* of Hebrew grammarians, but notwithstanding, he was never destined by nature to write a grammar for beginners. Those Germans who have preferred his grammar to that of Gesenius, have always felt it necessary to accompany it with more simple introductory works to illustrate his principles. Dr. Davidson's grammar will be found to render similar service to the English student. The essentials of a good Hebrew grammar are, in our opinion, a clear apprehension and systematic unfolding of theoretical principles which underlie the various phenomena of the language, accompanied with fulness and accuracy of details. These requirements are fairly met in the work before us. In the introduction the author calls particular attention to the classification of nouns adopted in this work, and thinks it will prove a valuable help to the student. We feel compelled to differ from him on this point, and to regard all such classifications as a real hindrance to the learner. Gesenius divides nouns into nine declensions; Leathes and Kalisch into eight; Nordheimer into four; Ewald and Davidson into three. From such a diversity of results one is fully justified in concluding that the essential ground of such a division, if there be any, has not yet been discovered. We believe with Professor Green, that 'the whole mystery might be solved by attention to a few general rules respecting the vowel-changes which occur in different kinds of syllables.' The only thing needful is a thorough acquaintance with the nature of Hebrew

syllables and the laws of vowel-changes. We commend this grammar as being simple and elementary in form, while it is thoroughly scientific in principle. It is the production of a clear thinker and a sound scholar.

The second work needs no recommendation. What recommendation can be so strong and effective as the fact that this is a translation from the 22nd edition of the original, and a 2nd edition of the English translation, issued by Messrs. Asher and Co. A new edition of the original might be predicted with almost the same certainty as the return of the swallow. Although the previous edition was published in 1873, yet Rödiger has been busy at work in making additions and corrections for the present edition. By these repeated alterations and improvements the work may be so 'covered with patches of various hue and 'manufacture, that the original texture scarcely anywhere appears;' still, they serve to keep it fully abreast with the progress of Hebrew studies, and to secure for it the position of favourite text-book in all our schools and colleges. It fully deserves its unparalleled popularity. The students of the sacred tongue are under a decided obligation to Messrs Asher and Co. for an English edition so complete in form and so moderate in price.

The third work we regard as a very successful attempt to grapple with one of the main difficulties of Old Testament diction, viz., the Hebrew tenses, and as a clear and complete exposition of what is uncomfortably obscure to even advanced Hebraists. Mr. Driver correctly observes that the main strength of an ancient language lies in its verb, and at this very point, strange to say, all Hebrew grammars are palpably defective in their treatment, though, as every careful student of Hebrew knows, the force and beauty of the language, its pointed and real expressiveness, and the subtle meaning of many a passage is entirely lost without a vivid conception of the difference between the perfect and imperfect in Hebrew. 'Like the trained hand of a painter, which by a touch can turn a tear into a smile, the verb in all these languages is a flexible and elastic instrument, which, by the smallest movement, effects a total change in the scene it is employed to describe; alter but a single letter, for קָם read $\text{קָמַ$, for ἀγόρευεν ἀγόρευε , and the picture is suddenly transformed, becoming 'instinct with animation and life.' This cannot be easily apprehended by an English student because it constitutes one of the special differences between the Hebrew and his own tongue: for as Mr. Driver aptly remarks, the profound distinction between *being* and *becoming*, εἶμι and γίγνεσθαι , between the forms which describe and embody results, and those which characterize the processes by which they are attained, has never been naturalized in English. Another cause of great perplexity to the student of Hebrew is the fact that that ancient language has but two tenses, with which it has to cover the ground occupied in an Aryan language by half a dozen or more distinct formations, each representing a different relation of tense or mood. The author argues that this fact, instead of being the cause of insuperable ambiguities and confusion, becomes, owing to the skill with which it is handled, one of the most telling and expressive features of the language.

This flexibility of tenses he regards as the source of the unique clearness and expressiveness of the sacred tongue. We are sorry we cannot concur in this sentiment, and our hesitancy is confirmed by the endless diversity of renderings of these tenses by the most eminent Hebrew scholars. This poverty of tense-forms is on a par with its defectiveness in prepositions, where also a very limited number have to cover a similar extent and

diversity in meaning. It seems to us it would be an incomparable advantage in point of clearness to have a distinct tense-form for every distinct tense-meaning. The author acknowledges, in eulogistic terms, his indebtedness to Ewald, who was the founder of a new era in the study of Hebrew grammar, and rightly designates the *Lehrbuch* as the opening up of a new world to the student. But the difficulty of style and arrangement, and the sparing explanation which characterizes all Ewald's grammatical works, have given rise on the Continent to a number of exercise books, which embody these principles in a simpler form, and with more ample illustration. We are thankful to say that Mr. Driver, while borrowing so much from Ewald, has shown great judgment and independency of thought in re-casting materials and expounding principles, and has thus produced a work which is at once clear, sensible, and as intelligible as the nature of the case would admit. Next to the works of Ewald, he has found help in the grammatical writings of Böttcher and Dietrich, and in the commentaries of Delitzsch and Hitzig, Hupfeld and Dillmann. But to English books (except Kalisch's Hebrew Grammar and Professor Wright's Arabic Grammar) he expresses himself under no obligation. We need not mention the reason why.

Among the most original and valuable portions of the works is his treatment of the passive and cohortative moods, Chapters VIII. and X., and Appendices I. and II. Appendix III. is no less valuable to a tyro in the study of the Semitic language, where he will find stated with great clearness and brevity some of the advantages to be derived from acquaintance with Arabic philology, and for the explanation of Hebrew. An excellent index adds immensely to the value of this little volume—a very important feature in works of this class, and one which is never wanting in German works, and is gradually becoming more fashionable in English. Though intended mainly for beginners, and skilfully adapted to their wants, it will amply repay a careful perusal by the advanced scholar, and it is by such, if we mistake not, that the value of the work will be most heartily acknowledged.

Mr. Driver, in the course of his investigation, especially of the force and meaning of the *vau* conversive, comes into collision with some sweeping assertions on the subject in the 'Speaker's Commentary;' the result, we fear, will not be to increase our faith in the accuracy of the scholarship of the authors; see pages 249, 250, &c., where sound reasons are advanced for the severity of the criticism. This little work deserves the attention of all students of Hebrew, whose number, we are thankful to say, is rapidly increasing in this country.

A Grammar of the Latin Language, from Plautus to Suetonius.

By H. J. ROBY, M.A., Part II.; containing Syntax; also Prepositions. Macmillan and Co.

It would be impossible within the limits at our disposal to give anything like an adequate idea of the various excellencies of the present instalment of this work. Mr. Roby possesses in an eminent degree the power of unravelling difficulties and of seizing the true principle which underlies and is presupposed by isolated facts. He applies a fresh and unconventional mode of treatment to subjects which in ordinary hands are trite and stale. He is painstaking and thorough in his investigations, and fruitful and suggestive in his conceptions. The vast and varied materials gathered together are not dry bones, but in Mr. Roby's hands they all become parts of a living system; they are no longer *disjecta mem-*

bra, 'as in the Public Schools Latin Grammar.' The student, who has hitherto been confined within the narrow limits of ordinary grammars, will be here introduced into a new world. The Fourth Book, of which this volume consists, is wholly devoted to Syntax, to which is added a supplement on prepositions and quasi-prepositions. The very nature of the subject, and the somewhat novel classification and subtle distinctions, make the present much more difficult reading than the first portion of the work. The student, however, will always be aided by plenty of excellent illustrative examples. The excellencies of the work are so many and important, that it is by no means easy to select the most distinctive. We think, however, that the greatest skill, originality, and thoroughness are exhibited in the treatment of the dative case, to which Mr. Roby has devoted some twenty pages. Next to this in importance we regard his division and arrangement of the meanings and usages of the subjunctive mood into eight main classes, which are classified two and two, in four different categories. To these we can only refer our readers. While many will be ready to find fault with the ambiguity and obscurity of the terms employed and the distinctions made, all will be compelled to acknowledge that the subject is handled with a philosophical method and profound mastery, which we may look for elsewhere in vain. It is needless to add that the author has availed himself of the best productions of his Continental predecessors, which are exceedingly numerous and exhaustive; but they have been his servants and not his masters. The work, as a whole, reflects the highest credit on English scholarship, and, if we mistake not, its merits will be recognized by the German grammarians. It contains more of the real philosophy of language, combined with copious illustrative details, than any one work within our knowledge. On every topic it is worthy of a careful perusal by the advanced student.

Joshua and His Successors: an Introduction to the Books of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, and 1 Samuel. With Notes, Critical and Illustrative. By WILLIAM H. GROSER, B.Sc. Part I. (Sunday School Union.) Sunday-school teachers will find in this little volume real help in the elucidation of a difficult portion of Scripture history. Mr. Groser has consulted the latest and best authorities, especially the discoveries of the Palestine Exploration Society. His method is to tell the story, and to append to each chapter such critical and illustrative notes as the Scripture text may demand. His treatment of the tenth of Joshua may be instanced as an illustration of the wise and conservative way in which the freest criticism is applied. Mr. Groser maintains that daylight was miraculously protracted in answer to Joshua's prayer, but that it is described in poetical language, as when 'the stars in their courses fought against 'Sisera,' and in a quotation from a Hebrew ode—that is, the miracle did not necessitate or imply an arrest or dislocation of the solar system.—*The Interpreter; or, Scripture for Family Worship.* Being Selected Passages of the Word of God for every Morning and Evening throughout the Year, accompanied by a Running Comment and suitable Hymns. Arranged and Annotated by C. H. SPURGEON. (Passmore and Alabaster.) This is a new candidate for use at family worship. Parallel sections of Scripture are brought together—e.g., the first five verses of Genesis and the first fourteen verses of John; the 6-13 verses of Genesis and the 22-36 verses of Proverbs viii. Mr. Spurgeon, after his manner, interpolates the Scripture text with short comments of his own, which are terse, racy, and spiritual, although we must confess a preference for the simple unadulterated lesson of the Bible even at the risk of an occasional obscure allusion being not understood. We can hardly improve upon

either its simplicity or impressiveness. Mr. Spurgeon's comments, however, are not obtrusive, and are often very happy; a hymn is added; the prayer is left for the patriarch of the family to offer extemporaneously. The chief merit of the work is the selection and arrangement of the Scriptures, which, with morning and evening worship, are gone through in the course of the year.—*Parables and Meditations for Sundays and Holy Days*. Translated from the German by A. GURNEY. (James Parker and Co.) Those who are familiar with Tauler's 'Sermons' and Tholuck's 'Hours of Devotion' will be pleased to find so many admirably-chosen passages, rich in the philosophy of love, sacrifice, and suffering, and pulsating with a deep and holy enthusiasm for the Lord Jesus Christ. Miss Gurney has also chosen, for a similar purpose, meditations of Arndt, Scriver, Tersteegen, and others, which are adapted by her to the fasts and festivals of the Christian year. She has abridged some passages, as well as translated them, but has done this with tact and judgment. The volume will not only grant a glimpse into the religious thought and life of Germany, but prove a valuable manual of devotion.—*Christus Redemptor*. Being the Life, Character, and Teachings of our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Illustrated in many passages from the Writings of Ancient and Modern Authors. Selected and analytically arranged by HENRY SOUTHGATE. (Cassell, Petter and Galpin.) Mr. Southgate is a very skilful compiler, as his 'Many thoughts of Many Minds' show; and this is saying a great deal. He has arranged his selections under different headings, each designating some office of the Redeemer or aspect of His character. Nearly 300 passages, prose and poetry, illustrative of these, are taken from as many writers of all Christian ages and schools; and apparently neither Church nor theological school has been permitted to influence the selection, so long as the passage is worthy. Among moderns, Bishop Wordsworth, Stopford Brooke, Philip Bailey, and Keble stand side by side. It is an admirable table book.—*Israel's Iron Age; or, Sketches from the Period of the Judges*. By MARCUS DODS, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) Cursory and careless readers are not aware of the rich and varied instruction that may be gathered from every incident and character of Scripture. Incidents that drew little attention, and characters that seemed barren of all wholesome lessons, when examined and expounded by one who is devout and competent, are found to be pregnant with much that is profitable and pertinent to all readers. Of this Dr. Dods' book is a happy illustration. Not only from Joshua and Eli, who stand out prominent, the one as an example and the other as a warning, does he draw lessons of a rich and profitable kind, but the fable of Jotham, the vow of Jephthah, and the exploits of Samson, are by his skilful hand invested with human interest, and made to yield instructions that are fitted to come home to the bosom and business of all men. Nor in doing this is there any unnatural strain. No character is overdrawn, or invested with elements of a moral and spiritual kind which did not belong to it. The men of 'Israel's Iron Age' are sketched in accordance with their surroundings, and the tone of the times in which they lived, and hence the lessons which are drawn from their lives and doings are not sickly sentimentalisms, but strong and healthy truths. As a book, then, eminently fitted to be useful, and written in a clear, flowing, and vigorous style, we warmly recommend 'Israel's Iron Age.'—*The Angels*. By a Bible Student, Author of 'Our Eternal Home,' &c. (James Speirs.) No one can read this book without admitting its power, and feeling at the same time that it runs magnificently wrong in speculation. Its resolution of many of the prominent historic facts and fundamental doctrines of Scripture into allegories, is an outrage on all

the principles of interpretation. Nor are its representations of the origin, characteristics, and employments of angels, and the nature and occupations of heaven, such as to commend themselves to general acceptance. Angels, it is maintained, had no priority of existence over men, and are, in all their orders and grades, but human beings stript of mortality, and elevated to a higher platform of purity and intelligence; and heaven is represented as the material embodiment and combination of all that is beautiful in form, magnificent in science, and exquisite in art. It is true that an element of the divinest spirituality is said to pervade and consecrate all, but still the picture of heaven which is presented is but a grand and sublimated reproduction of the present world. But whilst the speculation of the book is dreamy and extravagant, and its tampering with Scripture reprehensible, there is much that is valuable and instructive, and many passages of singular beauty and power to be found in its pages. A judicious reader may derive benefit from its perusal. The author doubtless belongs to the school of Swedenborg.—*Hinduism, and its Relations to Christianity*. By the Rev. JOHN ROBSON, M.A., formerly of Agmer. (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) India, as a field of missions, differs from all others, and demands for its evangelization men of a high order of mind. Not only is it vast in extent, but its population are under the influence of a religious system which blend some of the sublimest truths with the foulest corruptions, and are, to a considerable extent, imbued with a philosophy at once subtle and profound. This must be familiar to all who have read the history of India, and is confirmed by the volume now before us. It presents a rapid and comprehensive sketch of early Vedic religion, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Hinduism, with its philosophy, pantheism, polytheism, and caste. To this is added a valuable chapter on Mohammedanism, and the volume concludes with what is its main drift—the affinities and antagonisms of Christianity and Hinduism, the attitude of the former towards the latter; and religious reform in India. Throughout, the author has shown himself to be eminently qualified for the work he has undertaken, both by his experience and his mental endowments. Coming into personal contact with Hinduism, and examining it in the light of culture and Christianity, he candidly recognizes the truth it embraces, whilst he exposes its general and fatal loathsomeness, and maintains the utter impossibility of any true reform arising within itself. Christianity he holds to be the only remedy, and admirably points out the attitude it ought to assume, and the hindrances which stand in the way of its progress. Not only may Christians, and those who take an interest in missions, be benefited by the perusal of this volume, but the philosophical materialists of the day might be rendered less arrogant, inasmuch as they would find that their notions have been antedated by ages by Hindu speculation. Mr. Robson has our thanks for what he has done, for, although prevented from returning to the mission field, he has by his book aided the work.—*The Saints' Travel to the Land of Canaan. Wherein are Discovered Seventeen False Rests short of the Spiritual Coming of Christ in the Saints, &c.* By R. WILKINSON. (Trübner and Co.) This is a reprint of a book published more than two hundred years ago. The editor has introduced some slight modifications, and clothed it in the spelling of the present day, so as to be more easily read and understood. It contains sound Puritan theology quaintly and vigorously expressed. The tone of the editor's preface is hardly to our taste. Surely it is neither safe nor sound to affirm that 'zeal and earnestness and prayers and strong desires' may lead to destruction. He may mean well, but his meaning assumes a very questionable form.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL 1, 1875.

ART. I.—*Gaspard de Coligny, Amiral de France.* Par le Prince
EUGÈNE DE CARAMAN CHIMAY. Paris. 1873.

- (1.) *L'Amiral Coligny.* Par JULES TESSIER. Paris. 1872.
- (2.) *Brantôme, Vies des Hommes Illustres.*
- (3.) *La Noue, Discours Politiques et Militaires.*
- (4.) *Gaspard de Tavannes, Mémoires sur.*
- (5.) *Castelnau, Mémoires de.*
- (6.) *Discours sur le Siège de Saint Quentin.* Par GASPARD DE
COLIGNY.
- (7.) *Sismondi. Histoire des Français.*

IN a former paper in this Review (July, 1873) we endeavoured to show that the defection of the scholars was the principal cause of the failure of the French Reformation. Those, we said, stood aloof who should have helped; those remained to scoff who came to pray; and when the time at length arrived for the reformers to claim religious liberty there was on their side but a small handful, led by Beza, to represent the scholars of France. The Reformation of France, under these, among other unfortunate conditions, never had the slightest chance of becoming the religion of the country. There was in its veins that disease of the blood which, while the victim bears himself bravely and with every outward show of strength, slowly saps away his vigour and leaves him helpless when the day of struggle comes. France has its long roll of Protestant confessors, longer than that of England, if not more glorious. Against Latimer and Hooper, France may set Roussel and Louis de Berquin; against every poor artisan burned by Henry and Mary, France has her dozens, as zealous, as faithful to the end; against

the execution of three or four hundred Englishmen, France can show the massacre of a hundred thousand. There is in the history of every religious persecution a dreadful monotony of enthusiasm, patience, and perseverance; for all can endure who believe. But the blood of her martyrs made England loathe the religion of the persecutors; and the blood of hers gave France a greater thirst for more, so that the martyrdom of the French confessors seems to have been in vain. We propose in this paper to treat especially of the man who headed and ruled the Huguenot party during those fifteen years of struggle which ended with the day of St. Bartholomew. It is the period which shows all the strength as well as all the weakness of the Reformed party; and it was illumined by the genius, tenacity, and courage of one without whom Protestantism in France, with no great centre of strength, and spread loosely over the country, would have been taken in detail and stamped out like free thought in Spain. Protestant writers make of Coligny a demi-god; they will admit no blemish in his character. They paint him like some actor moving across a stormy stage under the limelight, working miracles with a devoted soldiery. Signs from heaven accompany his progress; he is really inspired with prescience of the enemy's doings; he is more than a man. They even exaggerate his age, so as to heighten the details of the last tragic scene of his life, depicting the vengeance of Guise as worked upon the feeble frame of a venerable old man. In what account of the Bartholomew massacre do we fail to hear of 'good Coligny's 'hoary hair bedabbled o'er with blood?' As we shall see in the end, the Admiral at the time of his death was not an old man at all. And they have insisted on turning into an enthusiast the most sensible, prudent, and clear-sighted soldier of the age. Curiously enough there is no English life of this great man; many English authors have written of the French religious wars, but none have thought Coligny worthy, by himself, of special study. It is, however, a proof of his greatness that in his own country he has had many biographers, both among friends and foes. We have before us two, recently published, from opposite points of view; the one reluctantly conceding to the Admiral all those qualities which most command the world's admiration, the other resolute to see in his hero none even of the smallest weaknesses which beset human nature. The author of the former is the Prince De Caraman Chimay; of the latter, M. Jules Tessier.

Gaspard de Coligny, Marquis de Châtillon, belonged to a great and honourable house, ancient enough to have a traditional origin. The first Coligny, they said, pointing to the crowned

eagle on their arms, was one of the Gallic ambassadors who received Julius Cæsar; their first seat, originally called Colonia, was among the forests west of the Lake of Geneva, whence they removed, a hundred years before the Admiral was born, to Châtillon sur Loing, a place some few miles south of Montargis. For six hundred years, at least, the Châtillon family were on record as valiant fighting men; but it was not till the fifteenth century that they came to the front. Jean de Châtillon fought at Montlhéry against Charles the Bold, and won great honour. Jacques de Châtillon, the Admiral's uncle, was friend and favourite of Charles VIII. Of him it was said—

‘ Châtillon, Bourdillon, et Bonneval,
Gouvernent le sang royal.’

Gaspard's father was Marshal of France and Governor of Picardy, a man in high favour with Francis I., and of all the nobles who followed the King, there were but two who bore a prouder name—Claude de Lorraine, first Duke of Guise, and the Constable de Montmorency. Pride of birth, about which people nowadays say sarcastic things, was then a virtue. A man was really esteemed in proportion to his rank; he esteemed himself in proportion to his rank; he measured his pretensions by the length of his pedigree; he forgave nothing so unwillingly as the advancement of a *novus homo*.

As for the Marshal, Gaspard's father, he was, Brantôme says, a man ‘du conseil duquel le roy s'est fort servi tant qu'il a vescu, comme il avait raison, car il avait bonne teste et bon bras.’ He died at Aqs, on his way to relieve Fontarabia, in 1522, leaving behind him a widow and three children, Odet, Gaspard, and François, of whom the eldest was only seven. The boys, therefore, had no father; but his training was supplied by that of a wise and most judicious mother. She was Louise, sister of the great Constable de Montmorency. Her first husband was the Count de Mailly, by whom she had a daughter Madeleine, afterwards Madame de Roye, and mother-in-law to the Prince de Condé. The biographers assure us gravely of her virtue, ‘in a time of universal license;’ not understanding, first, that it was not what is generally called a time of universal license, and secondly that to one so proud and austere as Louise de Montmorency, so true a disciple of those good women, Anne of Brittany and Queen Claude, virtue was the merest necessary of existence. She was more than pure; she was strong in religious independence, guarded in her speech, and resolute in training up her three boys to become gentlemen after her own ideal. What that was there is little difficulty in

conjecturing, and it was a better creed, at least, than that in which the Guises were reared. A gentleman was the inheritor of a noble name, destined by birth to take a position of honour; he was to be accomplished in all courtly and warlike arts; he was to be trained in the duty of obedience, as a necessary preliminary to the assumption of authority; he was to be just, and stern in the administration of justice; he was to see in the lower classes that great majority of mankind which it was his divine right to rule and direct. There was a bond of brotherhood among all of gentle blood, the brotherhood of humanity having to do with religion only; as regards duty, the first was loyalty, the second truth; it was better to be learned than illiterate, though letters were not necessary to make a soldier; religion was a matter of authority for the common herd, and of private opinion for the well-born; and a gentleman, for very self-respect, should keep himself free from vulgar amours. In all three of Louise de Montmorency's sons we see the effects of this training. All were proud, hard in justice, chaste in conduct, true in word and deed; all were born nobles, stepping to the front at once with the confidence of those who take their rightful position; all were ready to accept the responsibilities forced upon them by their birth; all were well skilled in military arts, even the cardinal, who, on the day of St. Denys, fought valiantly with the rest. As for the religion taught the boys, we may readily understand its nature, when we learn that their mother died refusing the aid of a priest, that their half-sister, Madeleine de Roye, was an avowed Protestant, that the three sons, though taught to conform outwardly, one after the other gave in their adhesion to the Reform; and that their tutor was Nicolas Berault—called Beraldus, after the pedantry of the time—a friend of Louis de Berquin and Erasmus.* He was a man of great eloquence, and of polished manners, both of which he communicated to his pupils. He seems to have possessed, as well, the toleration and breadth which belonged to the school of Erasmus; and it is noteworthy that his son, as well as his pupils, embraced the Reformed religion. When Gaspard grew to years of discretion, it fell to the lot of Berault to urge upon him the ecclesiastical career. A bishopric, a long list of benefices, a possible cardinal's hat, were in the reach of the Montmorency and Châtillon influence. Berault, probably knowing the nature

* 'Etiam nunc,' says Erasmus, 'audire mihi videor linguam illam explanatam ac volubilem, suaviterque tinnientem et blande canoram vocem, orationem paratam ac pure fluentem: videre os illud amicum et plurimum humanitatis præ se ferens, supercilii nihil: moras venustos, commodes, faciles, minimeque molestos.'

of the boy, confined his persuasions to the worldly aspect, the rich revenues and the honourable position that lay at his feet. Gaspard refused the baits; he would be a soldier. It was a pity that so many good things should go out of the family, and the eldest of the three, Odet, consented to give up his position as head of the house, and took orders. He was Bishop of Beauvais at sixteen, a cardinal at seventeen, and a politician, wary, persuasive, and far-seeing, at twenty. He, too, subsequently professed the Reformed religion, married Elizabeth de Hauteville, and retained the cardinal's hat and the episcopal revenues while calling himself Count of Beauvais. Like his brothers, Odet de Châtillon had the singular power of making himself loved and trust.

'It seems to me,' says Brantôme, 'that Francis never had a more discreet, courteous, and generous man. I have heard those who were at the Courts of Francis I. and Henry II. say that the disgrace of his friends never shook his favour with them, nor could his very enemies choose but love him, so frank was his face, so open his heart, so gentle his manners.'

Trusted by friend and foe alike these three. No man can ask for greater honours in life than to win the trust of all men.

Louise de Montmorency was in no hurry to send out her boys into the world. There is a story told about Gaspard and François fighting a duel while at college, in Paris, but it is clearly apocryphal, and there is nothing to show that either of them went to Paris at all until they went up with their mother, Gaspard being then just one-and-twenty, when she became *gouvernante* to little Jeanne d'Albret. It was about the year 1539, when Jeanne was only eleven. Of the future actors in the great religious wars to come in twenty years, the Constable de Montmorency, uncle to the Châtillons, was then forty-five years of age, a year older than the King; Saint André was five-and-thirty; Tavannes, thirty; Henry the Dauphin, Catherine de Medicis his wife, the Duke de Guise, the Cardinal his brother, and Coligny, were all, within a year or two, of the same age. Next to the throne stood, by right, the Princes of the House of Bourbon, but the disgrace of the Constable de Bourbon had somehow fallen upon all the family. The three Princes were Antoine, afterwards King of Navarre; Louis, Prince de Condé, and Charles, Cardinal; now only boys, the eldest not more than twelve.

In 1540 the fury of the first persecution had spent itself in the execution of certain miserable 'Sacramentaires,' chiefly of low origin, the only man of any mark who had suffered being

Jean de Caturece of Toulouse. For, as Froude records of Queen Mary's persecution, they did not dare to strike at high game : the nobles held their own opinions as they pleased : the victims were the artisans, weavers and cobblers, who could not resist the temptation of speaking a word for the truth. Baron d'Oppède had not yet made his ferocious campaign against the harmless Vaudois ; Clement Marot, eager to prove a suspected orthodoxy, was busy turning the Psalms into French verses, which the Court were eagerly singing, every one selecting his favourite. The Dauphin, for instance, chose the 128th, 'How blessed is he that fears the Lord ;' Catherine the 6th, 'O Lord, in wrath rebuke me not' ; the Sorbonne had not yet found out that the hymns were dangerous, and, for the first time, France had her household sacred songs. History finds no improvement in morality to correspond with this newly-awakened zeal for Psalmody : Francis, always fond of music, no doubt sang the hymns with his favourite the Duchess d'Etampes, who subsequently became a Protestant : while his son would lift up the 128th with his elderly mistress, Diane de Poitiers, who afterwards became the most rigid supporter of the old faith. For the Court of Francis might be ferociously orthodox, or sentimentally religious, but it could never be moral. But to this Court, the widow brought her three boys, offering them, as was her duty, to the service of the King. Montmorency was in disgrace, and living in retirement at Chantilly, a circumstance which did not affect the favour with which the Châtillons were received. They were the scions of a stout and able Marshal of France, and entitled to draw their swords for the King wherever fighting was to be had. During the next seven years, Coligny fought his first campaigns, putting into practice what he had learned in theory, and proving himself fitted for something better than a cavalry charge, or a hand-to-hand fight in the trenches. From the first he showed that readiness to fight which characterized all his after life. Side by side with him during these seven years fought his brother Andelot, and his chosen friend Francis, afterwards Duke of Guise.

The latter, a year younger than Coligny, was the son of Claude de Lorraine and Antoinette de Bourbon, by the father's side claiming descent from Charlemagne and King Godfrey of Jerusalem ; by the mother's, from the Royal House of France. The family, though it was not yet thirty years since Claude entered Paris with no baggage but a walking stick, had already arrived at its highest point of greatness. The founder had received everything from the King except the title of Prince, which was what he most desired ; he lived to see his eldest son the defender

of Metz and the darling of Paris, two others cardinals, one Grand Prior, and one Marshal ; while his daughter was married to the King of Scotland.* With vast revenues and boundless ambition, the Guises possessed abilities that amounted, in one or two of them to genius, and could all boast of those qualities which most attract and dazzle the populace. But even before the death of Francis, the pride of the family was greater than the good-natured King could brook, and with his latest breath he cautioned his son against the Guises.

‘ François premier predict ce poynct
Que ceulx de la maison de Guyse,
Mettroyent ses enfans en pourpoinct
Et son pauvre peuple en chemise.’

They were extremely handsome, personally brave, notorious for gallantry, profuse in expenditure, eloquent of speech, affable in manners, easy of access, and of apparently kindly disposition. *La main Lorraine* was a proverbial expression for liberality: there was no knight in ancient story who bore so high a name as the young Duke of Guise, in whose chivalrous nature there seemed no guile, in whose devotion to the old religion there seemed no thought of personal ambition. Yet this man with his brother the cardinal was perpetually scheming for his own aggrandizement, and behind the frank sunshine of his laughing eye was the cold brain of one who took no step that did not seem to lead to higher fortune. Huguenot writers call him illiterate: it is not true—he loved to read the Latin historians, of whom Tacitus was his favourite, and Scipio the character which he took for his own model, and he left behind him memoirs, which exist in MS., of the events in which he took a part from 1547 to 1563. ‘Ha!’ cries Brantôme, in an ecstasy of admiration. ‘Ha! brave prince ; tu ne devois jamais mourir.’

With this young man Coligny formed a friendship, which lasted for some years, of the closest and most confidential kind. The young men wore each other’s colours : rode on the same side in tournaments : played together in masquerades :—‘ tous deux ‘fort enjouez et faisant des folies plus extravagantes que tous les ‘autres.’—most biographers refuse to believe that the grave Admiral ever was a young man at all. It was a time when men carried the classical spirit into practice, and formed romantic

* The Cardinal de Lorraine, Claude’s brother, possessed for his own share of the family revenues the archbishoprics of Lyons, Rheims, and Narbonne, the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, Verdun, Théroanne, Luçon, and Valence, with the Abbeys of Gorze, Fécamp, Cluny, Marmoutiers, and Ile Barbe.

friendships after the manner of the ancients, which were to be the wonder and delight of future ages. Guise and Coligny proposed to figure in the lives of some new Plutarch, as Damon and Pythias. We look at Damon and Pythias after six years, and we find their friendship cooled—we look six years later still, and find it turned to hatred. All sorts of suggestions have been made as to the causes of this change—one of the two made a hasty remark; one was piqued at the other's good fortune, and so on; nothing, meantime, being clearer than the plain truth. The minds of the two men were so different that friendship was only possible so long as their pursuits did not clash. In religion Guise inclined to authority, Coligny to independent judgment; Guise loved the pomp and splendour which belonged to his position, Coligny loved the power; both desired the reputation of being the greatest captain in France; Guise was profuse and splendid; careless of what he said; fond of pleasure; easily moved to mercy, except in the case of a heretic; and an obedient son of the Church, so long as the Church never interfered with his private pleasures. Coligny was none of these things, as his portrait, if we may depend upon it, clearly shows. He has a thin figure, with narrow and sloping shoulders—those of Guise are broad and square, as in all men of mirthful nature; his head is small, finely-shaped, and proudly poised; thin straight hair cut close lies over a lofty forehead, square, but narrow; his eyes are full and stern—there are no smiles lurking in their depths, but a great capacity for sadness; the nose is straight and long, with delicate nostrils; his face is oval and thin, with sunken cheeks, ending in a small pointed beard, cut to the shape of the chin, and growing round a mouth firm and close, with lips that are mobile and yet too thin. The face is set in a high stiff ruff, which adds to the set sadness of its expression; it has little external beauty, and nothing except the steady eye to show why thousands upon thousands waited in patience to be pillaged and murdered, because the Admiral told them that the time was not yet come, or rushed upon an enemy three times as strong as themselves, because the Admiral led them on. The face is that of a grave man, stern at all times, just even to cruelty, and yet that of one who was trusted by friend and foe alike. What was there in common between Guise the *beau sabreur*, the man of the world, and this other, for whom the world's pleasures had no charm; whose religion was personal, and who placed duty the first of all earthly considerations? Not much: and yet men have been friends, whose minds have been at variance on every point; nor do we, as a rule, hate each other for differences of mental constitution. Moreover, the coolness between Guise and Coligny

set in before years had stamped strongly the differences between them—even the most reserved of men, the coldest in outward manner, is cordial and frank at twenty; attracted, too, by the very qualities in which he is most deficient. The young men were friends at first, perhaps, because they differed: their friendship failed when their aims agreed. For both loved military reputation; both ardently desired glory; both were ambitious of rank and dignities; and at every turn their paths crossed. The gallantry of Guise was equalled by that of Coligny; they fought side by side with equal honour in Luxembourg, at Montmédy, at Renty, at Binche; they were together in Italy, where they were knighted on the field of Cerisola. But Coligny's luck failed, while that of Guise continued. He took Boulogne, but lost St. Quentin. Guise defended Metz, and took Calais—on plans prepared by his rival. It was Coligny who made Guise a favourite with Henry, the Dauphin; it was Guise who supplanted him with Henry, the King. All Coligny's designs were frustrated by Guise—all his plans for peace and liberty were destroyed by Guise; it was Guise who plunged the country into religious commotions; it was Guise who made the Admiral spend in civil war the genius and resources that should have been displayed against Spain. Cruellest stroke of fate—it was Guise and no other, who out-generalled the Admiral at Dreux. Coligny hated him. When the news came of his assassination, he made no secret of his satisfaction. He wrote to Catherine that he was 'glad of Guise's death, because his religion had lost its most dangerous enemy.*' Coligny would have been more than human had he not hated the man who made his life a failure: he would have been lower than himself had he pretended to be sorry at his death.

In 1547 came the new reign. With it Montmorency regained his favour, and though Henry was more rigorous than his father against '*ceux de la religion*,' the brothers Châtillon were in high favour at Court. Gaspard and Andelot married, the latter to Claudine de Rieux, a rich heiress, the former her cousin, Charlotte de Laval, who had already embraced the new doctrines. And in 1552 the King gave Coligny his first great command, making him colonel-general of the French infantry. This was principally composed of Swiss mercenaries, who might be hired for any cause. There was no discipline among them; in time of war they pillaged, murdered, and destroyed without restraint; in time of peace they roamed about the country like

* '*Plusieurs s'estonnarent comment luy, qui estoit fort froid et modeste en parolles, il alla proférer celles là qui ne servoient de rien et dont il s'en fust très bien passé.*'—Brantôme.

so many brigands. It was Coligny's first care to bring these disorderly troops to discipline, and he subjected them to a code of rules originally drawn up during the siege of Boulogne. They show us the austere side of his character, now fully developed. He would have no quarrelling among the soldiers; no duel was to be fought or cartel to be sent without special leave of the captain or colonel; for nearly all military offences the soldier was 'passé par les picques;' everything was to be paid for; honour of women was to be respected, under penalty of hanging and strangling; the 'enormous and execrable blasphemies' of the soldiers were to be heard no more, under penalties—for the first offence of eight days' prison, on bread and water; for the second, to make the *amende honorable* on knees and in shirt, with a lighted torch in hand; and for the third, to have the tongue cut out. There was to be no roving about the country in search of forage, on pain of hanging, and he who used his arms in town or garrison was to have his hand struck off publicly. These rules he enforced among his own men with a rigour which gave him the character of cruelty. They saved, Brantôme says, the lives of a million of persons, 'for before there was nothing but pillage, robbery, plunder, ransoming, murder, quarrels, and ravishing among the bands, so that they resembled rather companies of Arabs and brigands than noble soldiers.' This code of Coligny was, indeed, the beginning of modern military discipline. He wanted to follow it up by the establishment of a military hospital, but the disaster of Saint Quentin prevented him. The post of colonel of the infantry was, however, the real commencement of his career; the Constable asked for him the command in Italy, which was refused, owing to the influence of Diane de Poitiers. He received in place of this, the governorship of Montreuil, Selaques, Blacquay, 'et tout le Comté du Boulonnais tant 'conquis qu' à conquérir;' and in 1552 he was nominated to the great and important post of Admiral of France.* Hitherto he has outstripped Guise, who has gained no reputation but that of a good cavalry officer. But then came Guise's masterly defence of Metz, which put him on a level, at least, with Coligny. Next the Admiral was appointed governor of Ile Adam; in the following year governor of Picardy, on the resignation of the King of Navarre; and in 1556 he negotiated with Philip the truce of Vaucelles. It was the highest point of his greatness at

* He wished to resign the command of the infantry in favour of his brother, but as Andelot was a prisoner in Italy, he kept both charges, issuing his orders 'De par monsieur l'Admiral couronné général de l'infanterie Française.'

Court; but henceforth the days of Coligny are to be full of disaster and disappointment. For, against his will, the truce was violated; war broke out again with Spain, and fortune left him for ever.

He had already earned the reputation of being a favourer of heretics; his brother Andelot had been imprisoned for proclaiming himself a Protestant, but he had formed a scheme, which received the King's approbation, for relieving France of her religious dissensions. We must remember that kings were not always anxious to persecute, and that even the doctors of the Sorbonne were not always longing to burn and torture heretics. Coligny pointed across the Atlantic Ocean at those broad lands over which Spain and Portugal arrogantly claimed exclusive right. There, with no limit to the acres waiting to be occupied, no limit to the wealth that might be accumulated, might rise a new France, loyal to the old, whose colonists should be the persecuted followers of the new religion. There they should have liberty of conscience, with self-government, subject to such laws as might be imposed by the King. There should be freedom of religion, in itself so great a boon as to be worth exile, loss of lands and property, a hard and uncertain life, a dangerous climate. More than this, the colony should drain the old country of disturbing influences; should render toleration possible, by the banishment of the weaker party; if that could be called banishment which threw the exiles into the arms of their brothers in religion. Remember that at this time there was no question of toleration in Europe. Uniformity of religion was the common platform of all discussion; England and Geneva, and Lutheran Germany would not tolerate the Roman Catholics; Spain and France would not tolerate the Reformers. Coligny, who foresaw the long train of disasters ushered in by a few years of persecution, conceived and tried to carry into execution a plan which anticipated that of the English Puritans—and was far greater, because he made it a national movement, backed at first by the King's own encouragement. In 1555 the first expedition set sail from Havre, which was to create a Protestant France in America. For some reason, probably through ignorance of geography, the Admiral chose Brazil as the site of the new colony. The little fleet, of two men of war and a brig, commanded by Durand de Villegagnon, landed on the 10th of November in a small island in the bay of Rio Janeiro, which had been already settled, but abandoned by the Portuguese. The island, only half a league in circumference, was easy of defence, for which reason Villegagnon chose it for his establishment, and giving it the name of Coligny, began to

build his fortress on a rock in the centre. The news of the settlement reached France, and hundreds, excited by the reports, volunteered to join the colony. The next year a second fleet was despatched, but, owing to a sudden cooling of the early zeal, with only 300 emigrants on board, among whom were several ministers from Geneva. Then came quarrels, discussions, and seditions. Those who had emigrated for pleasure or for fighting found themselves compelled to work all day in the construction of the fort. Those who had emigrated for religious freedom found themselves under the rule of Genevan intolerance, more narrow and rigid, more grievous to bear than the persecution at home. Life had no pleasures, and cooped up in this islet, a mile long and half a mile broad, the hapless emigrants had no change but from work to preaching, and from preaching to work. The Genevese were the first to rebel against the life they led, and, after a year or so managed to desert the island in a body, and to gain the mainland, whence they got back to France in 1558. Six or eight hundred men were waiting in Brittany for a chance of going out. At sight of the returned emigrants they resolved to remain at home, and the colony was lost. Villegagnon came home, and the handful that remained behind were massacred by the Portuguese. It will be seen, later on, that Coligny, in spite of this failure, never ceased to regard his scheme as practicable, and returned to it again and again in after years, when an occasion presented itself. But the truce of Versailles was broken, and there were other things to do. 'Since,' says the Admiral, 'it pleases the king that I serve him in the government of Picardy, it is right that I should forget everything else, to accommodate myself, and follow his will.' The Admiral, whose head-quarters are at Abbeville, multiplies himself; it is he who, single-handed, provides for everything, studies economy of expenditure, protects the private interests of cities and all private persons, and is careful that the poor shall not be robbed and ill-treated. Then came the enemy into his province, and the disastrous day of St. Quentin, when the French lost 10,000 men, and left the road open all the way to Paris. To stop the enemy Montmorency ordered Coligny to hold the town. How he held the place, dismantled as it was, with troops disheartened and almost mutinous, how his brother Andelot came to his assistance 'bien puy je dire que sans luy je fusse demeuré sous le faix'—how the place was taken, and he himself made prisoner, is told by himself in his '*Discours sur le Siège de St. Quentin*,' the only thing that remains of Coligny's writings, except his letters. It is plain, clear, and remarkably modest; he tells us how he

lost the place ; with characteristic forbearance he spares his cowardly and mutinous soldiers, because he will not condemn them 'sans qu'ils soient diz et alleguent leurs raisons.' The 'Discours' was written in his prison at Ghent, and Coligny discovered, on returning from his exile, that he had entirely lost the King's favour, which was now transferred to Guise. But he had gained a more important thing, religious conviction. He went into prison with a mind full of doubt ; he came out of it with certainty. Like his brother Andelot, like his wife, he crossed the fatal stream which separates the Catholic from the Protestant. His conversion was before the writing of the 'Discours,' if we are to judge by certain phrases which point to other changes than loss of liberty.

'Tels mystères ne se jouent point sans la permission et volonté de Dieu, laquelle est toujours bonne, sainte, et raisonnable, et qui ne fait rien sans juste occasion, dont toutesfois je ne sçay pas la cause et dont aussi peu je me dois enquérir mais plustost m'humilier devant Luy en me conformant à sa volonté.'

Deprived of the Royal favour, he retreated to his château of Châtillon sur Loing, where he occupied himself in collecting pictures, books, and works of art. All the world knew that he belonged to the 'religion,' as well as his two brothers ; but the Admiral of France, the Governor of Picardy, the Colonel of French Infantry, was not a man like some poor cobbler to be hung up in chains and slowly roasted. Moreover, though the Reformers did not yet know their own strength, their spirit was slowly rising ; rumours ran about the country that they might be numbered by tens of thousands ; the psalms of Marot were sung again in the Pré aux Clercs ; the King threatened a new and greater persecution, and then, the first of all the dramatic surprises which crowd the history of the French religious wars, the lance of Montgomery gave France a new king, and the Protestants had a further breathing space.

Francis II. was nephew to the Guises, but the Queen Mother hated the Guises, who kept her from power. She began, perhaps in earnest, to hold out hopes that she, too, might become a Protestant, guided by the Duchess de Montpensier and Madeleine de Roye, Coligny's half-sister, both of the Reform : and she expressed to Coligny her sorrow for the religious persecutions, recognizing already that it was to Coligny that all eyes turned. The nominal head of the party was the Prince of Condé, the real head was the Admiral.

The three brothers of the Bourbon House were entirely unlike each other. The eldest, Antony, King of Navarre,

vacillated between the Catholics and the Protestants, leaning to the latter, but tempted by the former; the second, the Cardinal de Bourbon, as weak as Antony but not so brave, was a bigot and fanatic of the deepest dye. In the third, Louis, Prince of Condé, all the worth and dignity of the family was concentrated. Louis was a little, round-shouldered man, short of stature, stout of heart, and greedy of pleasure. His religion was a party cry, but he was loyal to it, and no doubt his relations with the Châtillons, whose niece, Eleonore de Roye, was his first wife, gave him some idea of a higher faith. His position as Prince of the Blood made him nominal chief of the party; his connection, as a kind of nephew, with Coligny, placed him under his guardianship. He was as popular as Guise, and as easy in his manner. In spite of his religion, says Brantôme, '*le bon Prince estoit bien aussy mondain qu'un autre, et aymoit autant la femme d'autrui que la sienne.*' They sang a song about him—

'Ce petit homme tant jolly
Toujours cause et toujours rit,
Et toujours baise sa mignonne.
Dieu garde de mal le petit homme!'

Better men have fought for a noble cause, but the Prince of Condé was at least loyal to the cause for which he gave his life.

As for Catherine, we must acknowledge the difficulties of her position. She had one purpose, to maintain her power, and, through herself, the royal authority. To do this she had but one weapon, her duplicity; as for her religion, it was that of a cultivated Italian. She was ready to become Protestant, or to remain Catholic, as either party seemed to offer greater safety, with a preference for the former, because it gave a chance of emancipation from the Guises. Coligny, who had by this time organized his party and knew his strength, offered her fifty thousand lances, but they were scattered about the face of the country, for Protestantism in France was sporadic. And then came acts of violence. Protestant fanatics murdered President Minard, the Catholics executed De Bourg; other murders followed, and the Huguenots, exasperated and terrified, met in solemn council at Vendôme. All the leaders of the party were present, the King of Navarre, Condé, the Châtillon Brothers, La Rochefoucauld, Rohan, Chartres, and Porcian, while to show the political nature of the gathering, Montmorency, Premier Christian of France, and the staunchest Catholic in the world, was represented by deputy. Should they take

up arms against the Guises? Behind them, ready to move at a word, lay, murmuring and growling, an enormous mass, how great only Coligny knew, the Reformed party, from whom their armies could be drawn. Their strength was such as to promise them a force equal, or little inferior, to any that could be brought against them: their weakness lay in the scattering of their power. In the west and in the south the Protestants were strong. They were strong in Normandy; in many towns they were an actual majority, but in most they were a small minority, trembling at every moment for life and liberty. It was Andelot who cried for war, and at all risks; it was Coligny, more prudent, who held his party back. Let them first try to reach the Queen Mother by the King of Navarre. Antony went to Court to be treated with neglect, coldness, and even contumely, and a second meeting, more indignant, more stormy, was held at La Ferté sur Marne. Again, while Condé and Andelot loudly called for war, Coligny stood in the breach, resolved to keep the peace so long as it could be kept. He argued that they had everything to gain by waiting: the reform was spreading. The King was yet a boy who would grow impatient of his uncles. Catherine might be won; relations might be established, if necessary, with Germany and England. Above all, let it not be said that Princes of the Royal Blood and nobles of such rank as those who constituted the assembly of La Ferté had drawn the sword upon their King. The advice of Coligny was adopted. There may have been another reason for the postponement of hostilities—the conspiracy of Amboise. In this plot the conspirators proposed to seize on the young King, arrest the Guises, and make the Bourbon Princes the governors and advisers of the Crown. The chief in the business was one La Renauldie, a soldier of great ability and experience. He went from place to place organizing his plans and gaining recruits. Behind him was an unnamed chief called ‘le Capitaine Muet.’ Who was this chief, never mentioned by the conspirators save under torture? Tavannes says that the conspiracy was organized by Condé, Coligny, and Catherine of Medici. Brantôme declares that the Admiral had never heard of it—‘they never dared to tell him of it.’ The extraordinary secrecy and boldness of the plot make one incline to the belief that it belonged to the head of Renauldie alone, his *Capitaine Muet* having no existence, and the details of the conspiracy being also known only to himself. But the design failed, Renauldie falling among the first: and his secretary gave the names of Condé and Coligny to save himself from torture. In the bloody time of reprisals that followed, when the shallow waters of the sparkling Loire ran red and

turbid with the blood of the executed, even in the first heat of rage, Coligny repaired quietly to Court, not to extenuate himself, not to clear away any suspicion, but to save, if he could, the life of Castelnau. For in spite of Tavannes and the Catholic historians, no one did suspect him—no one who knew Coligny ever suspected him of any treachery at all.*

The Duke of Guise, his enemy, had been his friend, and knew the man whom he spared, not because he was too powerful—he was not so powerful as Condé, and yet Condé's name and rank did not save him from arrest a little later on—but because he knew his loyalty. Only a few days before the Amboise affair Coligny is sent to Paris to allay the popular excitement. And immediately after it he was called by the Queen Mother to draw up a *mémoire* on the position of affairs in Normandy. He did so, taking the opportunity to advise the dismissal of the Guises. The *mémoire* led at least to the edict of Romorantin, and to the Grand Assembly of Fontainebleau. Catherine, the real ally of Coligny in one thing only, desired to rid herself of the Guises. But she was afraid to trust herself wholly to the Admiral, or to any one else, being already involved in that tangled mesh of concession, deceit, compromise, and intrigue, which drove France blindly mad for thirty years. She was *afraid*. It is the key-note of Catherine's character. What would have been the history of France if Jeanne D'Albret had been in her place?

Fontainebleau was going to make the impossible possible, to heal the evils of France, fill the treasury, compose animosities, and reunite opposite partisans, and, as in every great meeting, people hoped that out of a grand national palaver something might be struck out for the public good. No more imposing assembly was ever held. At the King's side were his mother, his wife, the Cardinals of Bourbon, Lorraine, and Guise, the Dukes of Guise and Aumale, the Constable, the Admiral, and the Chancellor. Montmorency, for the protection of his nephews and himself, was accompanied by an escort of eight hundred gentlemen and men-at-arms, a following by which their confidence in the Guises might be fairly measured. At the first sitting the King pronounced a discourse, and the Duke de Guise gave an account of his administration. At the second the Admiral rose to perform the most solemn and the most decisive

* 'The Guises, doubting that the Châtillons were of the conspiracy, sent them letters entreating their presence at Court. They came, and at once, "ce qui assura fort ceux de Guise." Many persons thought that if the Admiral and Andelot had mixed themselves up with the conspiracy it would not have turned out so badly.'—Castelnau.

action of his life. He began by saying that, having been in Normandy by command of the Queen Mother to investigate into the troubles there, he had discovered that they were due to the persecution of the Huguenots. He then advanced to the throne, and presented on his knee two petitions, one to the King, the other to the Queen Mother, from the Protestants. They were alike in substance, and prayed that, as loyal subjects, they might be allowed the free exercise of their religion. The act struck the Court with surprise and alarm. The King asked the Admiral from whom he had received the petition. He replied that he did not know. Guise pointed out that it was not signed. The Admiral replied that he would get fifty thousand signatures. And then he continued his speech, asking for the suspension of persecution, the assemblage of the States General, and the dismissal of the newly-formed Royal Guard.

This act of Coligny, which had doubtless been previously resolved upon, was the first open attempt made by the Reformers to assert themselves. They had previously dragged on an obscure and hunted-down existence. Suddenly they spring to light, no longer a cowed herd of submissive victims, but an army resolute to have no more burning and murdering, an army with leaders; and Coligny, who has restrained the violence of the chiefs at Vendôme and La Ferté, now steps to the front, and tells the King, almost in so many words, that there is to be civil war, or a cessation of persecution.

The States were convoked at Meaux for December, four months after the assembly of Fontainebleau; but the place of meeting was changed to Orleans, whither the Court adjourned. In this interval the Guises resolved on taking a decided step. They concentrated forces round the city; they received promises from the King of Spain to act with them, if necessary; and, their preparations made, they forced the King to summon the Bourbon Princes to Court. Blinded—the elder by a confidence that the King would not touch a Prince of the Blood, and the younger, M. d'Aumale thinks, by a passion for Mary—both obeyed the summons, and entered Orleans. Condé was instantly arrested, tried, and sentenced to death, his execution being fixed for the 10th of December. Before the day arrived the young King was dead and the Guises dethroned from power.

To the Protestants the King's death was nothing short of a miracle; for the plans had been so well laid, the time for action was so near, the plot contrived for their destruction was so secret, that no other event could have saved them. The Cardinal de Guise had invented a form of words called his rat-trap, by

which every Protestant in the country would be caught. This oath was on a fixed day to be submitted to every man in the country; those who refused were to be instantly executed. Meantime Condé was to be executed as a conspirator; Navarre was to be secretly murdered; Coligny and Andelot were to be assassinated in the streets. It is uncertain whether Coligny was in Orleans at the time. His half-sister, Madeleine de Roye, was there, and was arrested at the same time as Condé, her son-in-law. We hear of him at Havre, busy in organizing another expedition to found a French colony in the New World; we hear that he was summoned to Orleans. Tavannes says in one place that Coligny was with the Constable at the Court, and in another that they were all away; De Thou says that the Admiral and the Cardinal de Châtillon were the only two gentlemen who did not desert the King of Navarre. We incline to think that Coligny was at Orleans; it seems inconsistent with all the rest of his life were he at any time to show mistrust of the King. But the poor boy died, promising with his last breath to murder every Huguenot in the kingdom, if life be spared; the cardinal's rat-trap was not wanted; and the Spaniards rolled back sullenly from the frontier.

The new reign opened well for the Reformers. Catherine listened to the Châtillons, whose half-sister, Madeleine de Mailly, with the Duchess de Montpensier, was her chief favourite; the Chancellor, Michel de l'Hôpital, made a long and moving appeal in favour of toleration, declaring that another year of persecution would kindle the flames of civil war. The Admiral christened his newly-born son after the Genevan rite; and at the coronation of Charles, Odet de Châtillon appeared dressed in cardinal's robes, and with him his wife. Catherine even, for it was not yet certain which side was the stronger, held out hopes of joining the Reformed ranks. Then came the colloquy at Poissy, to which the Reformers trusted, in the hope that it would lead to more than toleration, to the conversion of the whole country. At all events, there was breathing space, and at every interval of persecution and war the Protestant faith seemed to spread and grow like a luxuriant plant in a congenial soil. Coligny turned his face once more across the Atlantic. This time it was to Florida that he looked, the flowery land of romance claimed by Spain. He sent out an expedition commanded by Jean Ribaud, a stout sailor, who landed on the coast, set up the arms of the King of France, established friendly relations with the natives, and returned with a favourable report, only to find the country plunged into a civil war and no hope of furthering that scheme for a time. The colloquy

of Poissy, leaving both parties more stubborn in their faith, produced at least one effect, the Edict of January, which gave the Huguenots the right to exercise their religion undisturbed. It remained in force for exactly six weeks, and then the Duke de Guise trampled it under foot at the massacre of Vassy. Six weeks were not long, but they gave Coligny time to prepare for the inevitable struggle, and when Condé issued his orders from Meaux to all the Protestants in France to arm themselves, Coligny was able to promise Catherine that if she would trust the King and herself with the Princes of the Blood, she should find an army in every province of France. Catherine acceded; she wrote letter after letter to Condé, urging him to hasten to Fontainebleau and seize the King; the dilatory King let the opportunity pass, and the Guises took it. Henceforward Catherine showed no more inclination to become a Protestant. And then, before the clash of arms, there was silence for a space till the last man in France who had not yet taken a side should declare himself. For on him, the Admiral, the heavy responsibility lay of declaring civil war; murder, treachery, and persecution, on the one hand, the sin of rebellion on the other. In the night, as he lay awake and pondered, he heard his wife sobbing at his side, and knew the reason.

“Sound your soul,” he said. “Are you prepared to hear of defection, to receive the reproaches of partisans as well as enemies, treasons of your friends, exile, shame, nakedness, hunger, even the hunger of your own children, your own death by an executioner, after that of your husband? I give you three weeks to consider.” “They are gone already,” replied his wife. “Do not bring upon your head the deaths of those three weeks, or I will myself bear witness against you at the judgment seat of God.”

There were already deaths enough; the massacre of Vassy was the signal, and as if by consent the Catholics rose at Cahors, at Sens, Amiens, Noyes, Abbeville, Chalons, at Tours, Marseilles, and Auxerre, killing and destroying. The woman's instinct was right; but her husband knew what was meant by war; he foresaw the ruined homesteads, the murders and robberies of an unrestrained soldiery. Perhaps he knew already the hopelessness of the struggle, which would have but one issue, unless the English came to their help; he saw himself, the descendant of the Châtillons and Montmorencys, branded with the name of rebel, the general of an army which he was only leading to destruction. But he hesitated no longer, and with a heavy heart set off the next day to join Condé. He wrote to Catherine that he took up arms not against the King,

but against those who hold him captive. He wrote, too, to the old Constable—

‘I would rather do wrong to myself than enter into any opposition with you. . . . But I entreat you to consider into whose hands you have placed yourself. Are they not those who have sworn your own ruin and that of all your house? I beg you to think that the greatest regret of my brothers and myself is to see you of that party.’

The Constable replied: there was no bitterness between the uncle and his nephew; the former was fighting to prevent ‘the universal ruin’ of the country, and for his *petits maîtres*, his ‘boys,’ as he called Catherine’s sons; the other, he thought, fought to prevent the universal massacre of his religionists. Coligny began at once with the discipline of his camp. The old rules were rigorously enforced; each regiment had its minister; night and morning there were public prayers, the soldiers praying, first for the King and secondly for themselves, that God would keep them ‘vivans en toute sobriété et modeste, sans noises, mutinerie, blasphèmes, paillardises.’ The violation of the rules was punished by certain signal examples, four or five who were caught pillaging being hung up together, booted and spurred, the things they had stolen hanging from their bodies, women’s dresses, linen, hams, and poultry. Thus the camp assumed an edifying appearance of virtue and sobriety over which all but the Admiral rejoiced greatly. ‘All this holiness,’ he said, ‘will be thrown to the winds in two months’ time.’* And so the event proved. Most of the cruelties and murders

* ‘Je remarquay alors quatre ou cinq chose notables:—la première est qu’entre cette grande troupe on n’eust pas ouy un blasphème du nom de Dieu: car lorsque quelqu’un plus encore par contresens que par vrai malice, s’y abandonnoit, ou se courrouçoit asprement contre luy, ce qui en reprimoit beaucoup. La seconde, on n’eust pas trouvé une paire de dez ny un jeu de cartes en tous les quartiers, qui sont des sources de tant de querelles et de larcins. Tiercement, les femmes en étoient bannies, lesquelles ordinairement ne hantent en tels lieux, sinon pour servir à la dissolution. En quatrième lieu, nul ne s’escartoit des enseignes pour aller fourrager ainsi tous estoient satisfaits des vivres qui leur estoient distribuez ou du peu de solde qu’ils avaient reçu. Finalement, au soir et au matin, l’assiette et levement des gardes, les prières publiques se faisoient, et le chant des psalmes retentissoient en l’air. Plusieurs s’esbahissoient de voir une si belle disposition et mesmement une fois feu mon frère le sieur de Teligny et moy en discourant avec M. l’Admiral la prisions beaucoup. Sur cela il nous dit, “C’est voirement une belle chose moyennant qu’elle dure: mais je crains que ces gens icy ne jettent toute leur bonte à la fois et que d’icy à deux mois il ne leur sera demeuré que la malice. J’ay commandé à l’infanterie longtemps, et la conois: elle accomplit souvent le proverbe qui dit *de jeune hermite vieux diable*.”’—La Noue.

were committed by the Catholics, because they were the stronger party; but not all; wherever the Huguenots were strong enough, they showed that the *rôle* of martyrs was no longer to their taste, and retaliated in the usual way, by destroying churches, killing priests, shattering shrines and relics, and turning the costly vessels and ornaments of the churches to their own use. Brantôme enters upon a defence of the civil war, which is most quaint and remarkable. The first good effect, he tells us, was the conversion into coin of the gold ornaments in the churches; one seigneur, *de par le monde*, coined the silver vessels and ornaments presented by Louis XI. to St. Martin de Tours into a great caskful of *testors*. Another was the enrichment of the gentlemen who in a foreign war would have impoverished themselves by borrowing money,

‘for the merchants, usurers, bankers, and other *racquedeniers*, down to the very priests who keep their crowns hidden away in their coffers, would have lent nothing without great interest and excessive usury, either by purchase or mortgages of land, goods, and houses, at low price; but this *bonne guerre civile* repaired all their fortunes, so much so that I have seen a gentleman who before it rode through the country with a pair of horses and a little lackey, ride with six or seven good horses, and this of both parties, so much did they augment their fortunes, especially by the ransoms of the fat usurers when once they caught them, making their lovely crowns drop out of their purses whether they liked it or not, and even if they were hidden in the bones of their legs.’

The King, again, who was deeply in debt, cleared himself by the confiscation of church monuments, by special permission of the Pope; and even the priests enriched themselves by selling their treasures secretly, and then pretending that the Huguenots had pillaged them. All this led to the multiplication of coin, and therefore, Brantôme thinks, of wealth. ‘So that we now ‘see in France more doubloons than fifty years ago there were ‘little pistolets.’ And as to the cities which were pillaged, they recovered their misfortunes, and five years later were richer than those that escaped, ‘bien qu’il n’y en a guieres de ‘pucelles.’ Sixteen months after Havre was sacked, the King found no trace of it in the prosperity of the city; Angoulême was sacked twice, and yet, after the war was over, was the richest city in Guienne next to La Rochelle.

‘Il faut dire de la France ce que disait ce grand Capitaine Prosper Colonne de la Duché de Milan, qui ressembloit à une oye bien grasse qui tant plus on la plumoit tant plus la plume luy revenoit. La cause donc en est deue à cette bonne guerre civile tant bien inventée et introduite de ce grand Admiral.’

So the *bonne guerre civile* began, to the enrichment of the gentlemen. And though the last to join it was the Admiral; it was he who, by correspondence with the German Princes, by an elaborate network of agencies, the threads of which he held himself, rendered the movement possible. His policy was always the same. He would keep the Huguenots ready to rise; he would inspire them with confidence in themselves by letting them feel their strength when combined; he would prepare the way for German levies if necessary; he would awe the Catholics by the feeling that they were facing an enemy whose numbers were unknown, and whose allies were perhaps the whole of Protestantism. But he would defer till the latest moment possible actual rebellion. The Huguenots had everything to gain by delay; he himself, as well as the cause, had everything to lose by precipitate action. It is absurd to speak of Coligny as a conspirator who made capital out of his reluctance to take up arms; it is equally absurd to find in this reluctance all the virtues of a Christian hero. Coligny was unwilling to have the appearance of fighting against the King. Therefore when war was inevitable he urged on Condé the seizure of Charles and Catherine. Prudence, loyalty, self-interest, demanded delay; self-preservation demanded an organization throughout France, which should enable every Huguenot to join the army when called upon. When his party could no longer be kept quiet, even by himself, Coligny gave the word, and an army sprang up, as if by magic, from the ground.* The first exploit was the taking of Orleans, into which Condé rode with two thousand cavalry, all shouting like schoolboys, and racing for six miles who should get into the city first. Its churches were pillaged and the Catholic inhabitants expelled. 'Ceux qui furent mis ci jour là hors de la ville plorèrent Catholiquement, pour avoir esté depossesdez du magasin des plus delicieux vins de la France.' A dire misfortune for the Catholics that all the best claret districts in the country fell into the hands of the Huguenots.†

* 'Je vis partie des papiers de l'Admiral chez mon père: le roole de leurs hommes, leurs levées de deniers, les signals et menées de leur party, avec un discours de l'ancourt prévoyant de point à autre ce qui advint.'—Tavannes.

† Castelnau says that the Huguenots would not have risen without a Prince of the Blood at their head, but were greatly encouraged by the adhesion of the Admiral, a great officer of the Crown and worthy chief. 'Pour les bonnes et grandes qualités qu'il avoit en lui: et d'autant qu'il avoit quelque apparence de tenir sa religion plus estroitement que nul autre, il tenoit en bride, . . . les appetits immoderez des jeunes seigneurs et gentilshommes Protestants, par une certaine sévérité qui lui estoit naturelle et bien séante.'

Orleans taken, the Huguenots proceeded to issue protestations and manifestoes, in all of which the hand of the Admiral is visible. They are not fighting against the King, who is a prisoner; the war was begun by the Guises—and what right has a Guisard to the kingdom of France? And they are not the first to contract foreign alliances. The Huguenots experienced at the outset one disaster after the other. Rouen was surprised, Bourges was taken. Then Andelot brought about 6,000 Germans to Orleans, and with this powerful reinforcement the battle of Dreux was fought. But the Admiral was outgeneralled by his rival, Guise, who kept himself in reserve, and when, after four hours' hard fighting, the battle seemed lost, and the Huguenots were already shouting for victory, led a flank charge, with new men, fresh and eager, and sent the Protestants, exhausted with the day's fighting, flying from the field. Coligny rallied some of the fugitives and led them back, but the day was lost. Condé was a prisoner; on the other side Montmorency was a prisoner. Saint André was killed. Next day the Admiral was ready to renew the battle, and would have surprised the Royal army, but his men refused to follow. Tavannes tells us that Catherine, jealous of the honour won by Guise, wrote privately to Coligny entreating him not to relax in his efforts.

The Admiral, leaving Andelot in charge of Orleans, marched into Normandy at the head of 4,000 men, with a double object—to receive English money and men at Havre, and to effect a diversion in the north. Guise led his victorious army straight upon Orleans. The fate of that city seemed sealed, but the Admiral was passing from one success to another. Then occurred the third of those incidents which give these wars so dramatic an interest. Just as the unexpected death of Francis restored Condé to life and liberty, the assassination of Guise by Poltrot gave the Huguenots peace and religious freedom. It was an accident, says La Noue, '*qui troubla toute la feste.*' In his last moments the murdered man breathed no word of suspicion against the friend of his youth, though Poltrot in his tortures accused the Admiral and Theodore Beza of having instigated the crime. Reading the accusation by the light of the lives of these two men, it is simply impossible and absurd. Prince Caraman Chimay, it is true, in his zeal to blacken the character of Coligny, finds in his departure for Normandy a proof of complicity. It is, on the other hand, a proof of innocence. Had Coligny been cognizant of Poltrot's intention, he would have remained on the spot, to take advantage of the confusion caused by its success. But the rumour once started—very likely it was invented by the Catholics—grew and spread.

At first the Admiral took no notice of it. But it was too much in the interests of his enemies to let it die ; forced to notice it, he wrote at last to the Queen a characteristic, stubborn, honest, letter—

‘ Do not think,’ he says, ‘ that I speak in regret of Monsieur de Guise, for I think his death the greatest good that could happen to this kingdom and to the Church of God, and *particularly to myself and to my house*. . . . I have looked for my enemy on the field of battle ; if I could have pointed a cannon at him I would have done it. I would have spared no means allowed by the laws of war to rid myself of so great an enemy, but I have not armed the hand of a murderer.’

His whole life, his correspondence, the opinions formed of him by his greatest enemies acquit him of it. And yet his rejoicing at the death of an enemy jars upon modern ears, and the hatred breathed in his letter to the Queen shows the great Admiral at his worst. Nevertheless, as we have said before, if ever man had a right to rejoice at the death of his enemy it was Coligny. Guise had brought about this war ; Guise was the man who made him chargeable with rebellion and *lèse-majesté* ; it was Guise who broke the Edict of January ; Guise had robbed him of the favour of Henry, and it was Guise who kept him from the favour of Charles.

The death of Guise brought the peace of Amboise, signed by Condé. It gave terms less favourable than those of the Edict of January to the Reformed, but still granted liberty of conscience, and Coligny for a third time resumed his schemes for the establishment of French colonies in America. One of Ribaud’s companions, Laudronnière, was chosen to command a new expedition, which, like the last, consisted entirely of Huguenots. They sailed, arrived in Florida, and settled down on good terms with the natives, from whom at first they received supplies of food. When these failed and it became necessary to cultivate the soil, the old soldiers, who mostly formed the settlement, grew impatient. It was a quiet and monotonous life ; they wanted the excitement of fighting, and were set to till the earth. Finally, half of them embarked on one of the ships, and went buccaneering on the Spanish Main, to be no more heard of. Coligny, to set things right, sent out another fleet under Ribaud, recalling Laudronnière. The ill-luck which followed all the Admiral’s American enterprises caused Ribaud’s fleet to be shattered and dispersed by a storm. The Spaniards attacked the settlement and murdered every man, woman and child in it, except a few who escaped in the only vessel left. With his usual tenacity of purpose, the Admiral immediately fitted out another expedition of three ships

and 1,200 men, which he intrusted to Pierre Bertrand, son of Baron de Montluc, the savage persecutor of Guienne. This time he left the choice of the men to the captain, who picked out all the rascals and dare-devils of Guienne, and went off gasconading of the great things he was going to do. Nothing was done, because Bertrand was killed in an attack on Madeira, and the rest came home.

The peace, broken by continual disturbances, lasted for four years. During this time the Admiral was in the highest favour at Court; Charles approved of his colonial schemes; the meeting of the 'petits états' at Moulins pronounced him guiltless of Guise's death. Andelot was restored to his charge of the infantry, and the Huguenots had a period of comparative rest, during which, however, they stood harnessed, as it were, and ready for battle, if the occasion should arise again. Most of Coligny's time was spent at Châtillon, in the society of his wife and children. He read and studied; he established and maintained at his own expense a college in Châtillon, where Latin, Greek, and Hebrew were taught, 'declaring always that education was the greatest gift that can be bestowed upon a nation.' He set an example of toleration, so that there was no place in France where a priest was so safe as in Châtillon; he governed his household by strict religious rule, holding prayers morning and evening, with singing and preaching; he gave daily audience to the deputies of the churches; he restrained the zeal of the ministers, whose enthusiasm was always threatening difficulties; and he organized his great plan for carrying aid to the revolted Netherlands. Of all Coligny's schemes this was the nearest to his heart. War with Spain would disconcert the fanatic Catholics; it would prevent Catherine from looking to Philip for assistance; it would rid the country of the turbulence of idle soldiers; it would be a safety-valve for the zeal of his own party; it would drown religious differences in patriotism. And for himself, the honour gained in civil contest was nothing to that gained against a foreign enemy. He had not forgotten St. Quentin, and longed to oppose a French army to the Duke of Alva. Charles listened; at Philip's request he forbade French subjects fighting for the revolted provinces, but looked on quietly while French money raised 6,000 men for their assistance. It was part of the cowardly and selfish policy of Catherine to play with both sides, waiting to see which should prove the stronger. So, to please Condé, Coligny represented the King as godfather to his son. A passage through Provence was refused the Spaniards. Coligny even proposed to lead the Huguenots himself against Alva, and recommended raising 6,000

Swiss for the war. The Swiss were raised, but instead of remaining on the frontier they were marched to Paris. Then suddenly the light clouds of suspicion which had been for four years floating about the sky rolled themselves into a great thunder cloud; it was known that Catherine was in secret treaty with Alva, and through all the country the order ran to be up and armed. It was whispered that Philip and Catherine had organized a simultaneous massacre of all the heretics at once, and a meeting was hastily called at Valery, attended by all the Huguenot leaders. Andelot, as usual, clamoured for war, the Admiral persuaded patience.

‘ Better endure the first violence of the enemy than begin it ourselves. . . . To us would be imputed all the evils which are the fatal consequences of war. . . . Is it not better to suffer all that can be done than to give back evil for evil ? ’

The last words are clearly apocryphal, and added by some over zealous biographers.* Peace, always peace, if possible, was the Admiral's constant policy. Peace strengthened the Huguenots; peace brought them fresh recruits; peace gave them organization and enthusiasm; peace enabled Coligny to stretch into every corner of the country his electric wires of secret intelligence. And he was too strong even for the Court. Catherine, who knew what was coming, sent spies to report on the Admiral's movements. They could only report, on the 26th of September, that he was gathering in his vintage; on the 28th fifty towns were in the power of the Protestants, and the war was begun. It was this rapidity and secrecy which made the Admiral so formidable. Condé again failed in an attempt to seize the King's person. Had that attempt succeeded, the future of France would have been written in very different colours, for Coligny knew his power over the King, and a week after Charles should fall into his hands he would have been leading the Huguenots in person. But the project failed. Then came the battle of St. Denys, the most skilful, the most audacious, and the most successful that Coligny ever fought. Though he had but 3,000 men against 18,000, led by the Constable, the battle was drawn, and the next day the Catholics refused to renew it. Three months later came the treaty of Longjumeau, in virtue of which the Huguenots sent back their German auxiliaries, and dispersed to their homes. It was a peace intended by the Court to effect this dispersion; it had been

* La Noue, who knew that Coligny was no hypocrite, does not give them. Certainly the Admiral, careful to put off the day of civil war as long as possible, was not a man to ‘ suffer all that can be done.’

signed by Condé, without any guarantee but the word of Catherine, and against the Admiral's advice. But he was not then able to advise or to protest against the offered terms. For his eldest son, Gaspard, a boy of the brightest promise, was taken from him. The father writes to his wife, in words which do not try to conceal the anguish of his soul:—

“Remember, *ma bien aimée*, that he is happy in dying at an age when he was free of crime. . . . God has willed it; I offer Him all the rest if it be His will. Do thou the same if thou wishest for His blessing, for in Him alone is all our hope. *Adieu*; I hope to see thee soon, which is now my only joy.’

It is a hope that will not be realized, for his wife is to leave him too. She writes from her deathbed in noble language, that she

‘is unhappy indeed in dying far from the sight of him whom she has always loved better than herself: that she conjures him, for her own sake, if he has ever loved her, for the sake of the children, pledges of her love, to fight to the end in the service of God, and for the advancement of religion: that as she knows his affection for the King, she prays him to remember that God is the first Master, that He must first be served even to the prejudice of any other.’

So saying, the good wife died.

“*Mon Dieu!*” cried Coligny; “*Mon Dieu, que t’ai je fait? quel péché ai-je commis pour estre si rudement châtié et accablé de tant de maux?*”

Peace came, but no rest. Coligny retired to Châtillon, protesting in a letter to Catherine his undiminished loyalty. Then fresh troubles. The Reiters refused to leave France without payment. A sum of 50,000 francs was raised, and sent by the Admiral within the promised time. About twenty miles east of Châtillon stands the town of Auxerre, then garrisoned by troops belonging to the Duke of Anjou. By some of these the Admiral's messengers, bearing the money, were set upon and robbed of the whole. Nor was there any redress. He wrote to Charles, to Catherine, to the Duke of Anjou, claiming justice. He was put off with promises. Then he was ordered to reduce his personal escort from a hundred to fifty lances; one of his gentlemen was murdered by soldiers of the same garrison of Auxerre that had robbed his messengers; shots were fired at himself; and the President of Dijon refused to investigate the matter on the pretence of being otherwise occupied. Condé, meantime, was menaced in his castle of Noyers, whither Coligny repaired to concert measures. From Noyers he wrote again to the King, bitterly complaining that

some one was blinding his eyes to the real state of the kingdom. Catherine answered the letter by renewed promises of justice, giving immediate proofs of her honesty by the appointment of Tavannes, the Admiral's bitter enemy, to investigate the affair. Coligny's letters show his appreciation of her intentions: 'Madame,' he writes, 'it is not possible to express better, *in writing*, a disposition to do justice. . . . But I should like 'to ask when the first justice has been done for the infinite 'number of murders we have complained of.' Then came certain intelligence that Condé and Coligny were both to be seized. The Admiral hastened to Noyers, where Condé was residing, and they resolved on escaping at once across the Loire. It was a perilous journey of forty miles, through a country crowded with enemies and spies; they were encumbered with women and children. Their escort was feeble, but by starting in the night they eluded the troops which Guise was concentrating upon the castle, and managed to reach the river, whose waters were low, before their pursuers caught up with them. Once across the river, they were safe. Protestant writers love to tell how the waters of the Loire miraculously rose and flooded the ford when the enemy tried to cross. La Rochelle welcomed the fugitives. Jeanne d'Albret brought her boy, young Henry, to join the cause of religious liberty. A Royal Edict appeared, forbidding any but the Catholic religion, and the third religious war began again, the last that Coligny, Andelot, and Condé would ever fight.

The position of La Rochelle gave the Admiral the command of the sea. He fitted out a fleet of thirty ships, which, under Chastelier Portant, kept the communication open with the English ports, and waged implacable war on the ships of all Catholic countries. Like his infantry, his sailors were subjected to a discipline the rules of which may be gathered from those adopted by the Prince of Orange in his fleet of the *Gueux* in imitation. Only men of good reputation were enlisted; a minister was to sail with every vessel; and a third of the spoil was to go to the cause. The little Huguenot fleet of Coligny was thus the model of the great Dutch navy.

As regards the land forces, Coligny had never before been able to raise so powerful an army. For the first time it seemed as if he was to meet the enemy on equal terms. Twenty thousand men, without counting the Germans, were in the field, fully armed and well disciplined. Opposed to them was the Catholic army, equal in strength but inferior in discipline, commanded nominally by the Duke of Anjou, really by Tavannes. All through a long and exceptionally severe winter, a war of

skirmishes went on, in which the skill and daring of the Admiral inspired the enemy, as Tavannes tells us, with an increasing dread and admiration. These hostilities took place in the flat country lying between Châtellerault and Poitiers, and, later on, further north, the Catholics being slowly driven back, between the rivers Loiret and Vienne. With the spring these temporary advantages were lost; the Catholics, largely reinforced, pushed southwards, driving the Huguenots back upon the Charente, and on the 13th of March, 1569, the battle of Jarnac was fought, and Condé killed. The defeat itself was nothing; the Huguenot soldiers retired in good order, and the enemy did not follow up the victory; but the death of the Prince was a blow which seemed at first fatal to the cause. Even Coligny, the man of so many reverses, did not dare at first to send the news to La Rochelle. Jeanne d'Albret raised the soldiers from despair, and she came to the camp and rode along the ranks with her son Henry on her right, and Condé's son on her left. She addressed the men in words which burned with enthusiasm and maternal love; she gave them her dominions, her treasures, her life, her son. All should be sacrificed to the sacred cause of religious liberty. Jarnac was forgotten in the shouts that greeted her in reply, and Coligny was the first to swear fidelity to Henry of Navarre, thus proclaimed general of the Huguenot army in his fifteenth year.

It was with a heart heavy for other reasons that the Admiral entered his last campaign. His little daughter, the Renée whom he loved so tenderly, was taken from him, and a few weeks after his brother, the impetuous and gallant Andelot, died at Saintes. Andelot had not the military genius of the Admiral, but he was a good soldier, rapid and impetuous, brave to rashness, and a Protestant with as much conviction as the Admiral, and more fervour. His last words were prophetic, 'La France aura beaucoup de maux. . . . mais tout tombera sur l'Espagnol. Je ne resve point, mon frère, l'homme de Dieu me l'a dit.' Condé's death and the youth of Henry made Coligny for the first time absolute master. It is chiefly in this, the last act of his military career that we see his real genius. Crushed at Jarnac, he is ready a week later to take the field again; he is successful at Roche Abeille, and overruns Poitou. He is crushed again by superior numbers at Montcontour, the most disastrous of all his defeats; and the day after the battle he is prepared with a new plan of action, if the men will only follow him, more audacious, more unexpected than any he had yet tried. But the men would not follow him: worn out by so many defeats, overpowered by numbers always superior, they

demanded that terms should be made, any terms that could be got. Coligny was resolved that no terms should be made short of religious liberty. Once more he wrote to Jeanne d'Albret for assistance. Once more that incomparable woman came to the camp, bringing with her the proceeds of all her jewels, which she had sold and pawned, and again harangued the soldiers.

It was the blackest hour in Coligny's fortunes. Andelot dead, Odet poisoned in England, a price set upon his head, proclaimed a traitor, described by Pope Pius V., though this mattered little, as 'a detestable, infamous, and execrable man,' his house at Châtillon pillaged, and all his treasures scattered, blamed by his own friends for the death of the Prince, with a dejected army, most men would have given up the struggle. His fleet might take his children and himself to England. Why not fly, and let the cause perish as it might? Had he done so, there would have been apologists to defend his conduct. We should be told that he had done all, risked all, and lost all; that it was his duty at the last to rescue his family and to save his life for happier times. Coligny, like his friend William of Orange, was made of more stubborn stuff.

"We must not," he writes to his boys, after the sack of Châtillon, "count upon what is called property, but rather place our hope elsewhere than on earth, and acquire other means than those which we see with our eyes, or touch with our hands. We must follow Jesus Christ, our chief, who has gone before us. Men have taken from us all they can. If such is always the will of God we shall be happy. . . . Persevere with courage in the practice of virtue." "

Behind the Huguenot fortresses of Angoulême and St. Jean d'Angely he reformed the wreck of his forces and started by long and rapid marches southwards, leaving the enemy to amuse themselves with the siege of St. Jean d'Angely. The soldiers, their spirits raised by the prospect of more fighting, sang as they marched—

'Le Prince de Condé
Il a esté tué :
Mais monsieur l'Admiral
Est encore à cheval,
Avec la Rochefoucauld.
Pour chasser tous ces papaux, papaux, papaux.'

Besides his Frenchmen the Admiral had with him on this adventurous march the Reiters, 3,000 strong, and a little band of one hundred Englishmen, of whom twelve only survived the winter. In Navarre, Montgomery, with the 'army of the viscounts,' had gained a signal advantage over the Catholic invaders.

The Admiral journeyed south to effect a junction with his forces. Strengthened by the accession of numerous arquebusiers in Gascony, Coligny passed the winter at Montauban, and early in the year, while the mountain passes were yet dangerous with the winter ice, he set out to meet Montgomery, and turned his face northwards. The Court at Paris, in profound ignorance of his movements, believed him to be safe in the south, still cowed by the disaster of Moncontour. They were deceived: from every hamlet, from every hill of Béarn, the Vivarais, the Cevennes, the Huguenots poured forth from their hiding places to join the Admiral's army, as snow gathers on the rolling snowball. Fighting his way through a hostile country, crossing rivers whose bridges were broken, camping in villages whose people had fled, leaving, perforce, his wounded behind him, to be reckoned with the dead, he lost 6,000 men between Nîmes and St. Etienne; but the spirits of his men were high, as those should be whose all is risked upon a single chance. Among the men rode young Henry of Navarre, the boy general, whose strength and spirits never failed; with him was the little Prince of Condé; and with Coligny was Louis of Nassau. The first and only check was at St. Etienne, where Coligny fell ill. For a week his life was despaired of, and already the chiefs had their eyes fixed on Louis of Nassau as a probable successor, when the Admiral recovered unexpectedly and suddenly, and sprang into the saddle again. Two messengers from Catherine, who tried her usual Fabian policy, were waiting his recovery. They would treat with no one else. 'The Huguenot cause,' said one of the chiefs, 'does not depend on the illness or death of the Admiral.' 'If he were dead,' replied Goutant Biron, the ambassador, 'we would not offer you a cup of water.' It was true: there were other leaders, gallant captains, soldiers as brave as Andelot, statesmen as wise as Odet, *beaux sabreurs* like Montgomery and La Rochefoucauld; but there was no leader of the Huguenots beside Coligny. One other there had been—Condé—but he was dead; one other there might have been—Jeanne d'Albret—but she was a woman. It was Coligny who thought for all, worked for all, provided for all. It was Coligny who disciplined the unruly soldiery, trying to maintain among them, even in civil war, the virtues of Christian life; only for Coligny would the jealous chiefs work in concert; to the common sense of Coligny only would the fanatic ministers defer their zeal; he it was, and none other, whom his party trusted. And, which has been given to few men, it was Coligny alone whom the Catholics trusted. There can be no stronger tribute to his worth than the fact that even Catherine trusted implicitly the word as well as

the strength of the Admiral. 'Were the Admiral dead, she would not offer the Huguenots a cup of water.'

He did not die; he recovered, and pushed on. Fresh messengers came to parley, the Court was panic-stricken. At Arnay le Duc, in Burgundy, he met Corsé with 12,500 men, and beat him with 7,000; he pushed on to La Charité, and was within forty miles of Paris before the Catholics could realize the fact that he was not still hiding behind St. Jean d'Angely. Catherine gave way, as she always did, trusting once more, like her ally, Philip, to time. On the 8th of August, 1570, a treaty was signed at St. Germain en Laye, which gave the Reformed liberty of religion in every town they then held, complete civil equality, freedom from all disabilities in the universities, schools, and hospitals, and, as guarantees of good faith, the towns of La Rochelle, Cognac, Montauban, and La Charité. It was a peace that granted more than any previous one, because it was the doing of Coligny alone. There were guarantees this time, besides the perjured faith of Catherine, and Coligny's work for the first time in his life, so far as the Huguenot cause, seemed accomplished.

Peace was signed, but the flames of rage and discontent were not so easily trampled out. Yet Coligny assured the ministers at Zurich that it would be lasting, trusting, it would seem, to the strength and stubborn power of resistance proved by his party, to the faith of Catherine, and to his own influence over the King. These things, he thought, were enough to counter-balance the intrigues of the Pope and Philip, of the Guisards and the fanatics. For Teligny, 'porte paix' Teligny, and Louis of Nassau had brought about a reconciliation with the Court, and the Admiral was once more in favour with the King.

There is no doubt, incredible as was the subsequent treachery of this miserable boy, that Charles at this time grew to admire and love the Admiral beyond all other men. He heard from him, perhaps for the first time, of the triumphal march of Charles VIII. through Italy, the heroic defeats of Francis, and the glory that was to be won in a war with his hereditary enemy, Spain. Coligny showed him the Low Countries, eager to take himself in exchange for Philip; he offered the whole of the Huguenot forces to aid him; he awakened in the King the war-like spirit of the Valois. He did more: he showed Charles, brought up in an atmosphere of duplicity, what loyalty meant, for he gave up all the guarantees of peace, the cities of refuge, and threw the Huguenots upon the honour of the King.* This

* 'As soon as the King gave him and his partisans the exercise of their religion, it was he who first laid down his arms without keeping a single

frank submission made a profound impression on Charles's plastic mind, and no doubt greatly astonished Catherine by its simplicity. For the next four months the Admiral was constantly at Court, holding long and private interviews with the King. He took a second wife, the Lady Jacqueline d'Entremont, and he had the happiness of seeing his daughter Louise married to his friend Teligny. Charles gave him permission to send off another expedition to the West Indies—remark that he returns again to his favourite scheme. And then, happy for a time, he gave way to those dreams of great things which always, even at the very darkest hours, lit up the horizon of his life: France united and victorious; Spain humiliated; French colonies in America; French commerce extended; the French navy a great force; the strengthening of the royal power; a system of universal education; for himself the command of an army against Alva, and the disgrace of the Guises.

Into these projects he threw himself with all the ardour of his nature. 'Qui empesche la guerre d'Espagne n'est pas bon Français et a une croix rouge dans le ventre,' he said to Tavannes, who was in the opposite interest; and to Strozzi and Brantôme, he said, 'Praise God, all goes well; before long we shall have driven out these Spaniards from the Netherlands and made our own King the master, or died in the attempt, and I the first.' There can be little doubt that in his eagerness to promote this war, in which alone he saw the chance of lasting peace, he fairly offered the King his choice between it and a renewal of civil war. Nor can there be any doubt which the King would have chosen, but for Catherine. She was afraid; she thought that fanaticism would prove stronger than patriotism. She was afraid; it is the sad refrain that runs through the history of three reigns; the Queen Mother was afraid. Like all cowardly natures, Catherine hated those whom she feared. She hated the Guises all through; she hated Philip; she hated the Constable; and now, for the first time, she hated

city as hostage, but gave them all up every one: and when he was asked why he did not keep them for himself and his people, he replied that they could do no more guilty thing than thus to keep cities belonging to the King; and since he permitted them the free use of their religion, what did they want more? . . . *aussy telle bonté le fit perdre; car s'il se fust réservé de bonnes villes on eust dix fois songé à le faire mourir.*—Brantôme.

'L'Admiral dit qu'il envoyait à la non feinte parole et serment de sa Majesté, l'hazard du manquement de laquelle laymoit mieux encourir que retomber au labour des guerres civiles, travail, danger, et incommodité d'amis, d'ennemis, et de nécessité: qu'il aymoît mieux perir que d'y retomber.'—Tavannes.

Coligny. When her hatred of him was greater than her hatred of the Guises, she compassed his death.

Meantime, in spite of rumours, partial outbreaks, and murders, things seemed going well, yet Coligny had misgivings. He writes to the ministers at Zurich in January, 1572: 'I pray you,' he says, 'I pray you, gentlemen, that as the devil does not sleep in ill-doing, you, for your part, will watch to break his designs and practices, and bear the memory of me in your prayers.' In March, Jeanne d'Albret arrived at Brest, and in April she signed the marriage contract between her son and Marguerite de Valois. Charles wrote in May to his ambassador at Constantinople, that his mind was bent upon war with Spain. The Netherlands achieved some slight success: there were negotiations with Elizabeth, but then came bad fortune. The West Indian expedition was cut to pieces at St. Domingo, Genlis was defeated with the force he was leading to the assistance of the Prince of Orange: and the King's resolutions were shaken. Coligny drew up a memoir: the time for peace with Spain, he said, was past. Philip would never forgive the reception given to Louis of Nassau: no time like the present for inevitable war: honour called for reprisals for the French subjects murdered in America. Every Protestant power would aid, and the wounds of France would be healed when her soldiers were once more fighting on a foreign soil. And then the Admiral played his last card. The deception of the Queen Mother was at last patent to him; all her lies and treacheries lay unrolled before him like a map. Who were the real enemies of his policy? Who betrayed the secret of the Court to Philip? Who were the traitors to France? Those nearest and dearest to the King, his mother and his brother. He told the King the truth, and proved it. 'What have you learned,' asked Catherine, 'in your long interview with the Admiral?' 'I have learned, madam,' replied her son furiously, 'that the two greatest enemies I have are you and my brother.'

And then Catherine resolved to destroy Coligny, and with him, his party.* Men wrote warning letters to the Admiral, but he laughed at them, for his influence was greater than ever with the King. On the 7th of August he wrote to La Rochelle, thanking God that the King's mind was turned to the preservation of the peace, 'vous n'avez, Dieu merci, nulle occasion de craindre.' On the 11th, William of Orange prayed him to hasten his departure for the seat of war. On the 18th they

* 'La royne resout avec deux conseillers et M. d'Anjou la mort de M. l'Admiral, croyant tout le party Huguenot consister en sa teste.' —Tavannes.

celebrated in great amity and good temper the marriage of Henry and Margaret; at the cathedral of Notre D  me, the Admiral pointed to the flags that had been captured at Jarnac and Montcontour, promising soon to replace them by others more worthy of France. Those others were never to be hung there, for the Admiral had but six more days to live. To his wife he wrote, betraying a certain uneasiness—

‘If I looked only for my own contentment I should have far more pleasure in seeing you than I have in this Court, and for more reasons than I can tell you je pry noster Seigneur, ma mie, vous avoir en sa sainte garde et protection.’

Maurevel, the hired assassin of the Guises and of Catherine, was already taking his measures.

On the 22nd, the Admiral was called by the Duke of Anjou to settle a difference between two of his gentlemen. The arbitration concluded, Coligny left the Louvre to go to his own hotel; on the way he met the King, going to play tennis with the Duke de Guise, and accompanied him to the tennis-court, when he left him, and turned to go home, accompanied by ten or twelve gentlemen. In the street, a man offered him a petition, which he took and began to read, walking slowly along the road. Suddenly, there was a report from the corner house, and the Admiral dropped the paper, one finger of his right hand being broken, and his left arm grievously wounded. Maurevel had missed his *coup*.

The rest is a tale ten times told. Let us close this brief sketch of Coligny’s life with the shot of Maurevel. It was mercifully permitted to the Admiral to die in the belief that the boy whom he had trusted, was true to his word.*

Coligny, as we have said, was by no means the venerable patriarch whom historians of the St. Bartholomew invariably depict. He was about fifty-six years of age, an extremely strong, healthy, and vigorous man, capable of any fatigue, still fresh for any kind of work. At a stage in life’s journey, when the road still stretches far ahead, and plenty of work looms yet

* ‘Unfortunate death I call it for all France: seeing the evils which came of it and yet will come: for what could the King wish for more than to get rid of a powerful enemy, as he deemed him, though he showed him a good face? He was going out of the kingdom with twenty thousand of his own partisans, and, God knows, the best: he was going to conquer a country as large as a kingdom and appropriate it for his king: for himself he wanted nothing: all the reports of that kind are false: he no more wished to be king of France than I do. But he did wish to hold a great charge under the King, to have the same rank as he had held under the great King Henry, to be his lieutenant-general, and to be gratified by certain gifts, as is but reasonable.’—Brant  me.

before, Coligny, at least, seemed to himself as yet to have done but one thing, the establishment of religious liberty: all the rest was still to do, and since he failed in that, we are tempted at first sorrowfully to own that all his life's labours were spent in vain. This was not so. Coligny organized the Reform, and disciplined the Reformers: he showed them their real strength. He was the first to perceive that Protestantism could not become, in his own time at least, the religion of the country. And then he claimed, himself the first, the principles of religious toleration. He prepared the way, as he set the example, for his pupil Henry the Fourth. It was through Coligny, and no other, that the Protestants enjoyed religious liberty till the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

This was only in his capacity as chief of the Huguenot party. But what else did the great Admiral do? It was he who first reduced the unruly soldiers which composed the French infantry to discipline and order—'more than a million of lives,' says Brantôme, 'saved by the Admiral's rules.' It was he who made it possible for a camp to be orderly, quiet, and God-fearing, anticipating Cromwell by exactly a hundred years: it was by the example of Coligny's fleet that William of Orange founded the Dutch navy; it was he who foresaw the advantages of a colonial empire, and strove repeatedly to establish settlements on the other side of the Atlantic, if only as a refuge for 'ceux de la religion;' again, anticipating the Scotch Puritans, he asked for free and universal education, a thing which France has not even yet obtained; and he saw how the weakness of Spain might be turned to the strength of France. In all these things, Coligny was far before the age.

What is as remarkable as his genius, is the singularly bad luck that pursued him for the last twenty years of his life. All his projects were feasible, for the Admiral was the most sensible of men, but all failed. In the tumult of civil war the discipline of his troops gave way, and he had to bear with the pillage which he could not prevent. Grievous to him must have been the heavy rumbling of the waggons in which the Reiters stored their plunder. Then his colonial scheme came to nothing; he was frustrated in his designs against Spain; and his death was the signal for the destruction of what he had spent so many years in building up. His life is like that of some hero of tragedy, in which the inevitable fate gradually closes more darkly round, with deeper and deeper shadow, but with occasional gleams of sunshine, till the time for the climax is reached. Coligny hopes and toils; but everything fails. His heart, too, would have failed, perhaps, had he foreseen, what seems the saddest

thing of any, the apostasy and worthlessness of his grandchildren.

Coligny was not a faultless man. He was impatient of interference and control; he was jealous of his authority; he was over proud of his birth; he was stern and harsh in the execution of justice.* His personal ambition seems sometimes to have led him into disregard of Huguenot interests, as when he surrendered to Charles the cities which formed the guarantees of faith; and his hatred of the Guises was too excessive to be based upon political and religious grounds only. And yet his virtues were so great that his life has sunk deeply into the hearts of the French; the great Admiral's name is a proverb for fidelity, honesty, and courage. There was no one like him, so religious and so true, in an age when there seemed no truth in the world, and religion was usually but a party cry. The name of Guise survives in the memory of no great act; he was a gallant fighting man, who passed away having received his meed of praise; the Admiral was far more than this; his memory flourishes and is green, while that of his rival is well nigh extinct.

For three days after St. Bartholomew, the populace amused themselves with dragging the headless trunk of Coligny through the streets of Paris. Then they hanged it by the feet to the gibbet of Montfaucon, whither, according to some, the King and all the Court rode to see their victim. But this does not seem true. During the night a faithful servant stole the mutilated corpse, and placed it in a leaden coffin. It was taken to Chantilly, the seat of Montmorency, whence it was removed to Châtillon, where, for a greater security, it was built up in a recess in the wall. Strange to say, the fact and place were quite forgotten by the unworthy descendants of the great Huguenot. In 1657 the last Coligny died, the family title and possessions passing to the Montmorency Luxembourgs. One day, a hundred years later, the Duke of Luxembourg was at dinner in his château of Châtillon sur Loing, when they came to tell him that certain workmen,

* An example of his sternness is given in the execution he ordered in Périgord. Certain peasants had ill-treated his defeated Provençal soldiers in their retreat. The Admiral ordered reprisals. 'Wherever he passed you saw nothing but peasants lying dead.' In one place he gathered two hundred and sixty peasants in a hall and killed them every one in cold blood. It was pointed out to him that the executions should be held among those of the place where the crimes had been committed. The Admiral replied that they were peasants of the same province, and the example would serve for all. Coligny certainly did not carry on war in gloved hands.

in executing repairs, had discovered in the wall a leaden box, doubtless containing treasure. It was opened, and found to contain the bones of the Admiral. The Duke did not conceal his disappointment. What were the bones of a great man compared to a box full of doubloons? He actually gave the coffin to the Marquis of Montesquiou, who built a fitting tomb for them in his park of Maupertuis. On one side of the tomb was a Latin epitaph—

‘Magni illius Franciæ Admiralis Gaspardis à Coliniaco hujusce loci domini ossa in spem resurrectionis hic sunt deposita: anima autem apud Eum pro quo constantissime pugnavit recepta est.’

And on the other side, a slab, on which was inscribed Voltaire’s account of the night of Saint Bartholomew. Then came the Revolution. Once more the coffin was removed, this time to Paris for safety. The Duke of Luxembourg, after the Restoration, asked the Count of Montesquiou-Fézensac to give it back, and finally the coffin was taken back to Châtillon, where the bones of the Admiral lie resting at last and for ever among the ruins of his own castle.

ART. II.—*The Higher Pantheism.*

The Mystery of Matter and other Essays. By J. ALLANSON
PICTON, Author of ‘New Theories and the Old Faith.’
London: Macmillan and Co.

WE have no word in the English language exactly equivalent to the German *recension*. It is neither a review nor a reply, but something between the two—it is a rehearing of the case, as in a court of appeal, when the issue is one entirely novel, or which raises a new point of law. The question which Mr. Picton has raised is of this kind. It is unnecessary to review his book, that has been done already in a previous number. On the other hand, we are not prepared to reply to it in that off-hand way which polemical divines affect. It is in no Athenian spirit of wishing to hear some new thing that we desire to discuss Mr. Picton’s theory of Christian Pantheism. Much less should we presume, like the Areopagites of old, to sit in judgment on Mr. Picton as a setter forth of strange gods. Our purpose is a middle one, between a review, which simply reflects the writer’s mind, and a reply which holds it up to censure. Mr. Picton has in

perfect good faith, and with the seriousness and gravity becoming such a subject, raised one of those 'burning questions,' as the French call them, which lie near the heart, but seldom come up on the lip. The infinite and the absolute are terms of the school metaphysics which, as long as they are kept to the schools, do not raise any uneasy questionings. Whether Dean Mansel or Professor Calderwood's theory of the infinite is the more definite and true, is a question which we can hear out with comparative calmness. But when these terms are translated into the language of theology, and the issue is fought out in the forum of conscience, not in the mere arena of metaphysics, the question assumes different dimensions, and acquires a deeper interest. It is as if the ghosts which Ulysses met in the Elysian Fields, were given the draught of blood, enabling them to speak and act as living men. Shadows of the infinite and absolute may flit before us pale and colourless, without stirring a pulse, or raising an uneasy thought as to the way these spectres seem to marshal us. To raise the *odium theologicum* in their case would be cowardly in the extreme. The most orthodox and dogmatic of divines may in metaphysics hold a theory as sceptical as Hume. Indeed, there is a sense in which philosophical scepticism is the very fittest foundation for a theological superstructure, as the palaces of Venice and Amsterdam are raised on piles sunk in the sand and sea-drift. Philosophical nescience is with some divines the very preparation for faith, and the *tabula rasa* of reason, the fittest chart on which to write our hopes of the hereafter. Be that as it may (and it is not our intention to discuss that question which Mansel and Maurice took sides upon some years ago), we cannot help thinking that it is a serious question to translate metaphysical terms into their theological equivalents, and to raise, as Mr. Picton does in evident good faith, the question whether our relation to God is that of parts to a whole, or of person to person. The very term Christian Pantheism will startle some, and be an offence to others. *Quid philosophus ac Christianus*, said the rugged but sensible Tertullian in his day, and the same remark has been made in our hearing, 'What has Christianity to say to Pantheism?' The personality of God is a previous question, which Christianity, in common with all historical religions, must assume. He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. From this point of view, there is no room for the discussion at all. Tertullian's argument for the *prescriptio hæreticorum* is applicable to such cases as these. Novelties of this kind are not so much as to be listened to. Either they are paradoxes, mere word juggles to

startle and surprise us, or they are theses to be maintained in good faith, and in that case their very novelty condemns them. In any case, the prescriptive right of the Christian Church has shut out such questions from the pale of discussion. Deism, not Pantheism, is the only foundation on which Revelation has rested. To erect nothing on that foundation is the error of the Deist, but to remove the building itself and rear it in cloudland was a novelty unheard of, till the new school of intuitionism arose in Germany. If the foundations be removed, what will the righteous do? Many are saying this of attempts like these of Mr. Picton, to substitute for the old transcendent, the new immanent theory of the relation of God to the universe.

It is for this reason that a recension, not a review or a reply, is the fittest way to approach the question. It is one which is too important to be settled at a single sitting. It calls for a rehearing, that the arguments *pro* and *con* may be sifted and weighed. We should neither lightly give way to the *zeit-geist*, nor too obtusely stand in its path and bar its advance. If modern science calls for a revision of the old terms, in which we speak of the universe and its Maker, we are willing to hear what science has to say. But we must first know for certain that it is science itself which makes the demand, and not some sciolist who pretends to speak in her name. Deism, with its old distinctions between mind and matter, with its creation-out-of-nothing way of speaking of the universe, may need to be recast, and its terminology, like worn coins, reminted; but between that and Pantheism there seems a void immense, which is not to be crossed at a bound, as Mr. Picton essays to do. We should be on our guard as much against hastily giving up ground which is still defensible, as in obstinately entrenching ourselves behind lines which can be taken in flank. It is the mark of a real general to know where are the Torres Vedras lines behind which he can stand at bay, without any fear of being driven back into the sea. Mr. Picton gives up too much when he abandons the old lines of philosophical dualism, and falls back on the immanent theory of God in everything. But we must not forget our own principle, that we are not prejudging Mr. Picton, but only calling for a rehearing of the whole question. We shall let him state his own case, as far as possible in his own words, and afterwards show why of the two accounts of the relation of God to the universe, the transcendent and the immanent, the old is better.

An expression in the preface of Mr. Picton's essays on the Mystery of Matter seems to be the key to much that follows, and indeed suggests the *motif* of the book itself.

‘When a gradual landslip occurs on a great scale, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood are naturally anxious to know how far the movement may possibly extend, and what is likely to be the level and ultimate settlement. So at the present day when faith’s centre of gravity is slowly but surely moving away from tradition and authority to some position of more stable equilibrium, all of us, when not rendered absolutely incoherent by alarm, have a reasonable wish to forecast the final result, or at least to be assured of some limits beyond which the movement cannot extend.’

It is this conception of a ‘landslip’ which underlies all Mr. Picton’s way of reviewing the altered relations of religion and science. It is too late, if this conception be correct, to think any longer of any concordat between reason and faith. The very foundations are giving way under our feet, and the question soon will be whether there will be any science or any faith, in the ordinary sense of the terms, between which to settle some *modus vivendi*. In a previous work Mr. Picton approached the subject of inspiration, and threw out some free, if not encouraging thoughts as to the nature and extent of inspiration. The inspiration of seers and sages, of prophets and philosophers, were only varieties of one and the same thing. But now the question assumes larger dimensions still. It is not any longer a question whether nature and grace are only different stages of the education of the human race. The question now touches the deeper problem, whether the universe itself is not phenomenal in a sense which would startle Deists, who rejected Revelation as a superfluous addition to the light of nature. Instead of classing phenomena under the old categories of mind and matter, we are now told, in the language of Spinoza and the mystics, that there is but one substance underlying all phenomena. In the language of the Eleatic school there is the one and the many, and the many are only the fleeting phantoms, the bubbles on the surface of an ocean, without bottom or bound. In an ingenious way Mr. Picton tries to piece together the last words of science and of religion, and to find that advanced views in both really lead to the same conclusion. The last word of science is that there is ‘one God, one law, one element,’

‘And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.’

The last word of religion is very much to the same effect. ‘Then shall the Son also be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.’ Thus science and religion are advancing upon converging lines towards the same centre. Pantheism is the last word of science, it is also the last

word of religion. The language of philosophers like Spinoza is found to be in agreement with that of mystics like Tauler and Böhmen and Baader. 'God is all in all,' say the mystics—'all is God,' say the philosophers, and the two phrases are only echoes of one and the same thought. No notice is taken of the obvious distinction between the two—a distinction which Coleridge, notwithstanding his decided leaning in the same direction, was candid enough to draw. 'God *minus* the world = God. The world *minus* God = 0.' In this way Coleridge saved himself from the abyss of Pantheism, to which his theories seemed to tend. But unless we misrepresent Mr. Picton, this distinction of Coleridge is only a play upon words—a distinction without a difference. 'God is all, and all is God,' is the outspoken language of Pantheism, and to this, with some qualification, he seems to give his adherence. The phrase 'God *minus* the world = God' carries us at once out of Pantheism into Theism. It is the old transcendental theory of the relation of God to the universe, which as long as it is adhered to, the new immanent theory of God in everything can do no harm to our faith in a personal God. But as soon as we give up that ground, and say, in the language of Spinoza and the old Eleatics, that the many and the one are related as parts to the whole, or as phenomena to their substance, then we have lost the true sense of the person of God. It was the fault of the old Deism that it made of God a mere *Deus opifex*, a magnified man-artisan; but now in the other extreme He or It is only the pulse of the machine. He is the life and soul of the universe, but a life and soul inseparable from it; it is as incorrect to speak of God without the world, as of the world without God. A world without God is blank Atheism, but a God without the world is only acosmism; and the two conceptions denote very different degrees of error, if the latter can be described as an error at all, and only a hard-and-fast way of stating the truth of Creationism. 'Bereishith'—in the beginning—is the first word in the Bible; and this forces on us the conception, however difficult to formulate in thought, of a Being who was before the beginning. Acosmism is thus a postulate of Creationism—it is inconceivable but not incredible—nay, it is credible because inconceivable. This is the meaning of the words 'by faith we understand that the worlds were made.' The *voûs*, or thinking faculty in man, since it cannot by any mere dialectical effort of the pure understanding teach the beginning of all things, takes the wings of faith, and thus passes at a spring beyond the portals of light and sense, and takes its stand at the point where phenomena are 'not made of things which do appear.' Atheism is a conception from which the religious

instinct starts back with horror. But acosmism, however, dreary, is a sublime if not quite intelligible conception of God. When Arius advanced his dogma—there was a time when the Son of God was not—he was rebuked, not as Mr. Picton supposes, on the grounds of Christian Pantheism, because it is as unthinkable that the Creator should exist without the creature, as the creature without the Creator, but for the very reverse reason. The divines of that day, as of ours, would have probably admitted that if the Son were a creature at all, then there was a time when the Son was not—they would have willingly extended Arius's phrase to all creature life, and said there was a time when the *κτίσις* or universe was not. If the Logos had been part of that *κτίσις* the 'first born' of every creature in that sense of the word, then there would have been a time when He was not. The whole controversy between the Catholics and Arians would have fallen to the ground unless the assumption on both sides was the Deistical not the Pantheistic one, that creation had a beginning, and that before creation, if we may use the phrase, there was a time when there was nought but God, as in the end of time, when evil shall disappear, God shall be all in all.

Not to press the language of Scripture unfairly into questions which it only touches incidentally, as the inference we think from such passages as the following bears against the immanent, and for the transcendent, theory of the relation of God to the universe, 'All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made which was made.' This is Deism, not Pantheism. The first clause is that all things came out of nothingness into being by the will of the Logos; the second clause confirms this by denying the contrary proposition, that anything ever came into being either of itself or by any other will than that of the Word. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews in the same way speaks of creation having both a beginning and an end. 'They shall perish, but Thou endurest: and they all shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture Thou shalt fold them up, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not change.' Here the contrast is emphatically marked between a perishing universe and its unchanging and unchangeable Author. It rests on the Deistical axiom that the things which had a beginning must also have an end. If the Son of God had a beginning in time, He, too, should subside before the change of time. His is the only existence outside God which does not follow the fixed conditions of the creation, and therefore He is one with God, and is God. The argument is identical with that of the evangelist John, and both alike rest on a Deistical conception of the universe.

Take one more passage in James, where it is said of God that 'with Him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.' The reference is to that Light of lights, the Father of lights, which, unlike the sun, has neither annual orbit nor daily decline. The material sun rises and sets daily, and yearly climbs the sky to the solstice, and then declines to the tropics, but the uncreated Sun shines on, fixed and immovable. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Scripture, indeed, fairly interpreted, knows nothing of that immanence of God in nature which lies at the root of all Pantheistic modes of thought. The Oriental mind is saturated with this thought; it reappears in a thousand shapes; it exhales alike in poetry and philosophy. It is needless to quote instances in proof. Hindoo philosophy is essentially Pantheistic. The early Vedas may be an exception, though that is doubtful; but in all the later Puranas Pantheism crops up. There are many phenomena, but only one substance, which is God. The reason is obvious. The Eastern mind here has emerged out of the theological stage. Philosophy, properly so called, took its rise in Greece only with the question, What was the origin of all things?—was it mind, was it matter, or was it, as Plato thought, mind acting on matter? This distinction of nature and nature's God was foreign to the simplicity of early thought. In one sense, therefore, it was more devout—more penetrated with the sense of the divine in everything; but, on the other hand, every part of nature was only a thought of Brahm. The cow, the elephant, the flower, were all some fractions of him. In the *Bhagavad Gita*, Kreeshna, the teacher, tells Argoon, his pupil, that he is the universe. 'I,' says the teacher, 'am the creation and dissolution of the whole universe. 'There is not anything greater than I. All things hang on 'the Sun as precious gems upon a string. I am moisture on the 'water, light in the sun and moon, invocation in the breeze, 'sound in the firmament, sweet-smelling savour in the earth, 'glory in the source of light. I am life in all things, and zeal 'in the zealous; I am the eternal soul of Nature; I am the 'understanding of the wise, the glory of the proud, the strength 'of the strong, free from lust and anger.' . . . 'I,' continues Kreeshna, 'am the sacrifice, I am the worship, I am the spices, 'I am the fire, I am the victim, I am the father and mother of 'the world.' All this is pure Pantheism, that confusion of science and religion which is at once the weakness and the strength, the glory and the shame, of the Hindoo mind. Philosophy emerged in Greece only with the consciousness that there was some element, call it water, as Thales, or earth, as Anaximander, or air, as Anaximenes, or fire, as Heraclitus, which was

the ἀρχὴ or στοιχεῖον. Thus it was that science emerged out of the swaddling bands of theology. The first philosophers were physicists—they looked on nature or φύσις as an entity in itself, and all plainly tended towards Atheism. The other or complementary truth of philosophy had to be discovered. It was dreamed of by Pythagoras, and fully disclosed by Socrates, who it was said first brought philosophy down from heaven to earth—meaning that he was the first teacher who brought her down from airy abstractions and generalities about matter and its origin to questions of human interest—our duty here, our hopes hereafter. Ever since Socrates' time, philosophy has had two well-distinguished branches—the one we call science, the other ethics—the one deals with what is, the other with what ought to be; and no sound system of thought should ever efface these well-marked lines of distinction between the two. But to the Hindu mind there is not a trace of this distinction. The theological stage was never overpassed, and hence their science is only a mystical maundering about the one and the many. All are phenomena of one great substance that we call one, or Brahm, or the ineffable. Now, this is scarcely more religious than the Greek mode of viewing the universe—in reality it is less so. We have only to compare the two with the Hebrew, in order to see how infinitely nearer the Greek is than the Hindoo to the true conception not only of the universe, but of its Author. We may see in this the wisdom of God in placing the preparation of the Gospel in Greece, not in India. Great as were the evils of Polytheism, against which philosophy struggled so long in vain, they were less than those of Pantheism. Just as the barren soil is more favourable to human life and energy than the steaming jungle, where nature is so luxuriant that man is powerless. The scepticism of the Greek was a wholesome protest against the corruptions of nature worship. It was not faith—very far from it—but it was at least a preparation for a true faith. The philosopher who ridiculed in secret the superstitions of his countrymen, and knew no other God but form, was at least nearer the mark than the dreamy Hindoo or Persian, who saw God in everything, and whose last-shaped thought was that of absorption into the spirit of the universe, in which life and death, waking and sleeping, being and non-being, were all one.

In contrast with all this vapouring about the one and the many, how clear cut are the Hebrew conceptions of the relations of God to the universe. If there is an air of Pantheism about them, as Mr. Picton implies, it is because we put conceptions into the Bible which we afterwards think that we discover there.

To our thinking they tell a very different tale. To the Psalmist, for instance, God is present in nature—but never once, in the highest flights of devotional poetry, does he let fall an expression as if the things we see were anything else than His handiwork. They are never co-eternal with God—on the contrary, they are His creatures. ‘When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained;’ it is God who ‘appoints the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.’ He ‘opens His hand, they are filled with good.’ God is in the growing grass and the rolling thunder, in the ‘great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, where go the ships, and where is that leviathan who is made to play therein.’ The rain is ‘the river of God,’ and the ‘cedars of Lebanon’ are said to be His planting; but we search in vain for a syllable or a hint of that mystical immanence of God in nature, such as modern Pantheism conceives of as the relation of God to the universe. We may strip the Bible bare of its poetry, or translate it into the baldest and driest prose, but it yields up in no case any other sense than that of Theism. The *Deus opifex* is there throughout, and almost in express terms. The argument of design, so much run down in our days, as if it had been an invention of the same school that invented the ‘Evidences,’ is, by implication, if not in express terms, found in the Old Testament. ‘He that planted the eye, shall He not see; He that formed the ear, shall He not hear?’ It is foreign, of course, to the simplicity of Scripture to bring in illustrations of contrivance of the adaptation of the organs of men and animals to the pre-existing laws of matter. But the argument of Paley has been anticipated in principle, if not in detail. Man is the last of the works of God, and as the world was adapted for him, so he was adapted for the world. Light existed before there was a single human eye to behold it, and, therefore, as the properties of light existed before the organ which was to preserve it, that organ was accommodated to the laws of light—not the laws of light to the organ of seeing. The stress of Paley’s argument lies in this. And the Scriptures, rightly interpreted, tell the same tale. The world is prepared for man, and man then fitted to play his part in the world, and to take his part in it as the crown and glory of all creation. If this is not Theism, then we have read the Scriptures to very little purpose.

But it is said that the Bible knows nothing of creation as we commonly describe it, and here we must be careful in the use of terms lest we fall into confusion. If Mr. Picton says that the Bible does not know the phrase *creation out of nothing*,

then he is undoubtedly correct. But it seems to us a somewhat small criticism to fall out with the phrase 'creation out of nothing.' It is a mere expression of our ignorance of a great mystery, and, as a verbal contradiction, it is founded on the impotence of thought and language to convey a truth of the pure intuition or *νοῦς* in terms of the *διάνοια* or dialectical understanding. Creation out of nothing is a meaningless phrase, and had much better be dropped. Its only point is adversative to the old error of the atomists which none of the Greek school of philosophers ever worked themselves clear of, that there was some original *ύλη*, or substance, which the Creator impressed with form and laws; thus transforming chaos into kosmos. The human mind without the aid of Revelation does not seem to have ever risen beyond this conception of a great Demiurge, and excusably therefore in overturning this Demiurgic theory of creation out of pre-existent matter, Christian writers spoke of creation as out of no pre-existent matter, which is all that the phrase 'creation out of nothing' means. It has thus a negative value, not a positive. All that it means is that 'the things which were made were not made of things which do appear'—as if every egg came from a bird, and every bird from an egg, in an endless chain. The unassisted reason of man left to itself falls, as we see, alike in India and in Greece, into a charmed circle, in which phenomena pass and repass. We are like children at a play who see an army on the march, made up of a small company who come in at one wing and out at another, and go on round and round in endless perspective. The first grand lesson of Revelation is to lift the mind out of this sump and slough of Pantheism, and to put a beginning, middle, and end to this Indian play of Maya or Illusion. Aristotle's three unities may be exaggerated, but the difference between an Indian and a European play or poem is felt at once in the want of unity of interest in the one, of its felt reality in the other. In every work, regard the author's end—this has passed with us into a rule of art, to depart from which is to produce a play within a play, like the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' in which the sense of reality is in turn removed. It is a fiction within fiction, which is bad art, as much as gold on gold is bad heraldry.

Creationism, therefore, as it is the characteristic truth of Mosaism, so it marks a starting-point of the human mind. Religion and science, which lay tangled and twisted together in the confused brain of Indian mystics and Greek pedants, now take their separate places; we learn to give to reason the things which are reason's, and to faith the things which are faith's.

All questions of the beginning and end of things, their *termini a quo* and *ad quem*, belong properly to faith; they are out of the horizon of sight and sense-perception. The understanding or dialectical faculty which goes by the method of difference and discrimination can make nothing of either beginning or end. It should, therefore, give it up altogether. Science knows nothing either of the *when* or the *why* at the beginning or end of things, it can only speak of the *how* or their middle. Faith, on the other hand, on the assurance of a Revelation from God, historically takes up the question at the point where reason puts it down. Its first word is the simple but sublime utterance with which the first book of Moses opens—‘In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.’ The last word on the same subject is found in the hymn of the redeemed in heaven—‘Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.’ Thus it is by a spiritual instinct, called faith, not by any exercise of the dialectical understanding, that we presume to approach the great mystery of creation. We should regard it, as the cherubim who symbolize creation in its noblest aspects do, with veiled faces. Mr. Picton has only gained a barren triumph in overturning, one after another, the old arguments for contrivance founded on the *Deus opifex* theory. Creationism as a logical theory is open to all sorts of objections, but that is nothing to the point. There is no religious truth whatever that does not labour under the same difficulty. To use Bacon’s phrase, every spiritual truth is a paradox; and he has collected from the words of our Lord and His apostles a budget of these paradoxes, which is more than a mere play on words.

To use the Kantian formula, we should say, in the same way, that the things of faith lie in an unending antinomy between two opposite logical contradictions. The way of faith is thus in the sea and its path in the deep waters, but it is through a divided sea like that through which Israel passed safely, the waters being a wall to it on this side and on that. There are logical difficulties in the path of Creationism; therefore, according to Mr. Picton, we must renounce it, and fall back on Positivism or Pantheism, or a modification of the two; to which his own theory leans. But this is shortsighted and mistaken. Granted that we cannot conceive how existence came into being, and how anything can exist out of God, is that any reason for rejecting the Christian account of creation, simply because it transcends our poor conceptions of things? Mr. Picton, like the drunken Alexander, thrice slays his slain in pointing to the logical contradictions which emerge out of

such expressions as creation out of nothing, or that design is the ingenious triumph of mind over difficulties thrown in its way. This conception, we admit, would be inapplicable to God unless we limit His omnipotence at the expense of His wisdom, and suppose that He put these difficulties in His way in order to show how He could overcome them. We are ready to go with him to the full extent of his demands; compelling us to go with him a mile, we are prepared to go with him twain, and cheerfully allow that the argument for design will not stand by itself. As a proof of the being of God, it begs the very point in question, and, considered as a proof of His perfections, what it gains in one direction it loses in another. The mechanical skill of a watchmaker consists in triumphing over difficulties put in his path by laws over which he has no control, and if this is all that God has done, then His work is open to the not irreverent conclusion of the Portuguese prince, that if he had the making of the universe, he would have made it with more simplicity. But what of all this? There is a long step between finding flaws in Deism, and falling back in despair on Pantheism. The battle is lost, we may say, like Napoleon at Marengo, 'but there is time to gain another.' The logical contradictions involved in Creationism are not to be denied. In the sea of mystery in which we are surrounded, deep calleth unto deep, and sometimes when the breakers of unbelief are seen, we are ready to sink into the ocean of one universal substance, call it matter, call it spirit, of which all phenomena are only the bubbles breaking into light and foam on the surface. Who has not felt a temptation to that faith as 'vain as all unsweet?' Its simplicity is so attractive. It reunites at once all the old contradictions between faith and science. As there is an eternal calm at the bottom of the ocean—but it is the calm of death—so the Pantheistic theory reconciles all things in God, because God is all, and all is God. Mr. Picton enters a caution against saying of a mountain or tree, or even of a good man, or of the starry heaven, that this is God, for all of these, he adds, are only fragmentary phenomenal manifestations of God. The foot cannot say of the hand, 'I have no need of thee,' but neither foot nor hand can say, 'I am the man.' A wave of the hand, a glance of the eye, may show the individual life, but of neither, except in an obviously metaphorical sense, can we say 'that is the man.' So all creatures of the phenomenal world manifest God, but we have no right to say of any of them 'this is God.' But though Mr. Picton guards his language against that worst corruption of Pantheism, such as we find among Hindu thinkers, in which nature

itself is divine not so much as a *thought* of God, but as actually a *part* of Him, we cannot acquit him of that subtle form of Pantheism which begins by erasing the old distinctions between spirit and matter, and ends in erasing that more essential distinction between moral good and evil. Philosophical dualism, to use a phrase of Sir William Hamilton, seems to us the foundation of all sound thinking on any question, whether of science or religion. We are not pledged to any definition of what we mean by spirit or matter. We are neither Nominalists nor Realists, nor even Conceptualists; as to the origin of these categories, they may either have no objective reality, or they may; or we may halt between the two, with the old punning dilemma that mind is no matter, and matter never mind. It is enough for us that we *use* the distinction and hold to it. The Hegelian philosophy of identity on which all modern Pantheism is founded, is like that vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other side. It insists on erasing the old distinction between thought and things, a distinction as old as speech itself, and founded therefore on some corresponding reality. It attempts some grand generalization which runs up all things into the *ding an sich*, and all thoughts into the absolute, and then tells us that this first thing and first thought are identical. The one is object, the other subject, and indivisible as light and shadow on the two sides of the one shield. This Hylozoism, to use one of Cudworth's compounds, is unlike Atheism, which at least asserts the eternal existence of matter, or Theism, which asserts the eternal existence of mind. It takes a kind of middle position between the two; it believes in a kind of animated nature—a substance which is ever blowing bubbles into new forms, springing like a fountain through many stages of life up into self-consciousness in man, and then falling back like a fountain, and breaking in spray around the base of its watery column, only to go through the same ceaseless round.

The old dualism, which divided between thought and things, was infinitely preferable to this vague and mystical confusion of subject and object. The hard and fast line which Descartes drew between reason and instinct, and consequently between mind and matter, has been broken down. It is impossible for us to say now where the one begins and the other ends. But our inability to mark the dividing line between thought and things no more justifies us in denying its existence, than our inability to define life or to set limits to it, forbids us to use the old distinction between the plant and the mineral. The distinction between mind and matter would be convenient if it were only a verbal one, or set up by ourselves like the painted pole

which divides one petty principality in Germany from another. But as great empires have their natural frontiers, the sea or the mountain, or a broad, deep river, so the dividing line between mind and matter may be traced running like a ridge of peaks along the sky-line of thought. Self-consciousness is the inalienable property of mind. It can make its own thought, and create out of the subject a new object, the subject-object, as some metaphysicians have called it. The feebleness of the mind is, the less able it is thus to turn in on itself, to arraign itself, and, as conscience, to accuse and excuse its thoughts one with another. But 'as it grows it gathers much, and learns the use of I and Me, and finds it is not what I see and different from the things I touch.' 'So rounds it to a separate mind.' It is through the body we admit that it learns what the mind is; by the help of the external it rises to the internal, and so at last, by a natural and easy generalization, to the supernal. 'Ab exterioribus ad interiora redeam, ab interioribus ad superiora ascendam,' is a fine saying of St. Bernard. Thus it is that the old dualism of mind and matter lies at the root of religion, it is assumed, or rather presumed, as the very condition of belief. We speak of God as the Author of the one kind of life, and the Giver of the other, and our language harmonizes in this with what is said of the Eternal Logos. 'All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men; and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.' This language is as philosophically exact as it is religiously profound. Inorganic matter (to use a modern phrase) is first described as 'made' by the Logos. Then 'life' appears on the scene, rising up to self-consciousness, a 'light' in men; but then the evangelist glances at the origin of moral evil, or the darkening of that light, so he adds that 'the darkness comprehended it not.'

Pantheism obliterates the distinction between mind and matter, and therefore it has effaced this vital distinction between good and evil. This is a serious charge to make, and not to be lightly advanced without proof. If all life is phenomenal only, and a part only of the great whole, it is obvious that evil is only the shadow of good, a stage in its development, or rather, for we must be careful not to strain our opponent's words, 'it is the subjective tendency of the creature to isolate itself in his fragmentary life.' It is not to be denied that mysticism here runs into Pantheism. Philo's mysticism, for instance, led him to incline the balance in favour of the divine action throughout the universe, so far as to use expressions which almost seemed to

ascribe evil itself to God. But as Reuss, in his 'Théologie Chrétienne' remarks, 'by his strongly practical tendency he was 'perpetually recalled to the opposite view. His Pantheism, indeed, 'if it deserve the name, was only a recoil from that stark and transcendent theory of Deism, in which, in common with all who 'stood on the ground of the Old Testament, God and the world 'were separated by a chasm which he vainly sought to bridge over 'by the Platonic theory of ideas as intermediary between the two.' Mediaeval mysticism, in the same way, is only Pantheistic to the same extent, and for the same reason as Philo is. God is the only true life; separation from Him, who is the source of blessedness, is also separation from the true fountain of being. Language like this may be strained to convey more than it really meant. Mr. Picton, 'turning rhetoric into logic,' represents them unfairly, as we think, when he describes them as on the same track with Spinoza; 'even the devil,' he says, quoting from an old monk, 'so 'far as he exists at all, is good; that is, so far as he has any true 'being.' This passage from the 'Theologia Germanica,' quoted by Mr. Picton, seems to bear out this strange confusion between life and good. The confusion is none the less dangerous and misleading, because spiritual men, in the excess of their God-consciousness, mistook the real significance of evil. Defect of life is one thing, and depravity of will another. All creature existence partakes of this defect, more or less—but this is not evil, properly so called, it is sometimes called metaphysical evil by some thinkers who are on their guard, as to the right use of terms, and in this sense the expression is perfectly unobjectionable. This is equivalent to the Pauline expression that the creature was made subject to vanity *i.e.*, defect of being (*ματαιότης*) not willingly, *i.e.*, through any conscious depravity on its part, but by reason of Him—*i.e.*, as part of a general plan—who hath subjected the same in hope. But moral evil has deeper springs than this original defect in respect of the fulness of Him that filleth all in all. Its roots lie in the existence of a lawless will, or rather of an *ἀνομος*, a lawless one, who has set himself up to oppose and withstand the Eternal Lawgiver. Who that being is, and what is his nature, is hinted at not obscurely in Scripture. He is the old enemy, the murderer and liar who abode not in the truth, because the truth was not in him. Mr. Picton, we grieve to say, sets aside this account of the origin of evil as one of those attempts to remove the difficulty and put it out of sight:—

'As old fashioned piano-tuners used to sweep all the inevitable discords of an ordinary keyed instrument into one or two unfrequently used scales which they called 'the wolf;' so these people gather up all the infinitesimal difficulties of art into one huge mystery, which

they call "the devil." And then any one who deprives them of such a resource is most unreasonably called upon to explain away human sin. But it is manifestly just as much open to those who deny the real existence of Satan to acknowledge the actual fact of human sin without pretending to account for it, as it is open to believers in the devil to insist on the hypothetical fact of his fall without professing to explain it. Nay, the former is much more reasonable than the other because it confines itself to real experience.'

Now we accept Mr. Picton's challenge, and take our stand on the issue which he has here marked out for us. We say that the phenomena of sin in human beings, such as we have to deal with, are inexplicable on any other supposition than the Biblical one, which he dismisses as mythical and legendary. Either sin is a reality, and then explicable on no other ground than the temptation and fall—or it is only a stage in the development of good, and then it is no longer sin. This is the real crux which no Pantheistic theory ever could or can get over. As in the old witchcraft, running water was the only thing which the goblin could not pass over—so the reality of sin is the point where we may draw breath, and see whether we are pursued by some real thing, or only by a phantom of our own fear. Apart from sin and the redemption from it, one theory of the relation of God to the universe is as good as another. Nay, of the two, in a mere naturalist point of view, the immanent is preferable to the transcendent. Mere Deism is a dry and external view of the relation of God to the universe. Pantheism is both more poetical, and in a sense more truly scientific. That a poet like Wordsworth, steeped in a sense of the Deity diffused in nature, should break out in thoughts bordering on, if not quite, Pantheistic, is to us neither strange nor revolting. He felt—

'A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought
And rolls through all things.'

In the same way, the man of science impatient of our old distinctions between mind and matter, and impressed with a sense that what we call inert matter is only another form of force, and that all forces are correlated and pass into each other, he also wishes to efface the old dualism, and tries to reach the higher unity of 'one God, one law, one element.'

If there were no phenomena but these to deal with, then we should incline to Pantheism. But an instant's reflection must convince any mind rigorously trained, that generalizations of the kind, which Goethe indulged in are neither poetry nor science, but a kind of dreamy confusion between the two. Mysticism is a kind of no-man's-land, neither earth nor water, but a steaming marsh, where lights gleam in strange confusion. Goethe's poems on the *Weltseele*, and on *Eins und Alles*, are steeped in Pantheism. God is the *anima mundi*.

‘Was wär’ ein Gott der mir von aussen stiesse,
Im Kreis das All am Finger laufen liesse,
Ihm ziemt’s, die Welt im Innern zu bewegen,
Natur in sich, sich in Natur zu hegen.’

But this God in nature and nature in God satisfies neither our intellectual nor our spiritual instincts. It is a mockery to speak of effect and cause as thus reciprocal. The cause should not only be antecedent to, but independent of its effect, else it is no cause at all, but an endless chain coiling and uncoiling itself round a drum, and winding buckets up and down for ever, over a bottomless abyss. What the spiritual instinct thinks of this phantom-god's world is well expressed in the language of J. Paul Richter:—‘I came to the verge of creation, and instead of an eye, beheld a socket, and heard the shriek of a fatherless world.’ If this is the last word of science and religion, as Mr. Picton implies, we only hope that it may be long before they reach this dreary ultimatum of thought, which is, in fact, its negation.

It is because mystics forget themselves, so far as to anticipate the final victory of good over evil, and to see ‘God in all’ and ‘all in God,’ that their language borders on Pantheism—if it is not actually Pantheistic. But extravagances of this kind cannot blind us to the fact that at present, and in one department of His works, and that the highest and noblest—God is not all in all. There are tares among the wheat of creation, and the only satisfactory explanation of this undivine element is, that an enemy hath done this. Either they are not tares at all, but only wheat plants, ‘blasted before they be grown up’—or they are of another planting than that of the heavenly husbandman. This is the alternative out of which Pantheism cannot escape; Mr. Picton thinks it enough to admit this reality of human depravity, without pretending to give any explanation of it. But this sort of pragmatism satisfies neither side. His scientific friends complain of his admissions—his religious friends of his unwillingness to go on to the only explanation possible of human depravity as such. Mr. Picton

puts our case very fairly, and we cannot do better than use his own words:—

‘The Pantheist as he describes himself, is confronted with the depravity of mankind, and is asked how he accounts for it. Should he modestly decline attempting to account for it at all, while he acknowledges it as a serious fact of experience, he is told that his position is grossly irrational, and perhaps it is scornfully added that this is only a specimen of the puerile absurdities into which intellectual pride invariably falls. True, these good people do not think that the magic trees and the talking serpent do away with all mystery. But the mystery involved here is by constant association familiarized. It does not startle them with any feeling of incongruity. On the contrary, when they are saddened with the daily records of crime, or wounded by the injustice of friends, they are accustomed to stop reflection with the thought that nothing else is to be expected from a fallen creature like man. It does not occur to them that this solves nothing. It would appear impious to them to suggest that the story of child-like innocence beguiled by a malignant demon beneath the eyes of a beneficent Power, who was at that time working miracles every day, involves any serious imputations or Divine Providence. But propose to them the theory of an evolution that knows no fall, that advances from the imperfect towards the perfect, from the beast to the saint, and compelled for a moment to look beyond the branch of a conventional system, they will see difficulties which they never saw before, and these difficulties they will charge their interventor with creating.’

We are content to take Mr. Picton’s own admissions. On the theory of evolution, which knows no fall, we consider the problem of evil not only strange, as it always must be under any theory, but absolutely unaccountable, nay, positively self-contradictory. That a taint and corruption should go on extending and increasing seems to us absolutely inconceivable (assuming the being of a God at all, or even of a tendency which makes for righteousness), unless on the theory that evil is the recognized condition of the plan, that where ‘sin abounded, grace should much more abound.’ Mr. Picton, we are sorry to remark it, has thrown out the old gibe against the permission of evil, which arises from taking one half and rejecting the other half of the mystery. The story of childlike innocence beguiled by a malignant demon beneath the eyes of a beneficent Power, would indeed involve a serious imputation on Divine Providence if that were the whole of the story. But if the fifth of Romans has any meaning, we are there told, under every variety of illustration, that the temptation and Fall, and the consequent spread of evil as a universal taint on his innocent posterity,

with all its harsh consequences (death reigning from Adam to Moses, even on them who had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression), was not merely a necessary possibility of moral freedom, but also a condition of a larger scheme of redemption.

This evolution of evil, however, if Mr. Picton likes that phrase, was part of God's eternal purpose, whereby good was finally to triumph over evil. But the evil was only *permitted* (if we may use the distinction) because the good was *pre-ordained*. In this sense it is that Christ is said to be 'the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.' Mr. Picton, with his naturalistic, not to say Pantheistic theory of evolution, fails to mark this distinction between the evil which God permits with an ulterior purpose in view, and the good which is an end in itself, and on which therefore God may rest as an ultimate purpose. As long as we look on the evil which is in the world, apart from this ulterior purpose, our views of life are dark and distressing. The mistake of too many divines has been this, which Mr. Picton reproduces only in another shape. They say—and rightly—that evil is a *parte ante*, an ultimate fact, of which we can give no other explanation than this, that it exists by Divine permission, either as the necessary condition of moral freedom or as the background to a yet higher display of the Divine goodness, as the rainbow is seen only on the retreating cloud. But it is one thing to say that evil is an ultimate fact—a *parte ante*, and to say that it is equally an insoluble mystery—a *parte post*. We do not know all the purposes of God in the permission of evil, but we do know one purpose, which is, that 'where sin abounded, grace should much more abound'—extensively as well as intensively—a truth to which the Apostle Paul twice refers (Rom. v. 15, 16). This is something very different from evolution. *Evil cannot evolve good*, or sin become a stage, on any naturalistic hypothesis for the development of some higher and nobler purpose of God. Nature and grace are not to be thus confounded together. Philosophy may know no fall, and the man of science, who rejects the Scripture narrative of the origin of evil in man, may invent an hypothesis of his own, which he calls evolution. But this Darwinianism of morals is even more self-contradictory than that which keeps to the lower world of physical phenomena. It implies the contradiction that a good thing can be brought out of an evil, the absurdity of which Jeremiah illustrates by asking if the Ethiopian can change his skin or the leopard his spots. Evolution is the new word to conjure by, in ethics as in physics. God is seen to be overcoming evil by good, and instead of

tracing this to its true source in the grace and truth which has come by Jesus Christ, we are told that the stream of humanity, polluted at its source, is running itself clear at last. The base metal of half bestial humanity is transmuted in the alembic of history into the higher humanity of the renewed and sanctified nature. Thus, as Darwin throws a flying bridge over from the ape to the man, which he calls evolution, so Mr. Picton throws another bridge of evolution from the man to the angel. The saint, the savage, and the sage are all, we will allow, of one blood; but 'it is not of flesh, or of blood, or of the will of man, but of God,' that the saint has been evolved out of that lower stage of naturalism at which the savage and the sage are. If Paul be correct, there is in Christ Jesus neither Greek nor barbarian, but Christ is all and in us all, teaching us this, that the power to overcome evil and rise to holiness is no latent power of humanity, but is an act of grace, leading nature on, as the angel led Peter, out of the prison house of sense.

On this account of the matter, that dark parody of the Fall, which Mr. Picton only glances at to reject, disappears of itself; or, rather, the gloom and the shame of the Fall is swallowed up in the brightness of redemption light. It is very true that if we distort the Scripture narrative and take the dark side without the bright, as the Unitarian school do, we should be led to reject with horror such an account of the matter. We might say, like Wesley to Whitfield, of certain ascribed misrepresentations of truth, 'Your God is my devil.' But 'the dead have buried their dead.' It is our duty to go and preach the Gospel of God's good will to all men. That Gospel is the best reply to the aspersions cast upon it. The Gospel is often misunderstood and often misrepresented even by its well-meaning apologists. But what of that? Are we therefore, as unhappily seems the case in certain quarters, to set aside the Gospel for some high-flown theory of 'the one' and 'the many,' and 'God all in all,' which destroys the significance of life and attenuates the exceeding sinfulness of sin into a stage in the evolution of good. Such counsels of despair are as short-sighted as they are rash and dangerous. There is only one way out of the mystery of evil, which opens in like a dark valley of the shadow of death almost on the entrance of man on his present dwelling-place. There is nothing for us but to tread that valley, and follow the clue which leads to light at the last. In the evening-time there will be light. All other courses are only bye-ends leading to worse errors in the long run. Pantheism offers a short cut out of the difficulty by denying the reality of a personal tempter as

well as of a personal deliverer. It tells the flattering tale that men are gods; and instead of taking this as the hiss of the old serpent we believe the delusion, and flatter ourselves with the fond conceit that evil is only partial good, and that all are but parts of one stupendous whole, of which matter the body is, and God the soul. It is in the region of faith that this Pantheistic conception works such deadly mischief. Scientifically, as we have before admitted, the immanent theory is as good as the transcendent; nay, of the two it is a better account of the relation of God to the world, for in Him is life, *i.e.*, all life only exists because it exists in Him, and He in it. So, again, to the poet, as in Wordsworth and Tennyson, 'God is not a God without, but within His universe.' The wail of Schiller over the dead gods of Greece is excusable from his point of view. In an age of cold Deism, such as that against which he rose up in wrath, it was better even to believe in a God of the winds, and sitting on a mountain cavern, and holding them in a bag, or in a God of the waves, raising or stilling them with His trident, than to think of creation a finished thing done out of hand unknown ages ago, and held together by the action only of general laws. A poet naturally exclaims with Wordsworth:—

'Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.'

But in the region of morals, Pantheism breaks down as an explanation of the facts of the case. Bunsen who leans to the immanent as against the transcendent theory of the relation of God to the universe, truly remarks that as soon as humanity awakens from the intoxicating dream in which God and the universe are confounded together, and reflects upon the facts presented by his own self-consciousness, Pantheism exhibits its insufficiency. Reason detects a contradiction in the theory, by which thought is assumed as present in the universe, and in history, and yet as having no existence and no permanence apart from the unchanging and uncompleted series of phenomena. Moreover, conscience finds within itself a struggle and breach produced by sin, or the evil dwelling within man's own heart. Thus both inward and outward experience raise their voices against this theory. Evil exists, and has place in the world as well as good; nay, Pantheism cannot help planting it in God Himself, or at least in man as the conscious mind. And

then what room is there in life for conscience and moral end? In this contradiction no coherence of the system, no pious sentiments of his own will induce the thinker to acquiesce. Thus on this system, reason and conscience have each its own insoluble discord. Insoluble above all is the discord between these two elements themselves, between truth and cognition. The moral perception of evil with its resulting consciousness of sin is the rock on which Pantheism suffers inevitable wreck in practical life. Can the conscience, which demands a pure morality, be a delusion? Is it possible that which constitutes it should not also contradict reason, the truth of thought? * If we have any conception of what a free will means, we must think of it as something projected by God out of His own being, and maintaining a separate, though dependent existence for ever after. This we admit is a mystery—but all life is a mystery, and we are not to be snared by the sophism into which Mr. Picton has fallen, that either there are no separate lives at all, or these lives must be independent and self sustained. Between Manicheanism and Pantheism there seems a middle point to which the Christian consciousness has ever held fast, with some fallings away to the right hand and to the left. That middle point is this, that God has been pleased to create moral agents, whose springs of being are in a certain derived sense within themselves. What is meant by responsibility is nothing else than this—that these beings contain within themselves possibilities of heaven or hell, of holiness or of sin without limits, as far as we can see. How, and in what way angels corrupted themselves, and turned their heaven into hell, their holiness into sin, it is vain to conjecture—we have no means of saying—the subject lies at present, like that other question of the plurality of worlds, outside our horizon. All we know is the fact of their existence, and of the fall of some who kept not their first estate, and of the obedience of others who are called the ‘elect angels.’ Why God should have entrusted any beings with such a fearful weight of responsibility as this, and whether like Cain they think their punishment heavier than they can bear, it is vain for us to conjecture. Enough to know that the weight of responsibility for free-will does not rest in the same way on men as on angels. One of the harshest things in theology is the way in which divines have reasoned inconsistently on this subject of free-will—laying it on in one quarter and taking it off in another, according to some arbitrary system of their own. But the language of Scripture is uniform and essential. Man is said to be ‘flesh’ and not ‘spirit,’ and the distinction is a deep and far reaching one.

* Bunsen, ‘God in History,’ vol. i. p. 5, English Translation.

By 'flesh' is meant the physical appetitive life, lighted by reason, and informed by conscience it is true, but still a life of the earth, earthy. Such is the life of the first Adam, and of all his posterity. He has potencies for good and evil, but they are generally dormant and undeveloped, not active unless in the case of those who have sold themselves to work wickedness, or who have reached the climax glanced at by St. James—earthy—psychical—devil inspired.

This is why Christ looked with compassion on the multitude; they were as sheep having no shepherd; all sin and blasphemy were to be forgiven to men, all but the sin against the Holy Ghost, which never hath forgiveness either in this life or in that which is to come. This distinction between flesh and spirit, psychical and pneumatical, is more than a verbal one, it is the key to one of the deep things of theology. We know no writer except Mr. Birks, in the 'Difficulties of Belief,' who has seen in this distinction the key to one of the deepest problems of all, why fallen men are so liable while fallen angels appear not to be. In man's case the evil came from without, and the remedy thus can be applied from without. Thus the personality of a tempter and of a redeemer of the human race stand and fall together. With perfect consistency those who have parted with the Atonement get rid of the personality of Satan as a mythical disguise of a moral truth, that the senses allure and subdue the spirit in man. But the Scripture narrative taken as a whole is perfectly self-consistent, and bears internal marks of truth. It represents evil thus coming from without to man, but taken up into his system as a poison, and its virus increasing and extending as time goes on. This is after the analogy of physical evil, and the only strange part of it is that God should have permitted the first contagion unless He had higher purposes in store for the race; unless, in other words, it was a better thing to fall and be redeemed than never to have fallen at all.

Now these are the problems of which Pantheism can offer no explanation, and by which, as we have said, we may test its truth. Mr. Picton shrinks from the consistency of the Spinoza school of Pantheists, who deny the existence of moral evil *in toto*. He shelters himself behind the remark that it is a question as insoluble under one theory of God's relation to the world as under the other. But this we deny; as we have shown already, we can give an account of how man was tempted and fell, which if it does not clear up the mystery at least removes all moral contradictions from it as far as man is concerned. Man as the child of God has been drawn away and beguiled. God has, therefore, put enmity between man and the serpent, and has

promised that the seed of the woman should by-and-by bruise the serpent's head, It is this which reconciles us to a dark problem otherwise insoluble. We can look up and see our Father's countenance, and feel that in Him is light, and no darkness at all.

It is infinitely better thus to face the difficulties of moral evil with the clue of redemption in our hand than to lose the sense of God's personality, because the thought of a personal evil one is too abhorrent to modern thought. In a letter to his old acquaintance, Mr. James Candlish, Burns the poet once made the following remarkable admission :—

'You have shown me one thing,' he says, 'which was to be demonstrated, that strong pride of reasoning, with a little affectation of singularity, may mislead the best of hearts. I likewise, since you and I were first acquainted, in the pride of despising old women's stories, ventured in the daring path Spinoza trod, but experiences of the weakness, not the strength of human powers, made me glad to grasp at revealed religion.'

There are others who have found the 'daring path Spinoza trod' as alluring and unsatisfactory; but it is not every one who has Burns' manliness to confess that the *à priori* road is long and steep and winding, and, after all, only brings the traveller back in a roundabout way to the same point from whence he set out. As a theory of the universe, this higher Pantheism leaves us exactly where it finds us; while as a theory of God it is cold and cheerless in the last degree. As a theory of the universe, it is better than the atomic materialism of Mr. Herbert Spencer and his school. Mr. Picton justly remarks that the establishment of the ultimate substantiality of atoms, or the proof of any theory which would give to the impenetrability of matter more than a phenomenal and conditional value, would necessarily be fatal to any spiritual idea of the universe, and would logically involve Atheism. So far so well. But what is it that Mr. Picton offers us instead of these ultimate atoms which would lead us, as he infers, to Atheism? Little else than a universal force. If this is another name for God, then we fear we must return to the altar with this inscription—'To an unknown God.' We agree with a critic in the *Examiner*, who at least will not be charged with any theological bias, 'That it is not easy to harmonize this new theory of Christian Pantheism with a belief in Christianity that conserves even its earliest phase, much less the varied apostolic and sub-apostolic forms of it. Judaism, whence the new religion sprang, had no real point of contact with Pantheism.' This witness is true, and all the more valuable as the testimony of

one who is an open opponent to the claims of revelation. The Hebrew Scriptures may be charged with anthropomorphism. They may err, as their enemies say they do, on the side of investing the Deity with human passions and affections. Jehovah is a jealous God; He commissions His prophets, rising up early and sending them; He bends His bow, fills the cup of His wrath; His eyes behold and His eyelids try the children of men; He grieves, He repents; His bowels of compassion are moved; in every aspect and relation of life He is a great King and Judge, the God of all flesh, as well as the Father of our spirits. But we search the record in vain for a single expression approaching the language of this new school. There is not a syllable in Scripture which hints at the language of the higher Pantheism. Mr. Tennyson's line,

‘Is not the vision He, though he be not that which he seems?’

is thoroughly Oriental; it might have been written by some Buddhist poet. So, again, when he says,

‘If we could only hear and see this vision—were it not He?’

we seem to be catching echoes from the far East. But the Hebrew muse knows no strain like this. On the contrary, there is a healthy realism in its conception of God. He is above the world and outside it. He taketh up the isles as a very little thing. He weighs the hills in scales and the mountains in balances. The transcendental, not the immanent thought of creation, is the keynote of Hebrew inspiration. There is an advance in the New Testament; the governmental character of God sinks a little into the background, and the Fatherly relation becomes more prominent in its stead. But the New Testament never oversteps itself or falls into the language of mysticism, confounding the Creator with His works. True, it glances at the thought that there shall be a time when even the Son who must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet shall give up the kingdom to Him that hath put all things under Him, that so God may be all in all. But this is very unlike Pantheism, though it may be taken to mean that by those who wish to wrest that meaning out of Scripture. All that it implies is the ultimate and final elimination of moral, and with it physical evil out of the universe. God is to be all in all in the sense that He shall become the Supreme Truth of the universe—a truth which is law in the unconscious and love in the conscious class of His creatures. The reign of law will then be unbroken, not only from pole to pole of the universe, but also through all ranks and degrees of

agents endowed with free will. We have always thought it unfair to mystics like Tauler, A'Kempis, and others, to strain their language to mean more than this. When they complain of self-will, and desire that their wills may be absorbed and lost in the Divine Will, they are far from meaning that sinking of individuality, that absorption of separate being in the universal soul which is the true keynote of Pantheism. To strain their expressions (which we admit are unguarded) is an unfair use of criticism. If questioned, they would readily join in the noble protest of the 'In Memoriam' against this faith 'as vague as all unsweet'—

'That each should seem a separate whole,
Should move his rounds and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging on the general soul.

'Is faith as vague as all unsweet,
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside
And I shall know him when we meet.'

Could we question these old mystics (whose creed, as Müller, in his 'Doctrine of Sin,' points out, arose from their taking one of the factors of sin, viz., selfishness, for the whole), they would have earnestly repudiated these inferences fastened on them. They were athirst for God, even the living God, and longed to lay down that burden of flesh which, like a veil, seemed to shut them out from the beatific vision of Him whose presence was better than life; but absorption in any sense, however qualified, is quite a different thing. In fact, the more we look into it, the less we like this expression, Christian Pantheism. As an intellectual *tour de force*, Mr. Picton has succeeded, to his own satisfaction, at least, in bringing the language of scientific Pantheism into harmony with that of high and advanced spiritual writers. But it is only a forced and unnatural harmony. Much in the same way Dr. Pusey has twisted the doctrine of the Reformed Church of England on the Eucharist into harmony with that of Rome on the same subject. The Church of England condemns one thing and the Church of Rome affirms another thing, and the two theories, though different, do not contradict each other. Just as St. Paul condemns works without faith, and St. James faith without works, while the two apostles mean the same thing under different phrases, so, according to Dr. Pusey, the Consubstantiation which he holds, and the Transubstantiation taught by the Church of Rome, are different modes of expressing the same truth of the impanation of Christ as a continued

miracle of the Incarnation. Much in the same way Mr. Picton brings out the Mystics as Pantheists, and the Pantheists as Mystics, and finds out a middle term between the two which he calls Christian Pantheism. The last word of science is, as he tells us, Pantheism, and the last word of religion is also Pantheism; it is only the noisy dogmatists of Positivism on the one hand, and Traditionalism on the other, who cannot or will not see that science and religion rightly interpreted teach the same truth, that there is but one universal substance, to which science gives the name of Life, and which religion adores as God.

For our part, we do not wish to be wise above what is written. Mr. Picton is as impatient of the Anthropomorphism of the New Testament, which calls God our Father, as he is of that of the Old Testament, which describes Him as our King and Judge. In language, the beauty of which cannot blind us to its delusive tendency, he describes the saint and the sage reaching the same point of absorption of God in the universe and the universe in God.

‘On the dim border land where the philosopher’s eager eye sees the sparkling world of sense fade away into the infinite beyond, there he may behold apostle and saint pacing on familiar ground in rapt meditation of eternal power and life. For not as one among many, not as the central sun with wheeling planets have the most reverent worshippers’ thought in their inmost hearts of God, but rather as the one comprehending all as the only power and only substance out of which creature existence shines in flickering rays.’

Mr. Picton must read the New Testament under the glamour of a preconceived theory if he can trace an expression akin to this ‘God-drunk’ theory of Spinoza. Take the sublimest passage of all, where before the seer of Patmos the vision passes of a throne, and ‘he that sat on it to look upon was as a jasper and a sardine-stone,’ *i.e.*, it was as impossible to behold Him as to behold the sun shining in its noontide strength. The glory of God, in other words, was too bright to allow His person to be seen, just as the sun’s brightness conceals his disc at noon. But the disc is there, and in the same way there is personality in God. He may be spoken of with reverence as a unit—indeed, as the unique unit of the universe, the diamond-point on which the whole pivots, the circle whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere. Scientific Pantheism makes God as dependent on the universe for personality as we are on the frame which binds us in, ‘that so its isolation grows defined.’ New and Old Testament Theism is so intense in the other extreme that the universe fades away before Him.

On this subject we cannot do better than quote the work of a recent writer :—

‘ The poetry of the Old Testament, as indeed that of the classical nations of antiquity, is conspicuously void of appreciation of natural beauty. In the mind of the writers the sense of outward nature was entirely subordinated to that of the presence of God in nature. The sense of the invisible was an overmastering passion with them. Nature was but the robe with which the King of kings arrayed Himself, and the thought of His glory overpowered and swallowed up all other considerations that did not centre in Him. There can be no stronger contrast to the Pantheistic tendencies of modern poetry than that which is furnished by parts of the Old Testament. From first to last it is the personal God, the Everlasting One present, but invisible. He before whom the writer bows with reverential awe, but yet with the most unswerving and unbounded confidence.’*

Theories vastly unlike may thus be dressed up so like as to pass the one for the other. But our duty to truth obliges us to say that the connection between these two types of Pantheism is more apparent than real. They have a sort of verbal connection, but we should like Law, or Fenelon, or Tauler, or these gentler Christian spirits who fled from the noisy strife of tongues, and the brawlings of rival dogmatists, to tell us what they would think of the Pantheism of Spinoza or Hegel, not to speak of Schopenhauer. They would have rejected with horror any theory which, even by implication, denied the Deity’s personality, and confounded God with His works, making of God the mere *anima mundi*, as in the line

‘ For from the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make.’

That God is the formative principle of the universe, which is His body, would sound to them flat blasphemy. On the union of Christ and His Church they delighted to dwell, and saw in that Church His body, the *pleroma*, or bodying forth of Him that filleth all in all. . But creation set forth no such excellent mystery, nor was capable of it; God’s relation to the world was one thing, His indwelling in the Church another, the latter was immanent, the former only transcendent. To their conceptions, as to that of the seer of Patmos, the glory of God was so excessive, that when the Great White Throne was set, ‘ the heavens ‘and the earth fled away, and there was found no place for ‘ them.’ Creation was parched up at His presence like a burning scroll, or laid aside like a worn-out vestment. These are Hebrew conceptions of the relation of God to His works, and if Mr.

* ‘ The Structure of the Old Testament,’ by Rev. Stanley Leathes, p. 144.

Picton likes to call this Pantheism, he is welcome to the word. But let it not be named in connection with that arid scholasticism which wraps up its lost sense of God's personality in vague and misty phrases about 'the all' and 'the many.' To paraphrase a well-known expression of Hobbes, we should call Pantheism the ghost of Atheism sitting crowned upon its grave. '*Nous ne savons pas ce que Dieu est*' was the last word of philosophy, according to Pascal—*ni s'il est* was the mocking addition of those who garbled his text. The fact is instructive, it teaches us how far philosophy can go, and what it must end in without the lamp of Revelation. The unknown God of philosophy ends in the no-God of the Positivist, or the all-God of the Pantheist. The two are not so far apart as some imagine. Impatient of the anthropomorphism of Scripture, and blind to the truth that the Father of our spirits is not far from every one of us, those who are unable to rest in materialistic Atheism profess a spiritualistic Pantheism, which is curiously like and unlike the old dreary negation from which it is a recoil. The dynamical philosophy has replaced the mechanical; Force, and not matter is now at the beginning of all things—but force is no more God than matter. When our spiritual desires are really kindled, we can no more rest in the one than in the other. What we crave for is a living person, not an abstract principle, a hand to direct us, an eye to look on us, and a heart to love and pity us. Philosophy shrinks from anthropomorphisms of this kind, and in its pride of intellect despises the vulgar for making to themselves a magnified man as God. But the genuine needs of human nature are not to be reasoned away with a sneer; divine philosophy, unlike human, sees the felt necessity, and meets it. It has revealed God as our Father, the Lord Jesus Christ as our Elder Brother, and the Blessed Spirit who dwells with the Father and the Son, as the abiding Comforter with men, interceding for them with groanings which cannot be uttered. To turn from this into cold abstractions about the All and the One, is like passing out of sunshine into a cavern, flashing with spars, it is true, but lit by one smoky torch, and that held by a trembling hand.

The love of paradox has led Mr. Picton, we should hope, to do wrong, not to our spiritual conviction alone, but also to his own. With a thesis to maintain, he has mixed up two very different sorts of Pantheism together, so as to forget that they are of different origin; the one denying all personality in God, the other losing the sense of all other personality than His. If we could only forget the issues, and look on Mr. Picton's essay as a piece of mere metaphysical fence, like that of Professors Ferrier and

Calderwood on the Absolute, we should have no expression but one of admiration for the beauty of the style, and of those illustrations which, as in a perfect building, give strength to the edifice, while they only seem intended to lend it fresh grace and airiness. We come upon passage after passage which almost shakes our judgment, and compels us to put the book down, as the House adjourned after Sheridan's famous Begum speech. We have questioned ourselves whether it is not theological bigotry to class Mr. Picton with these, whose only altar is an unknown God. But, *amicus Plato magis amica veritas*. The attempt to transcend such a conception as that of our Father in heaven, and to treat it as a mere accommodation or landing stage in the development of the human mind, from Fetichism up to the pure philosophy of the Absolute, only recoils on those who make it. We get no nearer the true Absolute by using the phrase—on the contrary, by ridding ourselves of so much anthropomorphism, we only get out of the region in which true religious emotion is possible at all, viz., that of the emotions and affections. Men will not adore what they can neither love nor fear. In the legend of Icarus, Dædalus made him waxen wings, but as he soared nearer the sun the wax melted; and so the higher he rose the greater his fall. In the case of the modern Icarus, there is the same failure, though from an opposite cause. In attempting to soar into the region of the Absolute and unconditioned, men do not really reach the sun of absolute Being, they only rise into a region where the air is too rarefied to breathe, and where, for want of a refracting medium, the light is as darkness. Their wings do not melt with the warmth of the sun's rays, on the contrary, they are frozen to death at these ungenial altitudes, and if they descend at all in safety, it is to learn the lesson that, if we would know God at all, we must know Him as He has been pleased to reveal Himself. 'Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then shew us the Father?'

We part thus with Mr. Picton, with the wish that he may learn the lesson which Burns once laid to heart, and remember that 'strong pride of reasoning, with a little affectation of singularity, may mislead the best of hearts.' He is not the first who has ventured on 'the daring path Spinoza trod.' He has yet to learn the further lesson of the weakness, not the strength of human powers, which may make him 'glad to grasp,' as Burns confesses he was, 'at revealed religion.'

ART. III.—*Björnstjerne Björnson as a Novelist.*

IN democratic and almost republican Norway, where all titular and hereditary nobility has been abolished, there are three castes of society, widely differing in character, and marked off from each other by well-defined boundaries. The first may be called the 'townspeople,' all more or less educated, and not differing to any very great extent from the educated classes in the rest of Europe. The second caste comprehends the fishermen and sailors dwelling along the coast, and, consequently, for the most part in or near the towns, but forming a much poorer and less educated body than the first. The third and most strongly marked caste is that of the peasantry, dwelling in its narrow valleys and shut in by its unyielding walls of grey, fir-covered granite. It is with this class, and with the novelist who has devoted himself to this class, that we have to deal; so we may, perhaps, be excused for devoting a few lines to a sketch of its general character, and a view of the causes which have led to the peculiar development of that character.

Far from the noise and bustle of civilized Europe, far from even the few little towns which his country boasts, and where some of the tastes and habits of modern civilization might be instilled into him, the Norwegian peasant is in many respects some centuries behind his age. He is tied down by the same customs and prejudices which bound his fathers hundreds of years ago. His intellectual life is, to all intents and purposes, as narrow and constrained as theirs. His imagination still dwells on the wild, and in many cases childish, traditions which formed the mental food of his ancestors. The uncouth, yet often touching and beautiful melodies to which he performs his ancient and grotesque dances, have been handed down from generation to generation of fiddlers from time immemorial. His very religion is of the most unsophisticated character, and is (though this may be strenuously denied from certain quarters) more a matter of custom than of faith. In short, the principle on which the ordinary Norwegian peasant guides his every-day thoughts and actions, may be well expressed in the words of Gejer:—

‘It cometh from our fathers, and to our sons shall go,
So long as in the Northland, warm, youthful hearts still glow.’

A very good principle indeed, to a certain extent, but, like most other general rules, not always beneficial when consistently put into practice. And if the yearly influx of tourists and

foreigners, the spread of the steam-engine and the telegraph, and above all the increase of books and newspapers, are beginning to infringe upon this intense conservatism, these influences have not been long enough at work to have effected any very appreciable change.

Though it seems to us at least that that change is coming, surely and steadily, it must necessarily be a slow one, for there is scarcely a more dogged, stolid being in creation than the typical Norwegian peasant. Sprightliness is not a characteristic of the Teutonic race, but a lowland Scotch ploughman seems quite a mercurial character when compared with a Norse 'bonde.' Nor is the cause of this far to seek. In the first place, in spite of Dr. Johnson's emphatic denial, it is universally admitted that climate and surrounding scenery have an incalculable effect on the human mind. Now nothing, not even the scenery of Switzerland, can be more majestic and at the same time more overpowering and depressing than the upland scenery of Norway. The whole country consists of high hill and low vale—everywhere the mighty granite mountain, with its army of giant firs and its cap of eternal snow, hangs threateningly over the narrow valley beneath. Everywhere the valley, with its central river winding through its green banks, crouches as if terrified in the lee of its protecting hill. Along the bed of the river lie the peasants' little dwellings, at long intervals from each other, and each surrounded by its patch of cornland or pasture. This terrific scenery, fitter for the habitations of giants than of men, has had a deep effect on the minds of the peasantry.* From childhood upwards a dark shade has been cast over their imagination, which grows darker and darker as they enter upon their direful struggle with the iron nature, scarce yielding to them their daily bread. This shade is increased by the comparative solitude in which they live—for distances are so great that separate families have little communication with each other except at an occasional dance, or at the church on Sunday. Then, again, while the Scotch peasant can cheer his lonely toil with the beautiful songs of Burns, and their equally beautiful melodies, or with

* 'Your homes,' says the pastor, in his conversation with the "village saints," in the "Fisher Girl," 'are far up among the mountains, where your grain is cut down more frequently by the frost than by the scythe. Such barren fields and deserted spots should never have been built upon; they might well be given over to pasturage and the spooks. Spiritual life thrives but poorly in your mountain home, and partakes of the gloom of the surrounding vegetation. Prejudice, like the cliffs themselves, overhangs your life, and casts a shadow upon it.'—*American Translation by M. E. Niles.*

the ballads of ancient knights and dames, his Norwegian brother has no poetry in his own dialect save a few pointless jingles, set to music, which, though often pleasing, may be best described as 'eerie.' In this respect the Swede also has a great advantage over him. The Scotchman, too, has peopled his woods and leas with gentle fairies and sportive elves, while the Norseman's rocks and forests and waterfalls swarm, in his eyes, with hideous and gigantic trolls and grotesque 'nisser,' 'alfer,' and 'huldre,' sometimes indeed benevolent in their character, but generally quite the opposite. All these circumstances have combined to produce a race of hardy, sturdy tillers of the soil, stolid and unexcitable, unless they come under the influence of intoxicating drinks, which is, alas! too often the case; silent in their daily life, and to all outward appearance somewhat dull, yet commonly endowed with a hidden vein of poetry, the effect probably of that scenery on which we have commented.

Truly an immense quarry for the poet and the painter is this wild land, with its strange, uncouth inhabitants. How would Turner have revelled in its mountains and rivers, its ice-fields, and pine trees, its mists and its sunshine! How would Wilkie have delighted in its labour-browned peasants, with their grotesque, parti-coloured costumes, and their picturesque dwellings! But it has at last found a Turner of its own in Gude, a Wilkie of its own in Tidemann, and a Scott and Burns of its own in Björnson.

Björnstjerne Björnson was born at Kvikne, in Österdal, on the 8th of October, 1832, his father being the parish clergyman. In his short sketch, called 'Blakken,' published in 1868, he has given what we may suppose to be a true picture of his early years, when his play-fellows consisted of a cream-coloured pony, a dog, a cat, and a pig, with whom he lived on the strictest principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The story begins with a description of his birth-place, which we quote as giving an excellent idea of the general aspect of the scenery in that wild region.

'Björgan,' he says, 'was formerly the manse of Kvikne parish in the Dovrefjeld. The house lies very high and quite by itself; I used to stand as a little boy on the table in the sitting room, and look with longing eyes down into the valley, at the people who in winter skated up and down the river, or in summer played on the hills. Björgan lay so high that no corn would grow there, on which account the property is now sold to a Swiss and a manse has been bought in the valley, where it is a little more level. The winter came dreadfully early at Björgan. A field which my father had

sowed as an experiment one warm and early spring, was ere long covered with snow; the cut hay very often got a snow-storm instead of a shower of rain; and when the winter came on in earnest—the cold was so great that I dared not take hold of the door-latch because the iron blistered my fingers. My father, who had been brought up as a child in the country, near Randsfjord, and had consequently got pretty well accustomed to it, had often to drive to the outlying districts with a veil over his face. The roads crackled and creaked whenever one person walked on them, and if more came the noise grew piercing. The snow often lay on a level with the second story of the big house, smaller out-houses were quite smothered, hills, bushes, and fences were levelled off, an ocean of snow stretched all around billowing as if after a storm, which had here scooped out, there heaped up—and the tops of the high birch trees seemed floating about in the waves. I stood on the table and saw the people on their snow-shoes tearing downwards from our house to the valley. I saw the Finns coming with their reindeer from the Kōraas forest; dashing down over the hills and then up again towards us, their sledges rocking from side to side; and I shall never forget how the band at last stopped in our farm-yard, and a ball of furs crept from each sledge, and turned out to be a little, bustling, happy mannikin, who sold reindeer meat.'

According to this sketch, and we believe in reality, Björnson's father was removed from Kvikne to another charge in Romsdal when the poet was eight or ten years of age. This Romsdal is far famed as the finest scenery in Norway, nor could there be found a fitter nursery for a man of that type of genius which Björnson possesses. Here he seems to have gone to school; and we find it recorded that, like Goldsmith, Sheridan, and many other men of genius, he was noted for nothing except his dullness in school and his liveliness out of it.* The same character seems to have followed him through most of his career at the University of Christiania, whither he proceeded in 1852, and which he left without passing his second examination.

The writer of the memoir prefixed to the English translation of *Arne*, hints that this distaste for book-learning was the result of an early presentiment and aspiration in the poet, who determined, while yet a boy, to become one of his country's greatest authors, and consequently set himself to study the book of nature, human and divine, in preference to the narrower lore of types and paper. If this be true, Björnson is a greater, or at least a more remarkable man than we take him for. Possibly he may early have dreamt of becoming an author—and his

* His physical prowess must have been indeed remarkable, for it is said that 'on one occasion he soundly thrashed the strongest boy in the whole school.'

dream has been better fulfilled than that of most other youthful aspirants. But we suspect his backwardness at his books is to be traced rather to idleness or distaste, than to any preconceived theory of what should and should not be studied: such theories can be formed only by the aid of experience and culture.

The fact, however, stands, that Björnson can scarcely be called a man of education or culture, far less a man of learning. Whether this has had an advantageous effect upon his genius, or otherwise it is hard to say. We incline to the former opinion; and it is certain that, of all his works, his novels have suffered least, and gained most by this want of bookishness. It has imparted to them an originality, a freshness, and a *naïveté*, which form perhaps their principal charm; and if there be anything wanting in them it is certainly not owing to any deficiency in culture.

In 1856 he went to Copenhagen, where he lived nearly a year, and this journey gave that expansion and impetus to his mind which was needed for the production of any great work. Before he left the Danish capital he had written what many consider the greatest of his novels 'Synnöve Solbakken.' We are not, we believe, overstepping the mark in saying that the great majority of his countrymen prefer this to any of his subsequent stories. But we are not inclined altogether to adopt the Norwegian view of the subject; for 'Synnöve' appears to us by no means the most delightful of Björnson's productions, though artistically it may, perhaps, be the most perfect and beautiful. But before giving our reasons for this opinion, we shall sketch the plot and characters of the story so that the reader may have some idea of the general style of the book.

The story turns upon the fortunes of two families living near each other in one of those narrow dales which we have described above. 'Solbakke' or 'sun-hill' is so called because it lies on an open lea, where the sun shines brighter and the hay dries sooner than in any other part of the valley. The farmer and his wife, Guttorm and Karen Solbakken (for in Norway the proprietors are still named from their farms) have one daughter Synnöve, the heroine of this story. Opposite to Solbakke lies Granliden, not so well favoured by nature as its sunny neighbour, but still a prosperous and valuable farm. It has descended from father to son from time immemorial, and the owners have been named alternately Sæmund and Thorbjörn ever since the farm came into the family—but there is a superstition in the valley that the 'Thorbjörns' of Granliden have always been, and will always be, unfortunate. The present owner is Sæmund, and when his first son is born he hesitates to call him Thorbjörn

after his grandfather, because of the traditional ill-luck which adheres to the name. Custom, however, overrules all scruples, and he is baptized by the old family name—his father resolving at the same time to quell from the beginning the self-willed and defiant disposition which has caused the unhappiness of the foregoing Thorbjörns, and which he expects to manifest itself in this one. And this is one of the most prominent and beautiful features of the story,—the intense love of the father for his son, concealed beneath a cloak of severity and but half recognized by the son himself, who, loving and respecting his father, yet fails to understand and appreciate him. Nor is this barrier of misunderstanding overleapt, until mutual grief and suffering in the end, reveal the father and son more clearly to each other.

When Thorbjörn is six or seven years old his father hires a boy to help him with the farm work. To Thorbjörn this Aslak seems a miracle of power and learning. He afterwards, on his first meeting with Synnöve, as a child, informs her: ‘You may believe Aslak is strong: he once took and lifted a horse: that’s as true—as true as can be: for he told me himself.’ By such romances as this, and by wonderful tales and songs of trolls, and fairies, and elves, all of whom he locates at Solbakke, Aslak works upon Thorbjörn’s imagination, and gains a power over him such as no one, not even his father or mother, possesses. He also tells him of Synnöve, who lives over there at Solbakke with all the wonderful fays and sprites—so that the name of Synnöve Solbakken (whom he has never seen) possesses a weird fascination for Thorbjörn. But Aslak also manages to get Thorbjörn into all manner of mischief, and into perpetual disgrace with his father; till at last his enormities culminate with egging on Thorbjörn to throw a snowball at his sister one Sunday, when Sæmund is away at church. His mother discovers this—and the scene is beautifully described where Thorbjörn sits in an agony of suspense awaiting his father’s return, and dreading that his mother will tell of his misdeeds, yet not daring to beg her not to do so. His mother does tell it all—but nothing is said to Thorbjörn; everyone is, on the contrary, very kind to him, and in his relief he goes to bed, feeling that there is no one he loves so much as his father. But he wakens up next morning to find Sæmund in the act of thrashing Aslak within an inch of his life, and dismissing him from the farm.

Aslak is gone, but matters are not much improved at Granliden. Sæmund was not much mistaken when he foresaw a turbulent and rebellious spirit in his son; and partly on account of his father’s severity, partly on account of genuine misdeeds,

Thorbjörn gets a bad character in the neighbourhood as a mischievous, unmannerly child. At last, one Sunday his father takes him to church for the first time. This is a great day in the life of every Norwegian peasant, and especially in that of Thorbjörn, for on it he sees for the first time Synnöve Solbakken. As the little fellow kneels on the seat to see her better, as he sits opposite her, another little boy, wishing to have the same privilege, pulls him down, and his first church-day is signalized by a battle royal between the two. When the congregation comes out, however, Sæmund falls into conversation with Synnöve's father and mother, and Thorbjörn and Synnöve herself are of course brought together. Having been to church before, she has a great idea of the proprieties, and at first refuses to speak to him, on account of his pugnacious exploit, combined with the bad reports she has heard of him. Curiosity, however, at last gets the better of her scruples, and their conversation, which is delightfully childlike and simply told, beginning with a 'Fie, for shame !' on her part, ends with an invitation for Thorbjörn and his little sister, Ingrid, to come to Solbakke, and see her lambs and other pets.

After some delay, while Thorbjörn is learning to leave off using some naughty expressions which Aslak has taught him, he and Ingrid do visit Solbakke: their visit is returned; and while the children are gradually growing to boy and girl, and then to youth and maiden, a very close intimacy is kept up between them. At last they are to be confirmed. In the Norwegian country districts the custom is, for all the boys and girls who are to be confirmed that year, to go on certain days to the priest's house to study with him, for a sort of examination must be passed before the ceremony can be performed. Thorbjörn is already well known in the district as possessing a good pair of fists, and by no means unwilling to use them. But at these confirmation lessons the boys begin to twit him with regard to Synnöve, and this leads to battle after battle, in which Thorbjörn is generally victor, so that he becomes worse spoken of than ever in the district. His father alone knows nothing of his warlike deeds, for it is well known how severe he is, and no one dares to tell him. These evil reports hurt his reputation with Synnöve's father and mother especially, who are somewhat fanatical in their religious views, and regard fighting as positively sinful—and they even estrange him slightly from Synnöve herself. We pass over several striking scenes: as that where he steals over to Solbakke by night, and plants a number of flowers, which Synnöve has received from the priest the day before, in her little garden: and the beautiful scene where, some

time after their confirmation, their long understood love is first expressed and confirmed in words. Still, however, Synnöve fears to tell her parents, for Thorbjörn's fighting spirit, which, even for her sake, he finds it a hard struggle to repress, makes him far from a suitable match in their eyes.

In Norway, as in Greece and other mountainous countries, the cattle are in the summer taken up to the mountains where the richest and sweetest grass grows. They are entrusted to the care of girls, who live in the little huts called 'Sæters,' on the brow of the hill, to tend and milk the cows, and make the winter store of butter, cheese, &c. To one of these sæters Synnöve and Ingrid go together. They are so high up that it takes a long time to climb by the rugged cattle-path from the valley up to them, but are yet so near as the crow flies, that they can hear shouts and any loud noises from the valley below. One day the two girls are seated on the brow of the hill, looking over the valley below. There is a wedding-party (which in Norway sometimes lasts for days) going on at a large farm a little way down the valley, and they can hear the shouts and gunshots from the scene of rejoicing. But they are happy to know that Thorbjörn, although he has been invited, is not going—for there is no place where so many quarrels occur as at a wedding-party, where the brandy is circulating freely: and the brother of the bride at this marriage happens to be a well-known braggadocio, and bears a professed grudge against Thorbjörn. As they sit talking they see Thorbjörn with a cart and horse leaving Gramliden, and taking the road towards the nearest town. They call to him, and blow upon their cow-horn—he sees them, answers them, and goes on watching them and neglecting his horse, which takes fright at something on the roadside, and bolts across fields and ditches in the direction of the farm where the wedding is being celebrated. Thorbjörn at last manages to stop him, and leads him back to the road; but the shafts are broken, and the barrels with which the cart was loaded are scattered all around. His journey to town is stopped, and he finds he will need help even to get his things together and go home again. Then a fit of ungovernable rage seizes him, and he thrashes his horse till it is cowed; after which he perceives the object which had frightened it at first, namely, a half-drunk man lying on the roadside, who wakes up and reveals the sinister features of his old friend Aslak. After some conversation he agrees to go with Aslak to the wedding-house to ask for help: Aslak has just come from there, having by his story-telling powers produced the usual result of a quarrel; and finding himself likely to get implicated in it, has

retired, to sleep off the fumes of his previous debauch. We pass over the powerfully dramatic episodes in which the drunken Aslak tells his own miserable story, and Thorbjörn overhears a few words, which show him that the newly-married couple are not likely to live a very happy life.

His cart has been almost refitted again, and he is just preparing to drive away, when Knud Nordhoug, the before-mentioned bully comes, with a band of admirers from a barn where they have been playing cards. We translate the scene which follows, where Thorbjörn, thinking of Synnöve and his father, does his best to ward off the quarrel, which is nevertheless forced upon him :--

‘Then there began a noise and hubbub on the left-hand side of the yard, where the barn stood. It was a band of people which rushed from the barn. A tall man, who was in front of them, shouted, “Where is he?” “There! there!” said some. “Don’t let him go there!” said others, “there’s sure to be a misfortune.” “Is that Knud?” Thorbjörn asked of a little boy who stood by. “Yes; he’s drunk, and then he’s always quarrelsome.” Thorbjörn was already in the cart, and he now whipped his horse. “No; stop, comrade!” he heard behind him. He pulled the reins, but the horse went on, and he did not stop it again. “Oh! are you afraid, Thorbjörn Granliden?” was shouted nearer him. He now held the horse in firmly, but did not look back.

““Jump down quietly,” shouted some one. Thorbjörn turned his head. “Thanks, I am going home,” he said. They now whispered a little among each other, and meantime the whole band had come up to the cart. Knud stood before the horse, first clapped it, and then seized its mane to look at it.

* * * *

““What will you take for your nag?” he asked. “I won’t sell it” said Thorbjörn. “Perhaps you don’t believe I can pay for it?” said Knud. “I don’t know what you can do.” “Oho, you doubt about it? You should take care how you do that,” said Knud. The boy who had been standing at the wall in the room, now said to his neighbour, “Knud hasn’t got the pluck for it this time.”

‘Knud heard this. “Have I not pluck for it? Who says so? Have I not pluck for it?” he cried. More and more people came up. “Get out of the way of the horse!” shouted Thorbjörn, and whipped it, wishing to start. “Do you say, ‘Get out of the way’ to me?” asked Knud. “I was speaking to the horse; I must get on,” said Thorbjörn, but did not turn aside. “What! do you want to drive over me?” asked Knud. “Then get out of the way!” and the horse had to lift its head in the air to avoid driving right against Knud’s breast. Then Knud took hold of the bridle, and the horse, which remembered the thrashing it had just got on the road, began to tremble. This roused Thorbjörn, who now regretted what he

had done to the horse, and he vented his anger upon Knud; for he rose, whip in hand, and cracked it over Knud's head. "A blow?" cried Knud, and rushed forward. Thorbjörn jumped from the cart.

"You are a scoundrel," he said, as pale as death, and he handed the reins to a boy while he put himself in position. But an old man went over to Thorbjörn, and plucked his sleeve. "Sæmund Granliden is too good a man for his son to have anything to do with such a bully," he said. Thorbjörn hesitated, while Knud shouted "Am I a bully? He is one just as much as I am, and my father is as good a man as his—come on! It's a pity the neighbours shouldn't know which of us is the best man!" and he took off his scarf. "We'll try that soon enough," said Thorbjörn. Then some one said, "They are like two cats—they must growl a little courage into each other first." Thorbjörn heard this, but did not answer. Some of the crowd laughed, others said it was a pity there had been so many fights at that marriage, and that it was a shame to provoke a stranger, who wanted to go away quietly. Thorbjörn looked round for his horse, intending to go, but the boy had turned it, and driven it carefully to a good distance off. "What are you looking for?" said Knud. "Synnöve is far enough away." "What have you to do with her?" "No, I've certainly nothing to do with such prudes," said Knud; "but perhaps she steals all your pluck from you." That was too much for Thorbjörn; they saw that he looked about, to observe the ground. Some of the old people again tried to stop them, saying that Knud had done enough mischief already. "He'll not do any to me!" said Thorbjörn, and when they heard that they said no more. Others said, "Let them fight; and then they'll be friends afterwards; they've been scowling at each other long enough." "Yes," said one, "they both want to be the best man in the country-side; let us see now!" "Have you others seen anything of Thorbjörn Granliden?" asked Knud; "I thought I saw him here in the yard just now." "Yes, here he is," said Thorbjörn, and at the same time Knud got a blow over the right ear that sent him staggering back among a number of men who stood there. Not a sound was heard. Knud rose, and, without saying a word, rushed at Thorbjörn, who was prepared to receive him. A great deal of sparring followed, for each wished to get a hold of the other and wrestle; but each was well practised, and kept the other off. Thorbjörn's blows fell fast enough, and some said that they were hard enough too. "Knud has found his man there!" said the boy who had taken the horse. "Make room!" The women all rushed away except one, who stood up on some steps to see better; it was the bride. Thorbjörn caught a glimpse of her, and stopped for a moment, then he noticed a knife in Knud's hand, and remembered what she had said—that Knud was not to be trusted; and with a well-directed blow he hit Knud's arm above the wrist, so that the knife dropped, and the arm fell useless at his side. "Ow, that was hard!" said Knud. "Do you think so?" asked the other, and rushed in upon him. Knud was at a disadvantage with his disabled arm, yet it was

with some difficulty that he was thrown. Two or three times he was cast heavily to the earth; another man would have fainted, but his back was strong. They kept moving onwards, while the people gave way on both sides; and so it went on all round the yard, till they came to the stairs, where Thorbjörn raised him once more into the air, and dashed him down, so that he quivered all over. He lay quite still, gave a deep sigh, and slowly closed his eyes. Thorbjörn shook himself, and looked up; his eye fell on the bride, who stood immoveable and stared at him. "Take something and lay it under his head," he said, and turned to go away.

* * * *

'Still he stood and looked at those who were taking care of Knud. Many spoke to him, but he did not answer. Again he turned away, and thought over it all; he could not help thinking of Synnöve, and was thoroughly ashamed of himself. He thought over what explanation he could give, and feared that he would never hear the last of it. Suddenly he heard behind him "Take care, Thorbjörn!" but before he could turn, he was seized from behind by the shoulders, bent backwards, and felt nothing more but a shooting pain, he could not tell where. He heard voices around him; felt that they were driving, sometimes believed that he was driving himself, but was sure of nothing.'

We pass over the beautiful description of Thorbjörn's sensations in the fever which follows this dastardly stab, and the suspense of all at Granliden until the crisis is past. Ingrid comes down from the sæter to tend her brother, leaving Synnöve ignorant of the extent of the misfortune. At last the doctor tells Sæmund that all positive danger is past, but that his son will probably be an invalid for life.

'At the same time Ingrid sat in the sick man's room. "If you are able to listen, I will tell you something about father," she said, "Go on," said he. "Well, the first evening that the doctor was here father was away, and no one knew where he had gone to. But he had gone over to the wedding, and everyone felt uncomfortable when he came in. He sat down among them, and drank just like anyone else. Then he began to ask about the fight, and they told him exactly how everything had happened. Knud came in. Father asked that *he* should tell his story, and they went out into the yard to see the place. Everyone followed. Knud then told how you had disabled his hand, but when Knud would tell no more, father rose and asked if it was *thus* it had gone afterwards, and at once seized Knud by the shoulders, raised him, and laid him down on the pavement, where there was still the mark of your blood. He held him down with his left hand and drew his knife with his right. Knud changed colour, and everyone was silent. There were some there who saw father weep, but he did nothing to Knud, who did

not move. Father raised Knud, but in a little laid him down again. 'It is hard to let you go,' he said, and stood and stared at him while he held him.

' "Two old women went past, and one of them said, 'Think of your children, now, Sæmund Granliden!' They say that father at once let Knud go, and left the farm; but Knud slunk away from the marriage, and didn't come back again." "

'Scarcely had Ingrid finished this story before the door opened, and some one looked in: it was their father. She at once went out and Sæmund came in. No one knew what passed between the two. The mother, who stood behind the door to listen, once thought she heard them talking of how far Thorbjörn's health might return. But she was not sure of it, and did not dare to go in so long as Sæmund was there. When he came out he was very quiet and a little red about the eyes. "He will live," said he, as he passed his wife, "but Lord knows if he will ever get his health again." The wife began to cry, and followed her husband out: they sat down side by side at the barn door, and much was said between them.

'But when Ingrid softly came in again to Thorbjörn he lay with a little scrap of paper in his hand, and said to her slowly and quietly, "Give this to Synnöve when you see her next." When Ingrid had read what was written on it she turned round and wept, for on the paper stood:—

' "To the honoured maiden, Synnöve Guttorm's daughter Solbakken.

When you have read these lines all must be over between us, for I am not he you are to have. The Lord be with us both!

THORBJÖRN SÆMUNDSEN GRANLIDEN." "

Meanwhile Synnöve has heard from her mother how matters stand with her betrothed at Granliden. Driven by overwhelming anxiety she rushes down in the moonlight over the rocky path from the sæter, and creeps noiselessly up to Ingrid's room at Granliden. In a most touching scene she inquires after Thorbjörn, and it cuts Ingrid to the heart to see her joy on finding that the wound is not mortal, and her resolve to devote her life to nursing him if he remains an invalid, for Ingrid holds in her hand the paper saying that all must be over between them. At last, just as Synnöve is preparing to return to the sæter full of strength and hope by reason of her new resolve, Ingrid gives her the note.

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But every cloud has a silver lining. Thorbjörn regains his health completely, and in a powerfully dramatic scene in the church, he proves to every one by his reconciliation with Knud Nordhoug, that he has at last learned by means of love

and suffering, to restrain and quell that passionate nature, which all his father's early severity could not correct. Synnöve's parents, persuaded of this happy reformation, give their consent to the union, and all ends merry as a marriage bell.

A very beautifully-told, and, on the whole, natural story it is, and doubly interesting from the insight which it gives us into the manners and customs of this strange people. Every character is beautifully brought out. The strong, deep, loving nature of Sæmund, his patient, gentle wife, the strong likeness between Sæmund and his son, who are yet essentially distinct, the loving, cheerful, helpful, little Ingrid, are all drawn with a master hand. Their neighbours, too, at Solbakke—the honest, puritanical old couple, and their gentle and confiding, yet, in necessity, self-reliant daughter—we know of no characters in fiction sketched with more sympathy and truth. We cannot do better than translate the paragraph in which an eminent Danish critic has delivered his verdict on 'Synnöve.'

'The way,' he says, 'in which the author has managed to represent the relation between his different characters is especially artistic—the relation between Sæmund and Thorbjörn, between Synnöve and Ingrid Granliden, between Synnöve and her mother, and lastly between the two families themselves. As the tale advances, the characters both of the lovers and the secondary personages, develop out of the situations. The relation between the father and son is sketched with particular geniality; we seem from the very beginning, from the moment Sæmund dismisses Aslak, to perceive his love for his son, which comes more and more strongly forward as the tale develops itself, until we see it most clearly in the scene with the doctor. Each separate chapter in the story forms, as it were, an act in a drama, a sort of independent whole, yet so that the end always contains the elements for a new situation, and points forward to the next chapter—the next act—until in the last chapter the interest reaches its height, the skein is unravelled, and the characters are fully developed. In this—in letting his characters dramatically develop by means of the situations—lies the mastery of Björnson, as well as of Henrik Ibsen. And for the very reason that "Synnöve Solbakken" stands in this respect so far above his other novels, it is also his finest work considered *as a novel*.' *

With all of this, except the last sentence, we agree entirely. *As a dramatic work*, and as an example of Björnson's strong point, it may be his greatest tale. But as a delightful novel—

* This criticism was written before the appearance of 'The Fisher Girl.'

as a book to read again and again, and to dwell upon fondly, it seems to us to rank far below either 'Arne' or the 'Fisher Girl,' or even 'A Blithe Boy.' This preference probably arises partly from the fact that the characters in 'Synnöve,' powerfully drawn as they are, do not excite our sympathy so much as one or two in the later tales. Thorbjörn especially, though true to nature, seems by no means a loveable character; we can excuse and even admire the readiness with which he appeals to fisticuffs at the bare mention of Synnöve—but the brutal and savage manner in which he thrashes his horse after it has taken fright and bolted, is by no means so excusable. Nor are there any of those traits of genius about him which render interesting the weaknesses of Arne or Petra; so that, on the whole, we find Thorbjörn less interesting than the two above named; nor are Synnöve, Sæmund, and Ingrid by any means more interesting than Eli Böen, Baard, and Gunlaug.

We have gone thus minutely into 'Synnöve' because it is the least known to English readers of all our author's works; and having done so the remainder of our task is considerably lightened; for it may stand as a type of all the rest, with the exception of one only. A certain monotony is indeed one of Björnson's greatest faults. Out of his five longer tales four are occupied with the adventures of young peasant lovers, who invariably overcome apparently gigantic difficulties and end in marriage in the most orthodox fashion. The characters are, of course, varied enough, but there is a dearth of incident which adds to the monotony of the general plots—and adds considerably to the difficulty of conveying any idea of the author's powers in a paper such as the present.

Of 'Arne,' which was published in 1858, while its author occupied the post of artistic director in the Bergen Theatre, we need say little, as it is better known to our literary world than any of the others. The principal figure in it is of course that of Arne, a young peasant boy endowed with high poetic gifts and with that dreamy vacillating character which so often accompanies these gifts. Of all Björnson's works this is the most wanting in incident—the whole story turning upon the strivings of Arne's spirit, encaged in the narrow valley, and its narrow life, to rise, as he expresses it, 'over the mountains high.' We quote a verse from one of the lyrics which Björnson puts into the mouth of Arne. We are indebted for it to the excellent English translation published by Strahan:—

'Shall I, then, never, never flee
Over the mountains high?

Rocky walls, will ye always be
 Prisons until ye are tombs for me?—
 Until I lie at your feet
 Wrapped in my winding-sheet?'

This roving disposition is at first restrained by his love for his mother (an excellently depicted character) and afterwards by his deeper love for the beautiful Eli Böen, daughter of a rich farmer, who had unfortunately caused the illness and ultimate death of Arne's father, Nils the Tailor. The principal beauty of this novel seems to us to lie in the two characters of Arne and his mother. The latter, after the death of her husband, whom she loved in spite of his bad treatment of her, concentrates the whole affection of her naturally loving heart upon her son. But Silence, a destroying power whose effect in these lonely valleys can be but poorly understood in our populous country, creeps into the house, and makes an imaginary gulf between them. If there is any spot on earth where Carlyle's maxim that 'Speech is silvern, but silence is golden' does not hold good, that spot is Norway. The exactly opposite phrase, 'Silence destroys more than words,' forms the moral of one of Björnson's most powerful dramas, 'Between the Battles.' And it is only by a strong effort on the part of both Arne and his mother that this ever-widening gulf is overleapt. Still there is a skeleton in the house—for his mother, in her intense anxiety to keep her son at home, has concealed from him several letters which have arrived for him from a sailor friend abroad. So that, in spite of the want of incident in the tale, our interest is kept up to the end, when Arne and Eli are happily united and his roving dreams vanish for ever.

'A Blithe Boy,' Björnson's next novel, published in 1860, is of a character somewhat different from 'Arne' and 'Synnöve.' To use a simile suggested by the Danish critic before quoted, the latter may be likened to large and imposing pictures by Hunt or Doré, while the former resembles a little genre-piece by Faed. It has not the deep passion or the exalted sentiment of the larger works—it simply represents the labours and constancy of an honest, persevering, 'blithe' boy, and of a true, loving girl, whose parents oppose their union. Öyvind is the son of a farmer much below the grandparents of Marit in wealth and status. Nevertheless he works himself forward until by the assistance of an old schoolmaster, whose affection he has won, he is permitted to study at an agricultural school in the neighbourhood. Here he perseveres for some time, and at last returns home acknowledged by all, the best farmer in the country-side. Meanwhile Marit's grandfather, a sturdy, stiff-

necked old conservative, finds that his farm is going to ruin, while his neighbours, owing to modern improvements, &c., are flourishing and outstripping him. At last, through the mediation of the old schoolmaster, he consents to the union of Marit and Öyvind, who soon restores the farm to its former prosperity. This old schoolmaster is one of the most beautiful of all Björnson's characters, and we cannot resist quoting the chapter in which his early history is related:—

‘Baard was the schoolmaster's name, and he had a brother called Anders. They were very fond of each other, enlisted together, lived in the town together, and went to the war together, where they both became corporals in the same company. When they came home again after the war every one thought, these are two fine fellows. Soon after their father died; he had a good deal of moveable property which it was difficult to divide, so they agreed that they would not quarrel over it this time either, but put it up to auction, so that each could buy whatever he particularly wished, and divide the profit. So said, so done. But their father had owned a large gold watch which was much famed, for it was the only gold watch that had ever been seen in that district; consequently many rich men wished to buy it, until they saw that the brothers began to bid for it—then they gave in. Now Baard kept on expecting that Anders would give up the watch to him, while Anders expected the same of Baard; they bid on to try each other, and kept looking at each other while they were bidding. When the watch had come up to twenty dollars, Baard thought that his brother was not acting kindly, and held on till it got towards thirty; when Anders still did not give in Baard thought that he must have forgotten how good he had often been to him, besides that he was the eldest: and so the watch rose to over thirty dollars. Anders still followed up. Then Baard bid forty dollars at once, and left off looking at his brother: there was deep silence in the auction room, only the auctioneer quietly repeated the price. Anders thought, as he stood there, that if Baard could afford to give forty dollars so could he, and if Baard would not give him the watch he would have to take it: so he bid again. Baard thought this the greatest shame he had ever seen: he quietly bid fifty dollars. There was a crowd around them, and Anders thought his brother must not outdo him thus in everybody's presence, so he bid more. Then Baard laughed; “A hundred dollars and my brotherhood into the bargain,” he said, and turning left the room. A little after some one came out to him while he was saddling the horse he had just bought. “The watch is yours,” said the man, “Anders gave in.” Whenever Baard heard that, a feeling of repentance came over him; he thought of his brother and not of the watch. The saddle was on, but he stood with his hand on his horse's back, uncertain as to whether he should start. Then a number of people came out with Anders among them, and whenever he saw his brother standing beside the saddled horse, not knowing

what Baard was thinking of as he stood, he shouted to him: "Thanks for the watch, Baard! It will not be going that day your brother will trouble you again!" "Nor that day when I ride home again," answered Baard, pale in the face, and springing on his horse. And neither of them again entered the house where they had lived with their father.

'Shortly after Anders married a small tenant's daughter, but did not invite Baard to the wedding; nor did Baard go to the church. The year after Anders was married the only cow he had was found dead at the north side of the steading where it was tethered, and no one could tell what it died of. Then came misfortune upon misfortune, and things were going badly with him; but the worst was that his barn and all that was in it was burned down one night in the middle of winter, and no one knew how the fire began. "Some one has done this, who has an ill will to me," said Anders; and he wept that night. He grew poor, and lost all interest in his work.

'Next evening Baard stood in his room. Anders was in bed when he came in, but sprang up at once. "What do you want here?" he asked; then stopped, and stood gazing intently at his brother. Baard waited a little before he answered. "I come to offer to help you, Anders; things are not going well with you." "Things are going as well with me as you would let them, Baard! Go, or I will not be able to command myself." "You are wrong, Anders; I am sorry—" "Go, Baard, or God have mercy upon both you and me." Baard retreated two or three steps; then with a trembling voice he said, "If you would like the watch, you shall have it." "Go, Baard!" shrieked the other; and Baard waited no longer, but went.

'But matters had gone thus with Baard. Whenever he heard that his brother was in misfortune his heart warmed towards him; but his pride kept him back. He felt a longing to go to the church, and there he formed good resolutions which he was too weak to fulfil. He often came so far as to see the house, but now some one came out at the door, then there was a stranger in, and again Anders stood outside cutting wood; so that something always came in the way. But one Sunday, far on in the winter, he went again to church, and then Anders happened to be there too. Baard saw him; he had grown pale and thin, he wore the same clothes as before, when they were friends; but now they were old and patched. During the sermon he looked up at the priest, and Baard thought he was good and gentle, thought of their childhood, and what a kind lad he was. Baard himself took the sacrament that day, and solemnly promised his God that he would be reconciled to his brother, come what will. This purpose took firm hold of him as he was drinking the wine; and when he rose he intended to go straight to his brother, and sit down beside him; but some one was sitting in the way, and Anders did not look up. After the service something again came in the way; there were too many people about, his wife was walking at his side, and he did not know her. He thought it would be best to go to his

house, and talk quietly with him. When evening came he did go. He went right up to the room door, and listened; he heard his own name mentioned; it was by the wife. "He took the sacrament to-day," said she, "You may be sure he was thinking of you." "No he wasn't thinking of me," said Anders, "I know him; he only thinks of himself."

'Nothing was said for some time; Baard perspired as he was standing, although the evening was cold. The wife was stirring a pot, which was bubbling and seething on the fire; a little infant cried now and then, while Anders rocked it. Then the woman said these words, "I believe you both think of each other, without admitting it." "Let us talk of something else," replied Anders. A little after he rose, and came towards the door. Baard had to hide himself in the wood-shed; that was just where Anders was going to fetch a bundle of wood. Baard stood in the corner, and saw him plainly; he had taken off his shabby Sunday clothes, and put on the uniform he had brought home from the war, a match to Baard's, which he had promised his brother never to use, but let it go down as a heir-loom in the family, while Baard had promised the same with regard to his. Anders' was now patched and worn; his strong burly body seemed covered with a bundle of rags; and at the same time Baard heard the gold watch ticking in his own pocket. Anders went to the place where the fagots lay; instead of at once bending, and taking up his burden, he stood still, leant against a hewing-block, and looked up at the heavens, which were glittering with bright stars. Then he heaved a sigh, and said "Yes—yes—yes—my God, my God!"

'Till the day of his death that rang in Baard's ears. He thought of stepping forward at once, but just then Anders moved, and his resolution failed him; he did not require anything more to stop him. Anders took his bundle of wood, and brushed so close past him that the twigs struck his face so that it tingled.

'For ten minutes more Baard stood still on the same spot; and there is no knowing when he might have moved, had he not been seized with such a shivering-fit after his strong emotion, that he trembled all over. Then he went out; he confessed openly to himself that he was too cowardly to enter the house, so he formed another plan. From an ash-pan that stood in the corner he had just left he raked together a few embers, found a piece of "tyri,"* went to the barn, shut the door after him, and lighted the stick. This done, he looked for the nail on which Anders hung his lantern, when he came to thrash early in the morning. He took out the gold watch, and hung it upon the peg, put out the wood, and went, feeling so relieved that he sprang over the snow like a young boy.

'The next day he heard that the barn was burned down the same night. Probably some sparks had fallen from the stick which he had used to light himself while he hung up the watch.

* A very resinous wood.

‘That overpowered him so much that he sat all that day as if he had been ill, and took out his psalm-book, and sang, so that the people in the house thought there must be something wrong. But in the evening he went out, and, in the clear moonlight, went to his brother’s, searched about in the ruins, and found sure enough a little melted-down lump of gold; it was the watch. With this in his hand he went in to his brother that evening, begged for forgiveness, and tried to explain. But we have already related the result.

‘A little girl had seen him digging in the ruins, some boys, on their way to a dance, had seen him go down towards the steading the Sunday evening before, the people in the house told how strangely he had behaved that Monday, and as every one knew that he and his brother were at bitter enmity, all this was told to the authorities, and an inquiry instituted. No one could prove anything against him; but the suspicion remained on him, and the gulf between him and his brother was widened.

‘Anders had thought of Baard when the barn was burnt, but no one had said anything about him. When the next evening he saw him enter his room, pale and strange-looking, he thought at once at last repentance has seized him; but for such a terrible misdeed against his brother there is no forgiveness. Afterwards he learned that people had seen him going down towards the house the same evening, and although no light was thrown on the matter at the inquiry, he firmly believed that Baard was the guilty one. They met at the inquiry, Baard in his good clothes, Anders in his patched ones; Baard looked over to him when he entered, and there was a beseeching look in his eyes, which went to Anders’ heart. He wishes me to say nothing, thought Anders; and when he was asked if he thought his brother guilty of this deed, he answered clearly and distinctly “No.”

‘But from that day Anders took terribly to drinking, and things looked very bad with him. But Baard’s lot was still harder, though he did not drink; for no one could have known him again.

‘Late one evening a poor woman came into the room where Baard lodged. He knew her; it was his brother’s wife. Baard at once understood what her errand was, grew pale, dressed himself, and followed her, without speaking a word. A dim light was flickering in Anders’ window, and they went towards the light, for there was no path over the snow. When Baard again stood in the passage, a strange odour met him, which made him shudder. They entered. A little child sat over at the hearth and played with the charcoal; it was black all over its face, but it looked up and laughed with its white teeth; it was his brother’s child. But in the bed with all sorts of clothes heaped over him lay Anders, very thin, with a clear, high, brow, and looked with hollow eyes at his brother. Baard’s knees trembled: he sat down at the foot of the bed and burst into a torrent of tears. The sick man looked at him steadfastly but said nothing. At last he told his wife to go out, but Baard signed to her

to stay. And now the two began to talk to each other. They explained everything, from that day when they bid for the watch till now when they met here. Baard ended by taking out the lump of gold which he always carried about with him, and both brothers at last confessed that through all these years not one day had they felt themselves happy.

'Anders did not say much, for he was not strong enough; but Baard remained at his bedside as long as his illness lasted. "Now I am quite well again," said Anders one morning when he awakened. "Now, brother mine, we will live long together, and never leave each other, as it was long, long ago." But that day he died.

'Baard took charge of the wife and child, and they lived in comfort from that day forward. But what the brothers had talked over at the bedside oozed out through the walls and the night, and was known to every one in the neighbourhood, and Baard became the most respected man among them. All greeted him as they would one who has had a deep sorrow, and again found joy, or as one who has been very long away. Baard was comforted by this friendliness around him, and was grateful to God. He wanted something to do, he said, and the old corporal became a schoolmaster. What he impressed upon the children both first and last was charity, and he himself practised it, so that they loved him as a playfellow and a father in one.'

During the period intervening between 1860 and 1868, Björnson does not seem to have published any work of fiction whatever; but in the beginning of the latter year he came out in an entirely new line. In commenting upon the monotony prevalent in his writings, we remarked that out of his five larger novels no less than four were occupied with the love adventures of a couple of young peasants. '*The Fisher Girl*,' the work with which we have now to deal, is the one break in this series of love tales.

Of all our author's novels this seems to us the richest and most delightful. We find in it an extent of canvas, and a wealth of character and colouring far surpassing any of his previous efforts. And not even the dreamy, poetic Arne touches our sympathy so much as the artist-soul of Petra, unconsciously striving to find expression for its art, and involving the simple noble girl in troubles and sorrow which a less gifted nature would have escaped.

The scene in which the tale opens is a little fishing town on the west coast of Norway. Here lives Gunlaug, the mother of the heroine, supporting herself on the profits of an inn much frequented by seamen and fishermen. We are introduced to the heroine herself as a tall, dark girl with large brown eyes and long hair, who runs about the town all day at the head of

swarms of little boys, and is at the bottom of every piece of mischief in the neighbourhood. The townspeople have nicknamed her the 'Fisher Girl,'—a nickname which her mother had borne before her. One day she and her band of youthful desperadoes conceive the bold design of robbing an apple-tree in the garden of Pedro Ohlsen, a half-mad flute-playing old man, who is in reality Petra's father, though none know it except Gunlaug and himself. This Pedro is one of the most excellent characters in all Björnson's tales, reminding us forcibly of some of Dickens's creations, and worthy to have been sketched by that master hand. Unfortunately the robbers are discovered, and Petra runs home in a state of intense terror to her mother, who scolds her vehemently and forbids her ever to talk to, or go near, Pedro Ohlsen again. As Petra is sitting at the door very much crestfallen after her scolding, Hans Ödegaard, the son of the parish priest, and himself an ordained clergyman, passes, and falls into conversation with her. He begins to take an interest in her, and, after a hard struggle with Gunlaug, who is no enthusiast for enlightenment, he prevails upon her to let him give Petra some education and cure her of her somewhat lawless habits. As this educating process progresses, he takes more and more interest in her, and she gains more and more respect for him, till at last the command and approval of her mother become of secondary importance compared with that of Ödegaard. But, though Petra is evidently a clever and remarkable girl, Ödegaard fails to discover in her any 'call' to any particular walk in life—in short, her character remains a problem to him as it does to herself and everyone else. So matters go on until her confirmation, immediately after which Ödegaard starts on one of his yearly summer tours.

Now Petra's character begins to reveal itself. She wants a lover to fill up an empty space in her day dreams, and accordingly in her childish unconsciousness of the importance of the step, engages herself to Gunnar Ask, a young sailor, whose ship sails unexpectedly the next day on a prolonged voyage. She is now brought into contact with Yngve Vold, a rich young merchant, who has lived in Spain and acquired Spanish habits. This young hero captivates her imagination, and with the utmost simplicity she at once engages herself to him. Then comes a letter and some presents from Gunnar, which throw her into a state of extreme trouble and distress. What is her delight then to meet her guide, philosopher, and friend Ödegaard, who has returned from his foreign tour? Deceived and enchanted by the joy with which she receives him, Ödegaard imagines that her love for him is stronger than that which

results from mere gratitude and respect, and begs her to become his wife. At once, in the rapture of the moment she forgets Gunnar and Yngve and returns home supremely happy. But meanwhile Gunnar has returned, and hearing by chance of her engagement with Yngve Vold at once proceeds to inflict summary chastisement on that individual, which leads to a riot, and soon it is known all over the town how Petra has been playing fast and loose with no less than three different people, all of them well known in the town.

This leads to other riots, this time directed against Petra and her mother, so that it is judged best for Petra to leave the town for some time, at least. Pedro Ohlsen, whom Gunlaug has forgiven as too despicable to hate, furnishes her with a sum of money, and she is sent to Bergen, the commercial capital of Norway. Before she has been here many days, chance leads her to the theatre; and the scene which follows is so beautifully described that we venture to translate it. In this, as in the former specimens, the reader will observe our author's short, sinewy, disjointed style; and the description of the overture affords an example of a striking, though vague and incomprehensible form of composition, in which Björnson is, perhaps, rather too fond of indulging.

‘Petra had no idea of what she was to see here. She knew nothing but what Ödegaard had told her, and what she had picked up from her acquaintances. But of the theatre Ödegaard had not said a single word: the sailors had talked of a theatre where there were wild beasts and horse-riders; and the boys had never happened to mention the drama, even if they had learned anything of it at school. For the little town possessed no theatre of its own, not even a house that bore the name: travelling bear-tamers, rope-dancers, and tumblers, used either an empty store or the open air. She was so much in the dark that she did not even think of asking; she sat quietly and waited for something wonderful, for example, camels or monkeys. As this idea grew stronger, she began to discover animals in every face around her—horses, dogs, foxes, cats, mice; and with this she amused herself. So the orchestra gathered without her noticing it. She started up terrified; for a short, sharp crash of drums, trombones, and horns began the overture—she had never in her life heard more musical instruments at one time than a pair of violins and, perhaps, a flute. This swelling harmony made her grow pale; it seemed as if she had fallen into a cold, dark stream of water; she sat in terror of the next burst, lest it should be still worse; and yet she did not want it to stop. Soon milder harmonies shed a flood of light, and in a little, *vista a ter vista* opened out of which she had never dreamed. Melodies wafted over her, joyousness and mirth quivered in the air around, and the whole troop winged its way slowly upward; softly

it sank, then swelled swiftly up again, and danced fast and furiously o'er all—until a heavy darkness fell and covered everything; it seemed as if they were whirled away over a roaring waterfall. Then again arose a single note, like a bird on a dewy branch in the dell—with sorrow and fear it began, but the air over its head grew bright at its song, and the sun shone forth—and again came the long melting vistas, full of that wonderful waving and wafting behind the sunbeams. When that had lasted some time, lo! it sank into a placid peacefulness; the mirthful troops floated farther and farther away, nothing was seen but the sunbeams, which shimmered and shone through the air: over the whole endless plain nought but sun, everywhere light—inwoven and still—and in this peacefulness it passed away. She rose involuntarily when it was done, for what more could she have? Oh wonder! the beautiful painted wall right opposite her rose into the roof! She was in a church, a church with arches and pillars, a church with booming organs, decorations, and people came in towards her in dresses she had never seen, and spoke—yes, they spoke in the church, and in a language she did not understand. What? they were speaking behind her too. “Sit down!” they said, but there was nothing to sit upon, and the two in the church were standing also, and the more she looked at them the more was she convinced that their dresses were the same as those she had seen in a picture of St. Olaf—and there, they were mentioning St. Olaf’s name!—“Sit down!” she heard again behind her, “Sit down!” shouted more. There is, perhaps, something to be seen behind as well, thought Petra, and turned sharp round. A number of angry countenances, many of them even threatening, met her. There is something not quite right here, thought Petra, and turned to go away. Then an old woman sitting at her side gently plucked her dress. “Sit down, child, sit down!” she whispered, “those behind can’t see.” She sat down at once, for she thought—the theatre is over there, and we are looking at it—yes, of course, the theatre! She repeated the word as if to remind herself completely of where she was. She looked at the church again, but in spite of all she tried, could not understand the man that was speaking; then for the first time she noticed that he was a handsome young man, and managed to catch one or two of his words, and when she heard that he spoke of love, and was in love himself, she understood most of it. Then a third came in, who took her attention away from him, for she knew from pictures that it must be a monk, and she had long wished to see a monk. The monk walked so gently, and was so quiet, and had such a godly mien; he spoke soft and slow, so that she could follow each word he said. But suddenly he turns and says the opposite of what he had said before.—Oh, he is a villain! listen, he is a villain, and he looks one too! How is it that the young handsome man cannot understand it? He should at least be able to hear what he says! “He is betraying them!” she whispered half aloud. “Hush!” said the old woman. No, the young man did not hear, and went out in dangerous confi-

dence ; they all went out—only an old man comes in. How is this ? when the old man speaks it sounds just as if the young man were talking—and yet it is an old man. Oh, look ! a shining train of white-robed maidens passes noiselessly and slowly through the church ; she saw them long after they were passed—and a like scene from her childhood seemed to flit across her memory. She had one winter gone with her mother over the hills ; wading forward through the newly-fallen snow, they had by chance frightened a covey of ptarmigan, which at once filled the air before them—they were white, white as the snow or the snowy woods—for a long time after all her thoughts seemed white ; and now she felt the same sensation for a little.

‘ But one of these white-robed women comes forward alone with a wreath in her hand, and kneels down ; the old man has also knelt down, and she talks to him. He has got messages and letters for her from foreign lands, and gives them to her ; one can see from her face that it is from one who is dear to her. Oh, how delightful, everyone is in love here ! She opens it—it is not a letter, it is full of music—but see, see ! he is himself the letter. The old man turns out to be the young man, and it is him she loves ! They embrace each other ! Oh, God, they kiss each other ! Petra felt that she was blushing as red as blood, and covered her face with her hands while she listened. Hear ! he is telling her that they will soon be married, and she laughingly pulls his beard and says he has become a barbarian ; and he says she has become so beautiful, and he gives her a ring, and he promises her scarlet and velvet, golden shoes and golden girdles ; he takes a glad farewell, and goes to the king to talk about the marriage. His betrothed looks out after him, but when she returns without him the place appears so empty.

‘ Then the wall glides quickly down again. Is it over now ? just as it was beginning ? She turned eagerly to the old lady.

“ Is it over ? ” “ No, no, my child, that is the first act ; there are five of them—whole five,” she repeated, sighing, “ whole five acts.” “ About the same thing ? ” asked Petra. “ What do you mean ? ” “ The same people come in again, and the whole goes on.” “ You have surely never been at the play before ? ” “ No.” “ No, I dare say there aren’t many places where they have a theatre, it is so dear.” “ But what sort of a thing is it ? ” asked Petra, anxious and excited as if she could scarcely expect an answer ; “ who are these people ? ” “ It is a company, Naso, the manager’s company, and a very fine company it is : he is so clever.” “ Is it he that makes it all up, or how do they manage ? ” “ My dear child, do you not know what a play is ? Where *can* you come from ? ”

‘ But when Petra thought of her birthplace, she also remembered her disgrace and her flight ; she was silent, and dared not ask any more.

‘ The second act came on, and with it a king—yes, a real king. For the first time in her life she saw a king ! She did not hear what he said, she did not see to whom he spoke ; she looked at the

king's clothes, the king's manners, the king's motions; she was not roused till the young man came in, and everyone went away to fetch the bride! Then she had to wait again.

'In the *entre-acte* the old lady leant over to her. "Don't you think they play beautifully?" she said. Petra looked at her with astonishment. "Play?" she said. "What do you mean?" She did not notice that everyone round about was looking at her, and that the old woman had been told to ask her the question. She did not hear that they were all laughing at her. "But they don't speak as we do?" she asked, when she had received no answer. "They are Danes, of course," said the old woman, and began to laugh too. Then she understood that the good woman was laughing at her strings of questions, so she spoke no more, but stared unceasingly at the curtain.

'When it rose again she had the immense pleasure of seeing an archbishop. Now, as before, she lost herself so much in gazing at him, that she did not hear a word of what he said. But then she heard some music, very soft, and far distant, but coming nearer and nearer: it was the voices of women and the sound of flutes, violins, and an instrument which was not a guitar, but seemed like many guitars, only softer, fuller, and with more swelling notes; the whole collected harmony rolled in in long billows, and when she could see nothing but waving tints, the procession came in—soldiers with halberts, choristers with censers, monks with candles, and the king with his crown on, and at his side the bridegroom dressed in white—then again the white-robed maidens, wafting roses and soft music before the bride, who was dressed in white silk, with a red garland on her head; at her side walked a tall lady, with a purple train inlaid with gold, and with a little shining crown in her hair—that must be the queen! The whole church was filled with their song and colours, and all which happened now, after the bridegroom had led the bride up to the altar, where they knelt down, while the whole company knelt around them, and the archbishop came in procession with his priests, only formed new links in the dazzling chain of harmony.

'But as the ceremony was about to commence, the archbishop raised his staff aloft and forbade it; their marriage was against the sacred commandments, and they could never have each other. Oh, heavenly father, have mercy! The bride fainted, and Petra, who had risen up, also fell backwards with a piercing shriek.

"Water, bring water!" cried those around. "No," replied the old woman, "she hasn't fainted, it's not needed." "It's not needed," they repeated; "be quiet!" "Hush!" cried the people in the pit, "be quiet in the amphitheatre." "You musn't get so excited about it; it's all sham and pretence," whispered the old woman. "But Madam Naso plays beautifully." "Hush!" cried Petra herself now, for she was already deep in the action. The devilish monk had come in with a sword, and the two lovers had to catch hold of a cloth, which he severed in two between them, as

the Church severed, as the pain severed, as the sword over the gate of Paradise severed on the first day. Weeping women took off the bride's red garland and put on a white one, with which she was bound to the cloister for life. He, to whom she belonged for time and eternity, he must know her to be alive but never gain her; must know her to be in there, but never see her; how touching was their farewell; there was no greater misfortune on earth than theirs.

“Lord!” whispered the old woman when the curtain fell, “don't behave so foolishly; it's only Madam Naso, the manager's wife.” Petra opened her eyes wide and stared at the good woman; she thought she was mad, and as the woman had long come to the same conclusion with regard to Petra, they kept on looking rather suspiciously at each other, but did not speak.

When the curtain again rose Petra could not follow the thread; for she saw nothing but the bride behind the convent walls, and the bridegroom waiting outside in despair, night and day; she suffered their pains, and prayed their prayers; but what was actually passing before her eyes made no impression on her. But she was recalled to herself by an intense silence; the empty church seemed to grow, nothing was heard but twelve beats of the bell. There is a rumbling noise under the arches, the walls shake, St. Olaf has raised himself from his shrine in his grave-clothes, high and terrible; with spear in hand he strides forward, the watch flees, thunder booms, and the monk is pierced by the outstretched spear, after which all is dark. But the monk remains a heap of ashes where the lightning struck him down.

Petra had without knowing it caught a tight hold of the old woman, who had got very much frightened at this convulsive grasp; and now observing her growing pallor she hastened to say: “God bless you, child, it's only Knutsen—it's the only part he can play, for his voice is so hoarse.” “No, no, no, no, I saw flames around him,” said Petra, “and the church trembled under his tread.” “Be quiet there!” was heard from all sides. “Put her out if she can't be quiet!” “Hush!” said the pit. “Hush!” answered the amphitheatre. Petra shrank together, as if to hide herself, but soon forgot them all together. For see! the lovers are there again. The lightning has burst the barriers between them, and they are going to flee. They have reached each other, they embrace each other—Protect them now, God in heaven! Then there arises a hubbub of shouts and trumpet blasts, the bridegroom is torn from her side, there is a struggle for their fatherland, he is wounded, in death he bids farewell to his bride. Petra does not comprehend it all, until the bride comes softly gliding in—and sees his body. Then it seems as if all the clouds of pain would gather over one single point; but one glance scatters them; the bride looks up from the dead man's breast and prays that she herself may die! Heaven opens at that glance, light falls around, the wedding-hall is up there. Close in the bride! Yes, she can already see into it; for from her eyes there

spreads peace as if on the high mountains. Then her eyelids close ; the war has a higher ending, their constancy a nobler crowning ; now she is with him.

‘ For a long time Petra did not move ; her heart was raised in faith, she was full of the strength of great thoughts. She rose above all that was small ; she rose above fear and pain ; she rose with a smile for all, they were brothers and sisters ; the evil which divided them was no more, it lay crushed beneath the thunderbolt. People smiled back at her ; it was the girl who had been half mad during the play ; but she only saw in their smiles the reflection of the victory she had just won. In this belief, that they smiled in sympathy with her, she returned their smiles so brightly that they had to smile again ; she went down the broad stairs between two separate ranks, who reflected gladness to her gladness, and beauty to that beauty which shone over her. The light within us sometimes grows so strong that we add a brightness to all around us, although we cannot see it ourselves. This is the greatest triumph-march in the world—to be heralded, wafted, and followed by our own shining thoughts.

‘ When she had almost unconsciously reached home, she asked what it had all been. There were many there who understood her and gave helping answers. And when she had found out fully what the drama was, and what power great actors exercised, she rose and said, “ *That* is the highest calling on earth, *that* I will be.” ’ *

Thus is Petra’s ‘ call ’ in life discovered.

The next day she goes to the manager of the theatre and offers herself as an actress—and is, of course, refused. Despairing at this failure she determines to leave Bergen and go somewhere else—where, she neither knows nor cares. Towards the end of the first stage as evening is falling, they pass a country manse, to which, impelled by a sudden fancy she bids the post-boy drive. In the priest and his daughter, who live here, we have two of the finest characters in the book. Belonging himself to a severe and somewhat illiberal school of religious thought he had married a Danish lady belonging to a sect of much more free and cheerful opinions. Deep as was the love between the two their difference of opinion on these points had not failed to mar to a certain extent the happiness of their married life. But the early death of his wife leaving him alone with their little daughter Signe, seemed to effect a radical change in the mind of the priest. Every thought, every action, was now judged by the standard of how it would have pleased his dead wife ; and he devotes himself

* The drama here described is Oehlenschläger’s ‘ Axel og Valborg.’

entirely to his daughter, concentrating upon her with double force the love her mother had before shared with her.

Into this little household Petra is received—for the priest and his daughter turn out to be intimately acquainted with Ödegaard, who has often spoken to them of the ‘Fisher Girl.’ Here Petra’s education is completed by the polished conversation and reading of her friends; here are thrown open to her the dramatic treasures contained in volumes of Shakespere and Æhlenschläger; and here she nurses in secret her one longing—to become a great actress—practising day and night to attain the required perfection. At last this hidden longing comes to the knowledge of the priest and raises a storm in the house. No life is in his opinion more useless and hollow than that of an actor; and it requires all Ödegaard’s powers of persuasion, and months of thought and study, to convince him that it is Petra’s duty to follow the bent, and to uncover the treasure with which Nature has endowed her. Ödegaard marries Signe; and in the last chapter of the book we find all Petra’s friends—Gunlaug, Yngve Vold, Gunnar Ask, Ödegaard, Signe, and the priest—gathered in the Christiania theatre awaiting the rise of the curtain for Petra’s debut. With exquisite taste Björnson concludes his tale with Petra’s long-looked-for union with her beloved art—and leaves us to guess whether or no that union was happy. The last words of the book are—

*‘And then the curtain rose.’**

We have now given a sketch, meagre and unsatisfactory though it be, of Björnson’s four greatest works—‘Synnöve,’ ‘Arne,’ ‘A Blithe Boy,’ and the ‘Fisher Girl.’ His last tale of any importance, ‘The Bridal March,’ though pretty and natural, is so like his others, and so utterly wanting in incident, as to require nothing more than a mere mention. And in conclusion, we may be excused for pointing out one or two of what seem to us our author’s principal characteristics.

While he is essentially a *moralist*, Björnson is by no means a *moralizer*,† a distinction which is too often forgotten by critics of the present day; and from this fact arise the greater part of those peculiarities which have been so much praised, and so much attacked. In it we find the key which explains that

* Observe the different status of the stage in Norway, from that which it occupies in our own country. Which is the preferable state of affairs?

† On the few occasions, however, when he does make reflections in his own person, they are generally just and beautiful. Take, for instance, the following from ‘Arne.’ ‘When we talk in the dark, we speak more faithfully than when we see each other’s face; and we also say more.’

tendency to obscurity, and even mystery, which pervades his works. He makes his characters explain by their actions or by one or two short speeches, what other authors would have occupied pages in explaining. When an action is performed, he does not dilate upon its motives or its consequences, nor does he inform us whether it is good, bad, or indifferent—he lets it speak for itself. When a character is introduced he does not label it good, bad, or indifferent, but he lets it tell its own story, and develop in the course of the tale. This principle is, indeed, sometimes carried to excess—as, for instance, in the ‘Fisher Girl,’ where several of the love scenes and vagaries of Petra are totally incomprehensible to us, till light is thrown upon them in the sequel by the discovery of her dramatic gifts and longings. And for this reason we would warn all readers of Björnson’s novels to reserve their judgment on any particular character till they have quite finished the book, for they are not unlikely to find some sentence in the last chapter which throws light upon sayings and doings which before seemed unnatural and absurd. That this is, in certain cases, a blemish in his work we cannot deny; but it is at least preferable to the opposite extreme into which so many writers of the present day have fallen.

Turn now to the construction of his tales, and here, again, we find much to praise and little to blame. We have already quoted the words of a Danish critic, as to the dramatic dovetailing of ‘Synnöve Solbakken.’ And the same words are, though, perhaps, in a minor degree, applicable to all his remaining productions. No character is introduced which does not contribute more or less to the development of the tale; no irrelevant scene, no irrelevant paragraph, scarcely an irrelevant word can we find. And if the author’s extreme anti-sensationalism induces a slight poverty of incident, we feel it to be a pardonable and almost laudable weakness.

His style of composition, again, appears to us to possess almost equally-balanced merits and defects. We have as far as in us lay reproduced it in our extracts. Jerky and unconnected, often unmusical, and always unpolished, it still possesses a vigour and graphicness, which it is extremely difficult to imitate. And, on the whole, we imagine that few methods of composition could have been found better suited to our author’s language, and to his subject-matter, than that which he has chosen. It does not fall within our province to criticise the numerous lyrics with which his novels are interspersed. But we cannot help remarking upon the extraordinary power and feeling with which he describes the glorious scenery of his

native land, only lamenting that space forbids us to give a specimen.

It has been well said that humour is one of the most essential qualities in a great novelist, and to one who has only read 'Synnöve,' 'Arne,' and the 'Bridal March,' Björnson might appear to be wanting in this important particular. But a perusal of the 'Blithe Boy' and the 'Fisher Girl' would soon correct this impression. The account in the latter work of Pedro Ohlsen, his father and grandfather, of Gunlaug, and her sailor customers, and, above all, of the 'village saints,' who came to request the old priest to burn his piano as being an incentive to levity in the parish, is equal in point of quiet humour to almost anything even in our own language. And it is partly on account of this happy blending of humour with pathos that we place the 'Fisher Girl' so far above his other works.

In conclusion we cannot forbear translating one of the most exquisitely humorous scenes in the 'Blithe Boy,' where all the aspirants to confirmation are sitting in a room in the manse waiting to be called up one by one to pass their examination.

'One sat and went over all he knew, and though he had discovered some hours before that he knew everything, he now found out with equal certainty that he knew nothing—could not even read. A second went over his whole list of sins, from as far back as he could remember till now, and came to the conclusion that it would not be in the least wonderful if our Lord did not let him pass. A third sat and watched everything in the room: if the clock, which was on the point of striking, did not begin until he had counted twenty, he would pass; if the person he heard coming into the passage was the stable-boy, Lars, he would pass; if the big rain-drop that was creeping down the window came right to the frame, he would pass. The last and decisive proof was to be whether he could get his right foot twisted round his left, and this he found quite impossible. A fourth was sure that if he was questioned on Joseph in history and on baptism in doctrine, or on Saul, or on the Epistles, or—he was still going over it all when his turn came. A fifth had set his heart on the Sermon on the Mount; he had dreamt of the sermon, he was sure he would be questioned on the sermon, he went over the sermon to himself, he had to go out to read the sermon over again—then his turn came, and he was examined on the greater and lesser prophets. A sixth thought of the priest, what a kind man he was, and how well he knew his father and mother; and of the schoolmaster, who had such a gentle face; and of God, who was so very gracious, and had helped many before, both Jacob and Joseph; and then he thought how his mother and sisters were at home praying for him, and that was sure to help. The seventh sat and knocked down all the castles in the air he had built. First, he had determined to become a king, then a general or a priest—that stage had long been past: but until

he had come here he had still thought of going to sea, and becoming a captain, perhaps a pirate, and gathering enormous wealth : then he gave up the idea of riches, then the idea of becoming a pirate, then of becoming a captain, then of becoming a mate ; he stopped at common sailor, or at highest boatswain—it was even possible that he would not go to sea at all, but get employment on his father's farm. The eighth was a little more confident, yet not quite sure of passing ; for not even the cleverest could be *quite* sure. He thought of the clothes he had got to be confirmed in, and what they would be used for if he didn't pass. But if he passed he was to go to town and get splendid Sunday clothes, and come home again, and dance at Christmas to the envy of all the boys and the admiration of all the girls. The ninth reckoned otherwise ; he began a little account-book with God, in which he placed upon the one side, as Debit, 'He will allow me to pass,' and on the other side, as Credit, 'I will never tell any more lies, nor gossip, will always go to church, let the girls alone, and leave off swearing.' But the tenth thought, that as Olé Hansen had passed last year, it was worse than injustice if he did not pass this year, for he had always been above him at school, and, besides, his parents were more respectable. At his side sat the eleventh, nursing the most bloodthirsty plans for revenge, in case he did not pass—he was either going to set fire to the school, or leave the neighbourhood, and come back as a thunder-wielding judge against the priest and schoolmaster, and then magnanimously let mercy stand for justice. As a beginning he would go into service with the priest of the next parish, and there be first in the examination next year, and answer so that the whole church should wonder and admire. But the twelfth sat by himself underneath the clock, with both hands in his pockets, and looked sorrowfully at the rest. No one here knew what a burden he bore, and what anxiety was racking him. But at home there was one who knew it—for he was betrothed. A big, long-legged spider crept over the floor, and came near his foot : he used always to tread upon the ugly insects, but to-day he lifted his foot tenderly, and let it pass in peace. His voice was as mild as a collect ; his eyes kept on repeating that all men were good ; his hand moved humbly from his pocket to his hair, in order to smooth it down. If he could only slink by hook or by crook through this dangerous needle's eye, he would soon swell out again on the other side, chew tobacco, and make his engagement public. But on a low stool, with his legs bent in below him, sat the restless thirteenth ; his small sparkling eyes made the round of the room three times in a second : and under the strong, rough head the thoughts of all the other twelve were tossing about in wild confusion, from the most brilliant hope to the darkest despair, from the humblest resolves to the most annihilating plans of vengeance ; and meanwhile he had eaten up all the loose skin from his right thumb, and was now busy with his nails, bidding fair to be rid of them also ere long.'

Finally, we must protest against criticisms on Björnson

founded merely on translations of his works. There are, we make bold to say, no prose works more difficult to translate, and more unsatisfactory when translated, than Björnson's novels. Their bloom, their aroma, seem to be completely gone, and only the bare skeleton remains. Let them be translated by all means if the English public find any pleasure in the perusal of translations the best of which stands only as a photograph to a great picture. But if these translations are to be criticised, let it be distinctly stated that it is not the Norwegian Björnson but his English imitation which is under consideration. As well may a Frenchman who does not understand English attempt to criticise Shakspeare, as an Englishman who does not understand Norwegian perform the same office towards Björnson. But we cannot help hoping that the day is not far distant when the study of a language which throws open to its possessor two noble literatures, and is of all European languages the easiest of acquisition, will become far more common in this country than it is now.

ART. IV.—*Livingstone's 'Last Journals.'*

The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa, from 1865 to his Death. By HORACE WALLER, F.R.G.S. Two Vols. John Murray.

THERE is a strange irony in the order of this world of ours, the key to which must be sought in the order of a higher world. The irony seems sardonic enough, when we limit our contemplation to the narrow range of the things which are seen, and temporal; but when we let the light of the things which are not seen and eternal, fall upon it, a softening touch steals over its aspect, and we can even believe it to be benign. Poets and moralists have noted in all ages, sadly enough when the Divine thought which rules the ordinance was hidden from them, that few things on this earth shape themselves to a rounded completeness. Nature is 'that which is becoming,' and has always an onlook to the future. To the deep insight of Paul Nature disclosed a universal groaning and travail. To Goethe, with hardly less keen intuition, the same aspect of the world, both of Nature and of man, was unveiled. Always there is a sad unfinished side to every great human achievement; and an undertone of wailing breathes through all man's shouts of victory and songs of praise. Progress, of which we proudly boast in these Western regions, while the East smiles on us with lofty compassion, seems to grow by painful spasmodic starts rather than by kindly continuous currents. Great

enterprises are mostly frustrated of the full fruition which their authors prophesy ; great leaders fall, while the band that follows them is still in the wilderness ; great statesmen drop, while the fate of the nations which they have saved is still trembling in the balance ; great teachers die, and leave their disciples apparently lost in the night. A mocking smile seems to play around the lips of the genius who guides the destinies of the human ; at least it seems mocking to the student of life whose eye is blind to the true range and scope of man's being—the universe and eternity. It is in the half-lights of earth that we seem to see a cold irony on the face of Nature ; when the clear sunlight of the higher region falls on it we see only wisdom and love.

But we can feel no wonder that the keen eye of modern science, which searches into the reality of the things which appear, with little thought that the key to their order must be sought in the things which do not appear, is prone to take a terribly sad view of life and of the world. To the elder Mill life seemed to be a poor thing at the best, and hardly worth the living. To the younger Mill Nature is mostly a scene of wasteful contention and confusion, over which no order reigns which is not even apparently benign, and which, if it have any meaning, shows limited power and crippled activity in the Maker and Ruler of the system, on whose supremacy, therefore, it would be impossible to ground any intelligent trust and hope. He utters in his last 'Essays,' a passionate complaint against the order of things, or the want of order of things, in the natural and human worlds. What lofty aims and hopes of men the spirit that rules 'this clumsily constructed and capriciously governed planet and its inhabitants' seems to blight with derision ; what goodly enterprises it delights to thwart ; what holy and dear relations it jangles and dissevers ; what noble, fruitful lives it constantly strikes down before their work for the world is done. Mr. Mill writes with demiurgic loftiness. Always there is before his mind's eye a fairer scheme of the Creation than had occurred to the Creator ; but still we find no mystery in his complaint of life and of Nature, if he expects life and Nature to solve the problem, and takes no account of heaven and of eternity.

In truth, nothing arranges itself here according to the plans of the philosophers. No clear prescient wisdom seems to them to be at work apportioning means to issues, and expenditure to results. The cost of progress always appears to them extravagant. The best workmen are called off, while the bunglers are mostly left to build up the structure of the future. To what

height of power, of internal prosperity, and external honour, might not Italy have passed, had Cavour been spared to complete and to crown his work! What confusion and humiliation might not the Great Republic have been spared, had not Lincoln been struck down with his work half done! And now our great traveller has been laid dead in his tracks, when the problem of ages was on the eve of solution; when another year of bodily vigour might have brought him home triumphant, and enabled him to bind the wreath which he so passionately coveted around his brow. It is all sad enough and dark enough, we freely confess, if the whole plan be what is before us. If the general progress of humanity, if the culture and development of the great human race, within the limits of this earthly sphere, be the whole key to the process, we can see how humanity could have been served on a simpler plan, and at a lighter cost. The true clue to the mystery lies, as we have said, in that world from which our great traveller drew his inspiration, and from which the chequered woof of human history, the broken twisted lines of human progress, are seen in the light of their universal and everlasting results.

And yet there is very visibly a benign side to this order of Providence, whose aspect seems so sad. The men who drop with their work half done bequeath a great inspiration as their legacy. Successors, young and strong, rise up to catch the torch which has dropped from their dying hands, *et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt* to their heirs. In place of one weak, solitary pioneer, struggling on with pain in a difficult track, a troop will soon be seen pressing on in the path which he opened; and working out the plans of the great leader to a fulness of accomplishment which could never have been attained by his own individual power. Such lives as Livingstone's are always germinant; they are the most precious seeds sown in a generation—the seeds from which the richest fruits of the future will grow. He did more by dying *in* Africa and *for* Africa, than he could possibly have accomplished had he been spared to return in triumph, and to reap the honours and rewards which would have awaited him; and under which his soul would have wearied, as it never wearied under its tasks. Now, his death has bequeathed the work of African exploration and civilisation as a sacred legacy to his country; and it has breathed into his successors an energy and intensity of purpose which in the end must win the great success. The blood of the martyrs is a seed as fertile in the region of heroic enterprise as in the Christian Church. The life which Livingstone offered for the salvation of Africa, like a greater life, is a pledge and a prophecy

of its redemption. Already expeditions, admirably furnished, and ably led, have set forth to complete his explorations. This generation can hardly pass away until his aspirations for the great continent of his adoption begin to be visibly fulfilled.

The two great problems of the higher geography which remain for solution, concern the heart of Africa and the heart of the Arctic Sea. The solution of both problems seems to be reserved for men of the English race. There has been no lack of brave and successful adventurers in either region belonging to other nations. Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, stand side by side with Englishmen in the annals of daring and successful exploration in the Arctic Seas. Some most brilliant exploits have been performed by foreigners, and some valuable discoveries have been effected. Still, the foremost names are English. Frobisher, Davis, Baffin, Parry, Ross, and Franklin stand highest in the roll of Arctic heroes. The expedition which will shortly leave our shores, to whose complete equipment all the resources of the British Admiralty will contribute, which will be admirably organized and splendidly manned—Frobisher discovered the straits that bear his name in a little ship of twenty-five tons burden; Davis discovered his straits in a mere fishing boat of thirty—will, it may be confidently hoped, solve the hitherto insoluble problem, and win for England, whose right it is, the Arctic crown. The rival problem concerns the heart of Africa, the centre of the torrid region, as the Pole is the centre of the Arctic region, of the earth. There, too, the English, though nobly seconded by travellers of other nations, have taken the foremost place.* The chief burden of African discovery has rested on this country; and while the names of Caillié, Barth, Overweg, Van der Decken, Tinné, and Schweinfurth will always live in African story, the long line of English explorers—Bruce, Park, Denham, Clapperton, Lander, Campbell, Baker, Speke, Burton, Grant, and Livingstone, seem to claim Africa as the field of English culture and civilising Christianising energy. England, too, has always held the foremost place among the nations which are now happily combined in the endeavour to close 'the open sore of the world'—the African slave trade.

And it is right that it should be so. England is the great

* Sir S. Baker, in his 'Albert N'yanza,' pays a generous tribute to Signor Miani, when he reached the traveller's tree, which marked the point where the gallant Italian explorer was compelled to return. But he was compelled to return by precisely those very difficulties which the daring and the hardihood of Baker faced and conquered. ('Albert N'yanza,' ii. 282).

colonist of the modern world. The Jews alone, of all the peoples of the earth, seem to rival the Anglo-Saxon in the power of settling in any region, in any climate, under any conditions, and there making themselves at home and setting about their work. But the Jew is now out of the field, and the Anglo-Saxon, among civilized races, has it almost to himself. We use the word Anglo-Saxon—*pace* Mr. Freeman—fully recognizing the truth, that England has been inhabited by Englishmen since the fifth century. But we cling to the old term Anglo-Saxon, because it yields a common denomination for the two great branches of the English race, which our American kinsmen will accept and bear with pride. And we English are laying the whole world under contribution for the staple of our manufactures; our ships are busy beyond those of all the rest of the world together, in distributing the fruits of our industry over the globe. We get more from mankind at large than any other people, and we give more. It is right, therefore, that we should take the chief share of the dangers and burdens of exploration; nor should we murmur if we are called to pay the price of noble lives for the knowledge and the influence by which *we* shall chiefly profit, and which we shall make the means of still more widely enlarging our transactions and increasing our power.

Of all African travellers, *facile princeps*, a head and shoulders above the rest of the band, stands Livingstone. He has won for himself a name as a daring, resolute, enduring, and, in every way, masterly explorer of unknown regions, with which few names known to history can stand as peers. It was a kindly Providence for Africa which led his steps to that vast, splendid, but sad and desolated continent—the fertile mother of slaves from the earliest days of human history. Rachel weeping for her children might furnish the colophon for the book of the annals of Africa's sorrowful and monotonous life. The physical character of the continent, and the condition and history of the races which inhabit it, have close and profound relations. Mr. Buckle had hold of a great truth when he insisted on the intimate relation of the climate and the physical aspects of a country to the character of its inhabitants; but, as happens to most great truths in the earlier stages of their development, he rode it almost to death. No doubt he was right to a large extent, though man is still the master in his house of life. Africa is a remarkable instance in point. It is of all the continents, in shape the most formless, and in physical characteristics the most monotonous. Asia-Europe—treating the two continents as one, which, physically, they palpably are—has

form, grand, massive, powerful, and is full of features, as a glance at its coast-line and its levels will reveal. Vast peninsulas, promontories, isthmuses, islands, bays, harbours, glorious rivers, table-lands, mountain chains, inland seas, and deserts, are mingled together in rich profusion; they mix with each other, and mingle their forms and influences in every region of the continent. There is everywhere marked feature and rich variety. And Asia-Europe has been the mother, the nurse, and the home of civilisation, and has trained to a high development every form and variety of man. America, on the other hand, is lithe, graceful, and sweeping in form. Its coast-line is large in proportion to its area. It has rivers, lakes, mountains, table-lands, fertile savannahs, and stony deserts in abundance, and possesses, moreover, some of the very finest bays and harbours in the world. Here, too, the physical features of the continent lend themselves readily to growth, development, and civilisation, in the inhabitants; and traces of an old and grand civilisation in America everywhere abound, while she claims the vanward post in the march of the progress of the future.

But Africa alone is dull, monotonous, and unprogressive in feature and in the history of her people. There is no movement, no development, no higher life. And the physical aspect of the continent helps to explain it. It is singularly formless in shape and characterless in feature. Its outline is heavy and dull. Its coast-line, in proportion to its area, is the smallest which is allotted to the continents. Europe has one mile of coast-line to 156 square miles of area; Asia has one to 459; North America has one to 228; South America has one to 376; while Africa has only one to 623. With few exceptions, its harbours are poor, and their number is small. Its climate, as a rule, is languid and depressing. The fertility of the soil is lavish; fields, forests, and even great rivers get rapidly overgrown. Through the greater part of the continent there is little need of clothing, of architecture, or of agriculture, beyond the very simplest scale. There is little stimulus to forethought and industry from the spur of necessity, and what there is seems to be monopolized by the ants; while the population is constantly scourged and often exterminated wholesale by slavery and war. Dr. Schweinfurth remarks in his admirable '*Heart of Africa*':—

'Tropical Africa, broken by steppes, presents in uniformity, perhaps, the most extensive district which could be pointed out in the whole geography of vegetation. Extending as it does from Senegal to the Zambesi, and from Abyssinia to Benguela, tropical Africa may be asserted to be without any perceptible alteration in character, but

that which is offered by the double aspect of steppe and bush on the one hand, and the primæval forest, in the American sense, on the other. And, again, this uniformity of tropical Africa, in comparison with the enormous space which it occupies, and the striking want of provinces in the geography of its plants, result from (1) the massive and compact form of the whole, and (2) from the external girdle which keeps it shut up, so that it is not penetrated by any foreign types of vegetation. The girdle is made by currents of the sea and long tracts of desert, and encircles it entirely. In the direction towards Arabia there is a bridge, as it were, to India, and the Indian flora has a great share in the characteristics of the vegetation' (i. 223-4).

And this monotonous character runs through the population. Everywhere there are found the same main features in the character, the habits, and the life of the people. No growth, no progress is traceable through the ages. Able rulers arise as elsewhere, like Sebituane or the first Casembe, but they accomplish nothing and leave nothing behind them. No drainage of marshes, in which Africa abounds, no roads, no bridges, mark the master mind at work in a nation, subduing Nature under man, and laying broad and deep the foundations of the structure of the future. Nature rules everywhere, and with terrible tyranny, as always happens when man abdicates the mastery and is content to be her slave. In the most fertile of the continents famine is almost chronic. Where the fruits of the earth are lavishly abundant, the main difficulty of the traveller is constantly bread to keep him alive. Of course in this characterisation of the continent we speak of its broadest aspects, and regard everything on the largest scale. Africa has regions of splendid variety and beauty; some of the loveliest scenery in the world may probably be found in Africa about the equator, and on the highlands some of the fairest districts for the settlement of European races. The people, again, to those who have dwelt familiarly among them, present features of rich variety. But the family type is strong. Often where this is the case, the members of a family present features of striking difference to their familiar acquaintances, while a stranger finds it difficult to distinguish them from each other. It is thus with the African race. To those who look at it from without and who seize only the broad characteristics, the continent and the people are alike singularly monotonous and unprogressive, and both the land and the people seem to need the impulse of a strong civilisation from without to develop their latent powers.

Africa, speaking quite roughly, extends about 5,000 miles in

length, by 5,000 in breadth. The great mountain chain is now found to run down the eastern seaboard. It is just like South America reversed, as a traveller has remarked. Kilimandjaro must have an elevation of something like 20,000 feet, and is one of the greater vertebræ in the backbone of the world, which runs from North-Eastern Asia by the Himalayas, Arabia, the eastern coast of Africa, the Andes, and the Rocky Mountains, to the north-west angle of America. But the centre is an elevated table-land, basin-shaped, and filled at intervals with what remains of an ancient sea. Its geological character is simple and primitive. It has not suffered, like the other continents, alternate submergence and resurrection. It stands, like its Egypt, in grand and simple isolation, a fragment of the earliest physical age. It has suffered constant abrasion. Travellers in various regions note that its mountain chains have the aspect of having been eaten away. There is little volcanic action through the vast continent; in fact, there is little disturbance of any sort. Africa remains still as it has been for untold ages, physically, socially, politically, the continent of monotonies, the mother of powerful, enduring, but coarse, brutal, and unprogressive sons.

But there are abundant traces of latent capacity of no mean kind in the race, which has done so little and has suffered so much through all the ages of human history. They are far from being, as a rule, a stupid or uninteresting people. Wherever the traveller may come across them, there is always much to interest and to suggest a lively hope of the possibilities of their future. Their virtues and vices are really those of children. Though the continent is hoary, and the races, they are still, morally, the infants of the world. Horrible brutality, obscenity, and foulness are met with in profusion, alas! by all who penetrate the interior regions; but here and there travellers come across tribes, with no very notable differences from surrounding tribes to account for it, in which decency, cleanliness, and order are as conspicuous. Nothing can be more admirable than the honesty of the Shilloks which Sir S. Baker describes (*'Ismailia,'* i. 117). It reminds one of the honesty of the Aru savages which so impressed Mr. Wallace. (*'Malay Archipelago,'* ii. 365). Sir S. Baker's 'forty thieves,' most of whom were blacks, seemed to be, at the commencement of his enterprise, as incorrigible blackguards as could well be met with. But before he had done with them, they were models of discipline, valour, honesty, and all the virtues which soldiers love (*'Ismailia,'* i. 300). Dr. Schweinfurth writes with high commendation of the Bongo. Their moral sense is so far

developed that children not at the breast are not permitted to sleep in the same hut with the parents. Separate huts are built for them with considerable care, but, alas! in such entire ignorance of sanitary laws, that the physical results to the children are disastrous ('Travels,' i. 303). He tells a tale which is full of interest, as illustrating the point on which we are at present touching. One of the Bongo told him—

'That he had been badly wounded in an expedition which the Nubians had set on foot against the Dinka to steal their cattle. He had laid himself down outside a Dinka's house, and the Dinka had not simply protected him against all his persecutors, who considered themselves amply justified in proceeding to every extreme of vengeance, but kept him till he had regained his health; not content with that he provided him with an escort back, and did not abandon him till he was safe and sound among his own people. ('Travels,' i, 169).'

You can hardly open a book of African travel in which you do not meet with similar traits of very noble qualities lying latent in the African races. Sir S. Baker is constantly tempted to break forth into fierce exclamations against the hopeless stupidity, brutality, or faithlessness of the people, and justly enough; but he rarely fails to record, in a page or two, or perhaps in the next sentence, some trait which blunts the point of his anathema; as when he confesses ('Albert N'yanza,' i. 304) that 'when he is placed upon his honour, the negro is generally 'reliable,' or when, after giving them a very bad character indeed, he soon adds, that in most respects they might serve as models to the Egyptians. A wounded enemy of the Latookas had been wandering about the country, and hiding himself. Sir S. Baker says, as a proof of the superiority of the natives to the Khartoumers, 'he had at length been met by 'some Latookas, and was not only well treated and fed by their 'women, but they had guided him to Ibrahim's camp' ('Albert N'yanza,' i. 287). But those who have lived among them, and loved them like Livingstone and Moffat, the grand old patriarch of African pioneers, whose name will live and shine in African story while Africa has a history, entertain a very high sense of their capacity, and their moral openness to the influences of Christianity and civilisation; but always, owing to their infantile stage of development, to which we have already referred, they need for the present the continual 'episcopacy' of the European. There is little that is self-sustaining in the state to which superior influence might lift them; left to themselves they would speedily fall back, like the clearings of their own

continent, into the moral swamp and jungle from which they had been reclaimed. And this facile subjection to higher influence and response to higher teaching which is so strikingly characteristic of the people, lead us to differ entirely from the view which Sir S. Baker proclaims so strenuously, that the merchant must precede the missionary, and that commerce must open the way for civilisation and Christianity. We are firmly persuaded that with a race like the African, which has, as we have indicated, a certain unity through all its diversities, men like Moffat and Livingstone began at the right end; and that it is by men like them and work like theirs that the basis will be laid of the future civilisation and development of the country. But we shall return to this subject when we have traced the profoundly sad, but yet noble and beautiful records of the last days of a great life, the last struggles of a lofty and heroic nature to fulfil the duty to which it was self-devoted, and which dying it left in faith to God. We simply refer to it here that we may see how benign for Africa was the Providence which first directed the steps of Livingstone to her shores.

We have no intention of telling again the oft-told story of Livingstone's youth and early manhood. The picture of the Scotch lad, which he gives in the Introduction to his Travels (p. 5), 'My reading while at work was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed by machinery,' is one of the 'cameos' of the history of England in the nineteenth century, and will not be forgotten. Why is it that Scotchmen distinguish themselves out of all proportion to their number, in the fields of enterprise and energy which the inhabitants of these islands occupy all over the world? Something no doubt is due—as in the case of the Jews, whom in many high qualities they resemble, and in some canny ones—to a native toughness of fibre, and a natural aptitude for the leading place. But more, perhaps it springs from the value attached by Scotch parents to culture, to moral and intellectual training, and the patient, heroic sacrifice they are willing to make to win it for their children. The roots of Scotch ability and of the success which Scotchmen win in the higher fields of human activity, are struck in the self-denial and the self-sacrifice which are practised cheerfully in humble homes. Read the tale of Sir J. Simpson's early life and training, which illustrates a large class, and it will not be difficult to understand why these men force themselves to the front, when they go forth to the battle of life. They pay the world in noble service for the still nobler sacrifice which fur-

nished them for their work. By the altar of sacrifice all the noblest fruits of human power and wisdom grow.

Livingstone went forth to his mission furnished with all with which his Scotch nature and training could endow him; with noble traditions of honesty, thoroughness, and godliness, handed down from his sires. He took with him into the field a sagacity, a mastery of men and things, an endurance, a power of self-devotion, and a faith in God, probably unmatched in this generation; and he did with them altogether matchless work. We attempt here no sketch of his character. That was drawn by a wise and tender hand, when the grave had just closed over his remains, in a former number of this review. But we must dwell for a moment on his spirit of independence, his resolution to fight his own way. Like his countryman, Harry of the Wynd, he would 'fight for his own hand,' under God alone. It was with great difficulty that he brought himself to work in harness, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. Its nobly catholic character overcame his scruples; and thus, through Moffat and Livingstone, the London Missionary Society has been connected very closely with the opening of the heart of Africa to civilisation and the Gospel, which is one of the chief glories of its history. But tendencies in Livingstone were very deeply ingrained; they ran through the whole fibre of the man. As he would have begun so he ended; and it was in entire independence, with merely nominal official relations, that his last and noblest work was done.

His devoted missionary ardour needs no chronicle here. But he was hardly of the ordinary missionary type: He was rather what might be called a missionary statesman. He was to the working missionary much what the statesman is to the administrator. The statesman cuts out the work for the administrator, and continually enlarges his sphere. At his first missionary stations at Kolobeng and the Mabotsa, he found his operations crippled by the brutal and obstructive doings of the Trans-Vaal Boers. Instead of falling back, he lifted up his eyes and took in a wider field. 'The Boers,' he says, 'resolved to 'shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; 'and we shall see who have been most successful in resolution, 'they or I.' ('Travels,' p. 39). It reminds one in a way of the proud resolution of Canning to call a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old. The Boers had a man of far-reaching vision and of indomitable spirit to deal with. His resolution issued in the opening, not of the district beyond the Kalahiri Desert only, but of the whole of Central Africa.* His

* Among the wonderful providential openings of his path—among

power over the native mind, his wonderful moral mastery over his followers, whereby he was able not only to win their confidence, but to inspire them with a courage and endurance kindred to his own, have imperishable record in the narrative of his great journey across the continent, which made him at once one of the most famous men in the world. But it is his stern fidelity to his followers, which led him to retrace his weary steps across the wilderness from the western to the eastern coast, which forms perhaps the noblest passage of his life. That dreary march of twenty months from Loanda to Kilimane, inspired only by fidelity to his word and to the followers who had trusted and served him so nobly, is, we think, even with the narrative of Inkerman and Balaclava before us, one of the most heroic actions of our generation; and here is its simple unostentatious record:—

‘One of her Majesty’s cruisers soon came into port, and seeing the emaciated condition to which I was reduced, offered to convey me to St. Helena, or homewards; but though I had reached the coast I had found that, in consequence of the great amount of forest, rivers, and marsh, there was no possibility of a highway for waggons, and I had brought a party of Sekeletu’s people with me, and found the tribes near the Portuguese settlement so very unfriendly that it would be altogether impossible for my men to return alone. I therefore resolved to decline the tempting offers of my naval friends, and take back my Makololo companions to their chief, with a view of trying to make a path from his country to the east coast, by means of the great river Zambesi or Leeambye’ (‘Travels,’ 391).

We can understand how the natives with whom he had much to do came almost to worship him as a god.

From Kilimane he returned to England, where his reception was a triumph. The enthusiasm with which he was everywhere welcomed by all classes, from the highest to the lowest, deeply touched and greatly cheered him; while he was fêted to an extent which wearied both brain and heart. But Africa was the land of his adoption, and to Africa he eagerly retraced his steps, bent on solving the great problem of ages, by discovering the Nile fountains, the mystery of rivers, and opening the very heart of Africa to the civilising and Christianising influences of which he was the pioneer. Space will not allow us to trace his career during the interval which intervened which the settlement of an able chief like Sebituane beyond the Kalahiri stands first (‘Travels,’ p. 87), let the altogether remarkable prophecy of the old prophet Tlapane be noted. Balaam could hardly have discerned the root of the matter more clearly. His words set Sebituane on a Western path, and prepared the way for Livingstone.

between his return to Africa and his preparation for his last long journey, the record of which these volumes contain. He left England for Africa on March 10th, 1858, with a commission from the British Government to explore the Zambesi, and develop the resources of the country. On September 8th, after eighty-two days' difficult navigation up the Zambesi, the expedition arrived at Tette, where his Makololo, whom he had left there in April, 1856, and whose trust in him kept them on watch, received him with a passion of joy. On September 16th, 1859, N'yassa was discovered. In 1860 he led his Makololo home, and returned to Tette; and came into deadly collision with the slave trade. In 1863 the expedition was recalled by Earl Russell, and Livingstone returned. In England he published his book on the Zambesi, and then set his face towards the desert once more. On August 14th, 1865, he left England for Bombay, and thence to Zanzibar, bent on his true God-ordained work.

For his vocation of God was manifestly difficult and dangerous exploration; far out in the wilderness, where the foot of European had never trod, and where the indomitable spirit, the tough endurance, the power of self-sacrifice, with which Heaven had endowed him, and the rich experience and the unrivalled knowledge and mastery of the African nature which he had gathered through a quarter of a century of daring and successful toil, alone could bear him through. On the 19th of March, 1866, he set his face for the last time to the wilderness, and on the 26th he writes:—

‘Now that I am on the point of starting for another trip to Africa, I feel quite exhilarated; when one travels with the specific object in view of ameliorating the condition of the natives, every act becomes ennobled. . . . The mere animal pleasure of travelling in a wild unexplored country is very great. When on lands of a couple of thousand feet of elevation brisk exercise imparts elasticity to the muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates through the brain, the mind works well, the eye is clear, the step is firm, and a day's exertion always makes the evening's repose thoroughly enjoyable. We have usually the stimulus of remote chances of danger, either from beasts or men. Our sympathies are drawn out towards our humble, hardy companions, by a community of interests, and, it may be, of perils, which make us all friends. . . . The effect of travel on a man whose heart is in the right place is that the mind is made more self-reliant; it becomes more confident of its own resources; there is greater presence of mind. The body is soon well-knit; the muscles of the limbs grow as hard as a board, and we seem to have no feet; the countenance is bronzed, and there is no dyspepsia. . . .

No doubt much toil is involved and fatigue, of which travellers in more temperate climes can form but a faint conception ; but the sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God : it proves a tonic to the system, and is actually a blessing ' (vol. i. pp. 13, 14).

Now that he is gone one rejoices over this record of the spirit in which he entered on his enterprise. It is like the war-horse snuffing the battle. The air of the wilderness filled him with exhilaration. His wanderings lasted from March, 1866, to May 1, 1873, when he fell. But we are cheered as we trace his struggling steps towards the close of his career, by the knowledge that he was about the work for which alone he cared to live, and in which, had the choice been offered to him, he would have chosen to die. It is characteristic of his remarkable, perhaps we may say his unrivalled power as a geographical discoverer, that in the narrative of seven years' continuous work, in travel and scientific geographical research of the most extraordinary character, no break whatever occurs. And most wonderfully it has all come safe to England. May we not say that the loving hand of the God whom he served so faithfully, and to whom he committed himself so trustfully, guarded the sacred treasure, and would not suffer the record of the life that was freely sacrificed in His service to be lost ?

Mr. Waller, whose African experience and personal knowledge of and friendship with Livingstone specially qualified him for the editor's duty, which he has discharged with scrupulous fidelity, though it is strange to miss Mr. Thomas Livingstone's name from his list of acknowledgments of aid, remarks—' We have not had to deplore the loss by accident or ' carelessness, of a single entry, from the time of Livingstone's ' departure from Zanzibar, in the beginning of 1866, to the day ' when his note book dropped from his hand in the village of ' Ilala, at the end of April, 1873.' In note books, pocket books, copy books, old newspapers sewed together, his memoranda were written, with a substitute for ink made from the juice of a tree, and which looks strangely like blood. His invariable habit of repeating constantly the month and the year prevents any confusion, and we have here a consecutive narrative, which, considering the circumstances in which it was composed, and the manner in which it has been preserved and brought to the hands of Dr. Livingstone's children in England, is certainly the literary marvel of our times. We shall trace briefly the outline of the experiences and discoveries of these wonderful seven years, and shall find at every step fresh reason to admire

and to honour the great traveller’s energy, hardihood, sagacity, indomitable will, and faith in God.

He started from Zanzibar with a mixed company, the quality of which soon cost him serious trouble. Like the ‘mixed multitude’ which went out with Moses, they ‘fell a-lusting,’ and hampered him grievously in his work. One cannot but think sadly how different the issue might have been could he have taken a party of his hardy, shrewd, and trustful Makololo with him, instead of the cowards and knaves who, with some bright exceptions, composed his band. ‘I have a dhow,’ he writes, ‘to take my animals; six camels, three buffaloes, and a calf, two mules, and four donkeys. I have thirteen sepoy, ten Johanna men, nine Nassick boys, two Shupanga men, and two Waiyaus, Wokatani and Chuma’ (i. 9). The intention of the mixture of races was doubtless to guard against conspiracies; but there was no good to be done with such a company, and the shadow of coming sorrow broods over the expedition from the first. Livingstone set before himself as his aim the discovery of the southernmost watershed of the Nile basin; and having a strong conviction that Tanganyika was connected with the Albert N’yanza, on which point there appeared to be a consensus of native testimony,* he resolved to work up to the lake from the south; for if Tanganyika were connected with the Nile system, it is clear that the southern affluents of the lake draining the watershed between it and N’yassa, would be the true ‘*Capita Nili.*’ The party reached Lake N’yassa by the valley of the Rovuma; but long before they arrived at the lake he came across terrible traces of the brutal cruelty of the slave traders, and saw how fearfully ‘the open sore’ of Africa was draining in those regions the very life of the country away. He was helpless to resent the wrong or to cure the evil; he could only groan in spirit and cry, ‘How long, O Lord, how long?’ There is some gleam of comfort and hope, however, in the fact which he records (i. 68), that ‘the chiefs dislike the idea of guilt being attached to them for having sold many who have lost their lives on their way down to the coast.’ A chief called Mataka emancipated and sent back some slaves, and turning to the people said, ‘You silly fellows think me wrong in returning the captives, but all wise men will approve of it.’ An immense tract of country, quite depopulated and desolate, ‘showed abundant traces of having once supported a prodigious iron-smelting and grain-growing population’ (79). It is so everywhere. Speke, Baker, Schweinfurth, tell the same

* Sir S. Baker received precisely the same impression from those who ought to have known.—‘*Ismailia*,’ ii. 263, 464.

miserable tale ; depopulation, desolation, and silence, as of death, in what were once the smiling homes of men.

Having got rid of the sepoy, who proved to be knaves and thieves of the blackest dye, his party, after leaving the N'yassa, was further reduced by the desertion of the Johanna men who, terrified at the accounts which they had heard of the Mazitu tribe in front, deserted in a body, reached the coast, and there spread the report of Dr. Livingstone's death, which Sir Roderic Murchison's sagacity distrusted, and which Mr. Young disproved. He had to supply their place as best he could, and pressed on, still finding traces of extensive habitation, towards the north-west. He was fortunate enough in one village 'to disabuse their minds of rain-making prayers;' a feat which is hardly accomplished in England yet. He notes a most curious instance of intelligence in the honeybird, which flies chirruping from tree to tree in front of the hunter, until he arrives at the spot where the bees' nest is; then it waits quietly till the honey is taken, and feeds on the broken comb (i. 164). Crossing the lofty range of mountains which form the watershed of the Zambezi, he had before him the valley of the Chambese, which he found to belong to an entirely different river system, running down to a great lake, Bangweolo, which he subsequently visited, and on whose shores at last he died. Thence it issues as the Luapula, and runs into a smaller lake to the north, called Moero, from which it passes out a magnificent stream 3,000 yards wide in places, under the name of the Lualaba, and vanishes towards the north-west. Here he entered on the new year. Under the date January 1, 1867, the following entry occurs:—'May He who was full of grace and truth 'impress His character on mine. Grace—eagerness to show 'favour; truth—truthfulness, sincerity, honour—for His 'mercy's sake.'

Shortly after occurred that loss which presaged a fatal end to the expedition, and left him, with nothing but his iron constitution to help him, to battle with hunger, fever, and almost every form of disease and pain. We must quote his own words :

'January 20th.—The two Waiyau now deserted. . . . They left us in the forest, and heavy rain came on, which obliterated every trace of their footsteps. To make the loss more galling, they took what we could least spare—the medicine box; which they would only throw away as soon as they came to examine their booty. . . . The medicine chest was the sorest loss of all ! I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie. All the other goods I had divided, in case of loss or desertion, but had never dreamed of

losing the precious quinine and other remedies ; other losses and annoyances I felt as just parts of that undercurrent of vexations which is not wanting even in the smoothest life ; and certainly not worthy to be moaned over in the experience of an explorer anxious to benefit a country and a people—but this loss I feel most keenly. Everything of this kind happens by the permission of One who watches over us with most tender care, and this may turn out for the best’ (i. 178).

His prevision was true. He struggled on for years, but it was of that fatal loss that he died.

They suffered from ‘biting hunger and faintness,’ but pressed on. Weak from fever, he struggled over the watershed, and on April 1st they saw Tanganyika peacefully sleeping at their feet. ‘I feel deeply thankful at having got so far. I am excessively ‘weak—cannot walk without tottering, and have constant ringing in the head, but the Highest will lead me further.’ Here he had a dangerous fit of insensibility which lasted for hours, and which recurred on May 1st. The loss of his medicine box left him helpless, and it is manifest that the fatal seeds were being sown which laid him low at last ! He falls in with a party of Arab slave traders, who show him much kindness. He then set his face westward, sometimes in company with the slave dealers, sometimes with his own little band. On the 8th November he discovers Lake Moero, through which the great river flows, and then, turning south, he spends a long time in the country of a powerful chief, Casembe. Several attacks of fever exhaust his strength, but on June 11th, 1868, he starts (having been detained by the desertion of his followers, who had been corrupted by contact with the Arabs), with the determination to reach the great lake Bangweolo, which receives the Chambese and gives forth the Luapula. On July 18th, 1868, he discovered it, and records the fact quite quietly. Then he set his face towards Tanganyika and Ujiji, where he confidently anticipated that he should meet the supplies of which he stood in such desperate need. On his way he was taken dangerously ill, and lost all count of time. He evidently felt that his condition was critical. ‘I saw myself lying dead on the way to Ujiji, and all ‘the letters I expected there useless. When I think of my ‘children and friends, the lines ring through my head perpetually :

“ I shall look into your faces,
And listen to what you say ;
And be often very near you
When you think I’m far away.”

But after a time he struggled on, making entries in his journal,

the habit of observing and recording never failing until his last hour; and on March 14th, 1869, he entered Ujiji, to find that his main stores had been left at Unyanyembe, thirteen days to the east, and that the remaining goods at Ujiji had been shamefully plundered. He found no letters and no news of home. His lonely and desolate lot there would have broken the heart of a man less inured to want and suffering. He felt it keenly; but characteristically enough, as soon as the rest and better food began to recruit his strength, he prepared for a fresh and wider exploration. Of Ujiji he says, 'This is a den of the worst kind of slave traders; those whom I met in Urungu and Itawa were gentlemen slavers; the Ujiji slavers, like the Kilwa and the Portuguese, are the vilest of the vile. It is not a trade, but a system of consecutive murders' (ii. 11). They hated him thoroughly and did their best to drive him to despair; yet the 'divinity which doth hedge a king' shielded him from their open violence. But the spirit within moved him to new enterprises, and on the 12th of July he left with a party of Arabs for a region in the west, inhabited by the Manyuema, which was quite unexplored, and which promised to solve the perplexing question of the connection of the Lualaba with the Nile.

For two years and three months he continued moving about in the Manyuema country, which he found singularly beautiful, and the people of a fine type. 'I would back a company of the men, in shape of head and physical form, against the whole Anthropological Society.' But they were terribly fierce and brutal, and were more than suspected of cannibalism; yet they were not without some noble traits, and understood the social value of chastity, commerce in open market, and property defined and protected by law. A woman there who found him excessively prostrate took him into her hut, prepared food for him, and said kindly, 'Eat, you are weak only from hunger; this will strengthen you.' 'I blessed her motherly heart' (ii. 41). But alas! the slavers too were there, and scenes of frightful brutality constantly occurred. Travelling was made difficult and dangerous, supplies were cut off, and he was made literally ill with horror and indignation as he watched desolations which he was powerless to stay. When in the heart of the country, in July, 1870, for the first time his feet began to fail him; the ulcers caused terrible weakness and distress. In fact, signs were abundant that his iron constitution, which had received a grievous wound in his great journey to Loanda, was breaking up. 'The severe pneumonia in Marunga, the choleraic complaint in Manyuema, and now irritable ulcers

'warn me to retire while life lasts' (iii. 55). But the iron will held on. A drop of pure comfort was borne to him here by a scrap from the *British Quarterly Review*, which somehow came into his hands; which will form a drop of comfort as pure to the writer's and the editor's heart. He needed all the comfort, for he was heart-broken at the sight of so much wrong and misery. The sole entry in the journal on one day is—'March '20th.—I am heart-sore and sick of human blood' (ii. 108). The question has been raised and settled in the negative, to the disgust of sentimental lovers, whether anyone ever dies literally of a broken heart. There is a touching entry (ii. 93) on a disease which attacks the enslaved, 'which seems literally to be broken-heartedness.' They complain of nothing but pain in the heart, and lie down quietly and die.

He managed with great difficulty to reach the Lualaba, and found it a mighty river 3,000 yards broad; but he found it impossible to obtain the means of exploring it. He offered £400 for ten men to take him to the underground dwellings of which he had heard, to Katanga, where he expected to find the fountains of Herodotus which filled his imagination, and thence to Tanganyika and Ujiji. But he found it hopeless, and shortly a terrible incident occurred which drove him to despair, and made him resolve to separate himself from the human demons among whom his lot was cast, at any cost. We must tell the tale in his own words. It will stand once for all as a sample of the slave-trading horrors which wrung his merciful and righteous heart. The Manyema hold large markets. On one occasion some 1,500 natives were assembled, and the slavers seized the occasion for a deliberate massacre.

'As I was approaching the market, the discharge of two guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun; crowds dashed off from the place and threw down their wares in confusion and ran. At the same time . . . volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women, who rushed at the canoes. . . . The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small for so many; men and women wounded by the balls poured into them, and leaped and scrambled into the water, shrieking . . . the heads above the water showed a long line of those that would inevitably perish. Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and the perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly; whilst other poor creatures threw their arms high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. . . . Even the Arabs estimated the loss at from 330 to 400 souls. . . . After the terrible affair in the water, Tagamoio's party continued to fire on the people there and fire their

villages. As I write I hear the loud wails on the left bank over those who are there slain, ignorant of their many friends now in the depths of the Lualaba. Oh, let Thy kingdom come. No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright sultry summer morning ; it gave me the impression of being in hell.'

He could bear no more. His mental distress made him seriously ill. He 'saw nothing for it but to get back to Ujiji.' 'Don't go away,' say the Manyema chiefs to me ; 'but I cannot stay here in agony.' Through great danger and heavy difficulties he retraced his steps ; sick, weary, despondent, he reached Ujiji, which he entered October 23rd, 1871, having spent two years and three months in the expedition, and having 'read the Bible four times through' while in Manyema (ii. 155).

Arrived in Ujiji, a new and more terrible disappointment awaited him. He was worn to a skeleton ; two years' strength had gone out of him ; it was evident that the recuperative power in his system was failing ; and he found on arriving at the station that all his goods had been sold and squandered, and that he must rest there sick, helpless, and a beggar. Verily the deep waters had gone over him ; it seemed that hope and life were at their last ebb, when God sent him a deliverer.

'One morning, when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, Susi came running at the top of his speed, and gasped out—"An Englishman!" "I see him!" and darted off to meet him. The American flag at the head of the caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin ; huge kettles, cooking-pots, tents, &c., made me "think, This must be a luxurious traveller, and not one at his wit's end like me" (28th October). It was Henry Morland Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, Esq., at an expense of more than £4,000, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone, if living, and, if dead, to bring home my bones. The news that he had to tell one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill' (ii. 156).

We have no need to dwell on this memorable incident. England, Europe, all the world, do justice to the gallant conductor of this noble and generous enterprise ; while Mr. Stanley's tender and almost filial devotion to Dr. Livingstone, make it a matter of keen satisfaction that he has been sent, at the cost of two influential journals, amply equipped and furnished to carry on and complete the great traveller's work.

Refreshed, renewed in body and spirit by Mr. Stanley's visit and supplies, he joins him on expedition to the head of Tanganyika. His observation seems to have raised the suspicion

which continued to haunt him, and which may already be established, that the lake was the head water of the Congo and not of the Nile.* It was a sore thought. He had no special interest in the Congo; he had intense enthusiasm for the Nile. He writes (ii. 188): 'I wish I had some of the assurance possessed by others, but I am oppressed with the apprehension that after all I have been following the Congo; and who would risk being put into a cannibal-pot, and converted into black man for it?' Mr. Stanley urged him to return and recruit. But after a touching allusion to Miss Livingstone, who nobly set her father's mission before the longings of her own heart, he records his resolution to complete the exploration of the sources of the Nile before he retired. On the 14th of March Mr. Stanley left him, bearing his precious journals, and the old veteran is once more alone. He lays out the scheme of a last journey, by Bangweolo to Katanga, the ancient fountains, and the underground dwellings. And he goes forth with the prayer: 'May the good Lord of all help me to show myself one of His stout-hearted servants, an honour to my children, and, perhaps, to my country and race'—a prayer which was heard and recorded on high. He had to wait for men and stores from Zanzibar, and on August 24th he started for the last time on his heroic quest. He had not been out a month before dysentery attacked him. From that time, the men say, he was rarely even comparatively well. It was a long stern struggle to endure unto the end, and to wrest the prize he passionately longed for out of the hand of death.

Ah! had he but been wise in time, and paused, we are tempted to cry, his invaluable life might have been spared to us still! But he was of those who are wise with the higher wisdom, and who live but in their God-given work. If Paul could have been turned by the warnings of Agabus and the pleadings of his friends, his Roman bondage and his martyrdom might have been spared. But then he would not have been Paul. 'One thing I do,' was Livingstone's motto. Had

* It would be foolish to speculate on this question at a moment when decisive intelligence may be expected from the expeditions which are treading in Livingstone's steps. The vast body of water on the Lualaba, with on the whole indications of a westerly flow, and the great river Welle, which Dr. Schweinfurth found with a clearly westerly set, after he had passed over the watershed of the Nile system, look towards the Congo. If the expedition of Cameron or Stanley determines this positively, it must be remembered that it will be the fulfilment of the previsions which grew stronger in Dr. Livingstone's mind towards the close of his discoveries, and the tracing out of the westerly outflow of Tanganyika which he indicated.

want, sickness, mortal faintness been able to turn him, his name had never been written where it is written now. So through perils of waters, perils of robbers, and perils of the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, and at last in mortal sickness, he pressed on. It is a deeply pathetic history. As they approached the Lake region tremendous rains set in, rain rare even in that region of waters, and his journey was through a continuous swamp, often up to their necks. The entries in the journal grow fewer and fainter, but still no failure in the tension of the heroic purpose, and no halting or trembling in the band of followers whom his intense nature seems almost to have inspired. Through incredible difficulty he struggled on to the southern borders of the lake round which he was bent on forcing his way. But a higher Hand intervened. The work was done, the rest was near. March 19th was his last birthday. 'Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far on the journey of life. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, oh! my good Lord Jesus.' 'March 25th.—Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward.' Pale, bloodless from profuse hæmorrhage, he could hardly walk, and on April 12th consented to be carried by his men. 'It is not all pleasure, this exploration,' he says, with a touch of his old humour. He could hardly hold a pencil, but he observes and records still. On April 25th, the ruling passion master still, he questioned some natives about the four fountains in vain. On April 27th his dying hand wrote the last entry in his diary: 'Knocked up quite and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo.' His spirit was true to its mission, as the compass to the pole. His last word as his pencil dropped from his stiffening hand was a geographical record. We will not mar the pathetic interest of the narrative by extracts. Every Englishman should read it for himself. His faithful servants bore him on, manifestly dying, till they reached Chitambo's village. On the night of the 30th April, Susi boiled him some water, and held the candle near him, for he noticed that he could hardly see. He selected some medicine, and dismissed him with the last words which he was heard to speak, 'All right, you can go out now.' His man left him, but his Master was with him. Early on the morning of May 1st he seems to have struggled on to his knees; and praying, praising, the toil-worn spirit went home to God.

Then follows a truly wonderful history. Few situations could be imagined more utterly desolate than that of the little band

of followers, alone in the distant wilderness, in the heart of Africa, at the farthest point of their wanderings, and the master whom they trusted as a providence taken away from their head. But his presence seemed to be with them, his spirit still ruled their thoughts and deeds. Chitambo, the chief of the district, behaved with a noble consideration and generosity. Terrible as is the presence of a dead body to an African, he did everything in his power to forward their melancholy work. The men met in consultation. Susi and Chuma, as his most experienced and trusted attendants, were chosen as leaders, and the men promised to obey them implicitly. Then they formed a resolution, which was simply heroic, and which showed an imaginative grasp of the interest and the bearings of the situation, of which few, we think, even among the highly cultured, would have been capable. Having formed the resolution to transport the body to the coast, they carried it out with a courage, a steadiness, a sagacity, which would have done honour to picked Europeans. That nine months' march with the dead body of 'the master' will live in African story, with Livingstone's daring march across the continent; and Susi and Chuma will stand forth in vivid witness, whenever there is a question of the high capacity of the African race. With a delicacy and tenderness rare, we fear, in the homes of civilisation, the body was prepared for transport. The heart lies where it ought to lie, in the clods of the continent which Livingstone so passionately loved. The body was lifted and borne tenderly by loving arms through months of hunger, toil, and danger, to find its last resting-place among England's most honoured dead. The wisdom, the patience, the resolution, with which the poor Africans clung to their self-imposed, but noble and beautiful task, reveal to the eyes through which faith still looks forth, the tokens of a Presence still higher than the master's, and the guidance of a wiser and stronger Hand.

The English expedition, which they met at Unyanyembe, with strange blindness of heart would have persuaded them that their toil was fruitless, and that they had better bury the remains of the master where they stood. But the Africans were immovable. They could not hinder the opening of Dr. Livingstone's boxes, and the appropriation of the chief part of his instruments, which would have been of priceless worth to the family, and which are now scattered and lost. Mr. Waller expresses some 'regret' at the proceeding. If he had strengthened his regret to indignation, it would better have met the justice of the case. This the men were powerless to prevent, but about the body their resolution was imperious; let who

would oppose, let who would hinder, they would bear it through. Deadlier dangers awaited them after they left Unyanyembe. But they only developed fresh resources of courage and skill. Nothing could daunt, nothing could stay them; they bore their precious burden safely to the beach at Bagamoio; and as they handed over the dead body of their 'master' to his countrymen five men only could answer to the roll-call, on the shore whence eight years before a numerous band had followed their great leader's steps. And then they learnt sadly that their work was done. Hardy and gallant spirits! What miserable blundering or pitiful economy was it which forbade their following the remains of the master whom they had served so faithfully and borne so bravely, to his home in England, and standing, not the least noted and honoured mourners, by his grave among our greatest dead? Their heroic achievement is perhaps the most striking witness to the power of Livingstone's character and the depth of his influence; being dead, he yet spake and wrought in African hearts.

Two things can hardly fail to be noted by the readers of the 'Last Journals'—a growing fervour and intensity of religious experience, and a growing fascination for the imaginative side of his practical work. As the end drew near his spirit held more constant communion with his Saviour, and outbursts of profound religious emotion and aspiration grew more frequent. From first to last he was the Christian missionary about his Master's work. Christ was his 'strength and his song,' and has 'become his salvation.' In his 'First Travels' he writes (p. 504), after painting a Pauline picture of the sufferings and privations he had endured: 'I do not mention these privations 'as if I considered them to be sacrifices; for I think that the 'word ought never to be applied to anything we can do for 'Him who came down from heaven, and died for us.' And thus it was to the last. Four times, as we have seen, he read the Bible through in Manyuema. On March 19th, 1872, he writes: 'My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All; I again dedicate 'my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious 'Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In 'Jesus' name I ask it. Amen. So let it be.' May 9th he writes: 'I don't know how the great loving Father will bring 'all out right at last; but He knows, and will do it.' On August 5th: 'What is the Atonement of Christ? It is Him- 'self; it is the inherent and everlasting mercy of God made 'apparent to human eyes and ears. The everlasting love was 'disclosed by our Lord's life and death. It showed that God 'forgives because He loves to forgive. He works by smiles, if

‘possible, if not by frowns; pain is only a means of enforcing ‘love.’ A deep, intense, religious fervour, kept at a white heat his burning purposes; it was but symbolical of the whole attitude of the man, when he struggled to his knees to welcome death.

With this deepening religious fervour his mind seems to have been growingly fascinated by the imaginative aspect of his work. As strength fails, the legends which connected Moses with Meröc, and the wonderful fountains of Herodotus, occupied his heart, and fired his imagination. Sir S. Baker asks, Why could he not have explored Tanganyika, and settled some practical question, instead of chasing these baseless dreams? Because no common, plodding purpose could have fed his life during those terrible journeys. Every great discoverer is at heart an idealist. Columbus fed his strength for the discovery of the new world, by the vision of the recovery of Jerusalem from the infidel. And every great Scotchman is an idealist. Together with the cold, hard, canny nature, there is latent in the Scotch a lofty enthusiasm, which gives us such prophetic men as Irving and Carlyle, and which broke out into a flame in Livingstone, when all common fire would have been quenched by pain, want, and misery. Let us be thankful that his dying spirit was cheered by a brilliant though baseless vision, and that his work loomed grander and more glorious before his sight, as his eye grew dim in death.

A third feature stands out with growing intensity, his burning hatred of the accursed slave trade. He evidently was of the mind of the sailor whose remark he chronicles, ‘Shiver my ‘timbers, Jack, if the devil does not catch the slave traders I ‘see no good in having a devil at all.’ ‘All I can add in my ‘loneliness is, may Heaven’s rich blessing come down on every ‘one—American, English, and Turk—who will help to heal ‘the open sore of the world.’ It is the sentence which they have cut upon his tomb. From all travellers the same testimony comes. Everywhere ghastly desolation, horrible suffering, brutal cruelty, and lust. Dr. Schweinfurth notes that in one season more than 2,000 small slave traders arrived by one track only from Egypt, and that wide regions around him were depopulated; for all the young girls were carried away. It is the lust and laziness of the countries in which Islam reigns, which feed the horrible traffic. A new order of things in Egypt, and not the extension of Egyptian dominion, was needed, as Dr. Livingstone clearly divined (ii. 185), to root out the trade. Commerce first, the missionary after, is Sir S. Baker’s formula. The missionary first, and commerce after, is

the formula of those who have lived most among the African people. They are emphatically a race to be won by loving personal influence. It was an Arab slave trader who assured Dr. Livingstone that 'If a man goes with a good-natured, civil 'tongue, he may pass through the worst people in Africa unharmed' (ii. 73). Compare the results of such work as Moffat's and Livingstone's on the African character, with the fruits of brilliant martial expeditions, such as 'Ismailia' records; compare the blazing fires of Masindi and the bloody march to Gondokoro, with the 'death scene' in Livingstone's 'Last Journals,' and the heroic march to the coast, and you have a fair key to what the two methods are likely to accomplish for the regeneration of the African race.

In his first journey to Lake Bangweolo, which ought ever henceforth to bear his name, he has some touching words on a forest grave: 'This is the sort of grave I should prefer; to lie 'in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. ' But I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over 'all decides where I have to lay me down and die. Poor Mary 'lies on Shupanga brae, "and beeks fornent the sun."' His body lies among the wisest, greatest, and noblest of our English race, in that fair and stately shrine where the men whom we delight to honour are laid to their rest. He lies there great as the greatest,

'Soldier, and priest, and statesman round him; when
Achieved they more?'

But his heart sleeps, where it longed to sleep, in the forest grave in Africa; and no rude hand will disturb its repose. It is recorded of the great Douglas that after the death of Bruce, he had his heart enclosed in a silver casket, and hung it round his neck when he went to the wars against the infidels in Spain. When the battle went hard against the soldiers of the cross, he would unclasp it, and cast it far on, with the words 'Pass on, 'brave heart, into the midst of the battle, as oft thou hast done; 'the Douglas will follow thee or die.' England has sent on the heart of her great traveller far into the African wilderness. Rest thee there, great heart awhile; thou art not lost to us for ever. The ministries of mercy, liberty, charity, will follow thee—or die.

ART. V.—*Kinglake's 'History of the Crimean War.'*

The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By A. W. KINGLAKE. Vols. I. to V. W. Blackwood and Sons.

WAR and battles have been the favourite theme of poets and historians from the earliest times; and the same sad though brilliant theme still engages the thoughts of mankind with hardly diminished interest. The Christian era is now in the last quarter of its nineteenth century, and yet the reign of 'Peace on earth' is too distant for its happy coming to be expected in the lifetime of the present generation. Assuredly it will come; and Europe, the troubled seat and fountain of nearly all the warfare that desolates the world, will ultimately subside tranquilly into a peaceful commonwealth of its now warring nations,—but the end is not yet. 'Peace,' it has been said, 'is the sweetest of all monosyllables save one' (love), and the earnest natural longing of the human heart for peace has again and again given birth to dreams of international harmony and universal goodwill among mankind which the march of events has speedily and ruthlessly shattered.

It is a curious fact that the belief in such dreams of universal peace has been most eagerly cherished and most widely entertained on the very eve of the outburst of a new series of wars and bloody convulsions. Not Condorcet only, but many others of the highest intellects of France, entertained the belief and were announcing the coming of a happy reign of peace on the eve and even at the outset of the great Revolution, which was destined to plunge all Europe into the most sanguinary and protracted war which ever swept over our Continent. In like manner, as many of our readers can remember, a somewhat similar sentiment or belief was prevalent, especially in our own country, a quarter of a century ago. Then it was that the humane and philanthropic, although as yet utopian, doctrines of the 'Peace Party' obtained wide acceptance; and one of the glorious hopes which shed lustre upon the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851—the first peaceful Congress of the world—was the expectation that wars were at an end, and that thenceforth the only contests and rivalry among the nations would be competitions in the arts of peaceful industry.

It is natural for the human mind to expect a continuance of any state of things that has long existed; and upon this ground alone, apart from the deep-seated love of peace, it is easy to

understand how this happy dream (too quickly shattered) took possession of the English mind. The crowning victory of Waterloo had given us forty years of unbroken peace, and we were all only too willing to believe in its continuance. Great and bloody revolutions, too, had convulsed almost every State on the Continent, without leading to international wars or to any interruption of the friendly relations of the various Powers. In later times, even after the Crimean War had broken the long reign of peace in Europe, the same pacific desires and sentiments in this country showed themselves in a new form. It was hopefully believed that the *entente cordiale* of the two great Western Powers, England and France, with their ally, the new kingdom of Italy, would ensure peace by keeping in check the colossal and temporarily-broken military strength of despotic Russia. And so far, doubtless, the belief was well-founded. No one at that time ever anticipated warlike aggression from disunited Germany, the long-slumbering giant of the European system. No one ever expected that the small kingdom of Prussia would speedily show itself as the Sparta of modern Europe, and that, under the rule of a soldier-king, and aided by the powerful political and military genius of a Bismarck and a Moltke, this corner of Germany would rapidly, by 'a policy of blood and iron,' absorb and unite under its sovereignty the whole of the Fatherland, and become the greatest military power in the world,—crushing France into the dust, and thereby paralyzing the alliance of the Western Powers as a predominant force in the politics of the Continent.

Thirty years have passed since the Duke of Wellington, the greatest military authority of his day, in his memorable letter to Sir John Burgoyne, publicly warned the country of the inadequacy of the national armaments and defences. The letter produced little effect,—Mr. Cobden even went the length of saying that the letter was a proof that the Great Duke was in his dotage; and to such a state of weakness had our military equipments fallen that, half-a-dozen years afterwards, when the earthly remains of our great warrior were conveyed in state to St. Paul's Cathedral, it was with difficulty that a sufficient number of horsed and equipped field-guns could be mustered to pay the military honours to the departed hero. The Czar was then regarded as the most ambitious and dangerous foe to the peace of Europe, but in 1847 Mr. Cobden confidently talked of 'crumpling up Russia like a bit of paper;' and although this overweening and wholly unfounded estimate of our power was not shared by the public, the predominance of the peace-sentiment was so great that in the annual budgets no

Ministry, whether Liberal or Conservative, took into account the possibility of England being forced into a war. Unfortunately this state of matters had a bad result, and, in fact, led to those very evils of war, and the violation of the peace of Europe, which, as a nation, we were so sincerely desirous to obviate and prevent. It is matter of history that the Czar Nicholas was mainly influenced in his resolve to attack the Turkish Empire by the conviction that England would not go to war. This belief on his part was so strong that, when war was at length declared, he bitterly accused the British Government of having deceived him. The Czar, as is now well known, would never have gone to war had he thought that England would take part against him; and in this respect, it must be admitted, there was something to blame in the conduct of our Government. Lord Aberdeen, who in his younger days had seen much of our great war with France, had a perfect horror of involving England in warfare; he was also the *ancien ami* of the Emperor Nicholas, and could not be brought to believe that the Czar really was bent upon hostilities; and both himself and the members of his Cabinet were only too frank in the expression of such sentiments. Indeed, even after war had been declared and the Guards were ordered for service, Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, not only asked the House to increase the Estimates merely by a wholly insignificant sum, but was so indiscreet as to publicly state that the object was simply to take the Guards to Malta and back again. Yet this trifling Parliamentary vote, for what our Ministers then regarded as a mere 'military parade,' was the beginning of the Crimean War, which strained the military strength of both England and France, even though aided by their Italian and Turkish allies.

Mr. Kinglake undertook to write the history of this war *con amore*, and he prosecutes his work with an amount of zeal and toil that could only attend a labour of love. Indeed, so immense is the literary toil which he has thus imposed upon himself that, despite the great success and popularity won by his History, we feel assured that he already hails in advance the now approaching close of his labours as a mighty relief. The severe and long-continued strain upon his powers, we should think, could not be much longer encountered; but the public is a gainer by his toil, and we sincerely trust that his health and literary vigour may prove adequate for the work which still remains to be done.

When a young man, Mr. Kinglake made a voyage to that land of enduring attraction, Palestine and the adjoining regions

of the East; and in 'Eothen' he produced one of the most charming books of travel ever written. The richness of his impressions, the freshness of the narrative, and the vividness of his descriptions, made 'Eothen' the fashion, and few literary *débuts* have won for the author more fame and popularity. When the invasion of the Crimea was resolved upon by the Western Powers, Mr. Kinglake at once formed the resolution to write the history of the war; and he straightway repaired to the head-quarters of the allied army, and was present at the battle of the Alma,—for some part of the time riding along with Lord Raglan and his staff. An ill-natured critic of his account of that battle, provoked by some of Mr. Kinglake's military comments, did not fail to inform the public of the awkward circumstances, produced by an equestrian mishap, under which the author first made the acquaintance of the British commander. Mr. Kinglake did not long continue with the army, but his stay in the Crimea enabled him to become personally acquainted with the localities and topographical features of the scene of war; and recently he has revisited the Crimea to freshen his memory and examine the minutest features of the ground. On the death of Lord Raglan all the documents and correspondence of the British general were entrusted to Mr. Kinglake, as the historian of the war; and it is with the death of Lord Raglan that he proposes to close his narrative.

It might naturally be desired that the historian of the Crimean War should not stop short in his work, leaving the crowning and closing triumphs unrecorded, and without any political survey of the position of affairs at the end of the war such as he has given at its beginning. But Mr. Kinglake's history is altogether an exceptional work,—it is so elaborately minute, so laborious to the author, and therefore unavoidably so lengthy. It has been remarked, as an objection to Mr. Kinglake's work, that if all wars had to be written in this style, very few of them could be narrated at all, and that the history even of an ordinary war written in such fashion would fill a library. The remark is true, but it is idle. If Mr. Kinglake chooses to devote an unusual amount of labour in order that his narrative may be exceptionally clear and complete, the only objection that could properly be raised would be if the work were too lengthy or tedious for the reader. The remarkable popularity of the 'History,' however, proves conclusively that there is no ground for such an objection. The sale of the work is unusually large,—fresh editions are called for, and the appearance of each new volume is regarded with an eager

interest, we might say excitement, such as the most famous author might be proud of, and which is unparalleled in connection with any other work at present in course of publication.

It is deeply to be regretted that Mr. Kinglake has such strong prejudices. The prime object of a writer of history ought to be impartiality; and undoubtedly Mr. Kinglake is thoroughly desirous to be impartial; and the extreme painstaking and minuteness of his narrative, one might think, would suffice to keep him correct in his judgments. Nevertheless, his antipathy to the late Emperor of the French, and his low estimate of our allies in almost every respect, appear to be irrepressible. In the first two volumes of his History, the unfairness of his statements, born of these prejudices, is absolutely irritating to the reader; and even in this new volume, the fifth of his work, he cannot bring himself to do justice to our French allies. For example, even while fully accepting his own facts, as to the number of French troops who took part in the battle of Inkerman, and the amount of their losses in the field, the reader cannot but think that they played a more important part in that desperate and sanguinary battle than his narrative assigns to them.

Never before has military history been written with such minuteness of detail; and it is curious, as a question of literary art, how this method of composition influences the effect which his battle-scenes produce upon the reader. It seems to us like looking upon a battle-field without smoke and without noise. Military historians like Napier and Alison, without going into all the details, give the leading movements and the general effect admirably. The reader, as he peruses the narrative, not only sees the furious charges and shock of encountering hosts, but he has the rush and roar of battle in his ears,—he hears the trampling of the cavalry, the blare of the trumpets, the shouts of the men, and the thunder of the cannon. Mr. Kinglake devotes his literary power to making us *see* what actually took place. He describes minutely what every officer said or did, and how the men, too, behaved; but he uses few of the adjectives which give colour to writing, and which, when skilfully employed, greatly heighten the effect of description. We do not say this as an objection to Mr. Kinglake's style of composition,—we simply mention it as a peculiarity; and Mr. Kinglake may rightly say that since he describes battles so minutely, the reader may well be left to imagine the rest. Still, it is the fact that his battle-scenes resemble ground-plans rather than pictures. In this respect they are invaluable, and in point of clearness and precision, and also in military value, superior to any other

military narratives ; but if it be reasonable to expect a union of the excellences of two different styles, we should have preferred a less sparing use of adjectives in the more stirring scenes of this history, so that we might better feel, as well as see, the grandeur or heroism of the events.

A smokeless and noiseless battle is that of the Alma in Mr. Kinglake's pages ; but, with one exception, every successive movement and incident is exhibited as clearly as if beneath our eyes on a chess-board. We see the British marching columns deploying as they come under the fire of the Russian artillery, and the serious mishap, produced by a miscalculation of distance, of one part of our line of battle overlapping another. We see the red line leaving the cover of the orchards and houses to ford the Alma, and the disordered troops temporarily halting under cover of the opposite bank from the Russian fire. Then the advance of the still disordered line up the slope towards the Russian batteries,—the men actually converging to the point of fire, gathering in deep masses in front of the cannon, despite the efforts of the officers to maintain the deployed line of advance. Lastly, the advance of the British reserve, the splendid Household troops, with the best blood of England at their head, to restore the battle and win the victory. The opening movements of our Allies are described with equal clearness. We see the French nimbly climbing the tall steep heights which rose above the Alma on their part of the field, and the confusion and trepidation with which our allies huddled under the crest, unable to encounter the artillery-fire which awaited them on the summit ; and we hear of the urgent messages from Marshal St. Arnaud and Prince Napoleon for the English to advance, in order to save our allies from being 'compromised.' Not less clearly does the reader see the flanking movement of Bosquet's division on the French right, next the sea,—fording the Alma along the comparatively shallow bar at the mouth of the river, and ascending the heights to turn the left of the Russian position under the covering fire of our war-ships. But we do not see clearly or fully the concluding operations of the French attack, which had so important an effect on the issue of the battle ; so that here, as in a lesser degree at Inkerman, we cannot understand how our allies came to have so many killed and wounded if they really played the unimportant part in the battle that Mr. Kinglake ascribes to them.

Next we see the victorious Allied army bivouacked on the Belbec river, and the almost haphazard but momentous onward 'flank-march,' by which the invaders transferred themselves

from the south side of Sebastopol to the north. Advancing from the Belbec through the woods up to the Mackenzie Heights, the British vanguard suddenly and unexpectedly found itself on the flank of the rear-guard of the dispirited Russian army, withdrawing along the high-road into the interior of the country, leaving Sebastopol to defend itself if it could. On the Mackenzie Heights the Allies were in possession of the only high-road through which succour or supplies could reach Sebastopol, and also they were in a position to attack Sebastopol on the south side with every prospect of success. Had we attacked, says Todleben, Sebastopol must have fallen. But, chiefly in order to secure good harbours as a basis of operations, it was resolved to pass to the south side of the inlet or Bay of Sebastopol, where Kamiesch Bay and the port of Balaclava offered every facility for communication with the fleet. Accordingly, without halting, the Allied forces descended from the Mackenzie Heights down the precipitous road into the valley of the Tchernaya, fording that river, and ascending and taking a position upon the Sapouné ridge, overlooking Sebastopol and its bay on the south.

An immediate assault upon the fortified town below was considered, but was abandoned. Yet again, judging from the statements of Todleben and most other authorities, such a *coup-de-main* would have proved successful. But the precious hours passed; the engineering genius of Todleben (who temporarily became dictator of the defence) rapidly surrounded the entire land force of Sebastopol with a line of formidable earth-works, connecting and strengthening the pre-existing forts; while the heavy cannon from the Russian warships (the greater part of the fleet having been sunk across the mouth of the narrow bay to prevent the entrance of the Allied fleet) was disembarked and mounted on the land-defences; so that the Allies found themselves exposed to as powerful a fire as that of their own siege-guns. The attack which the Allied fleet made against the sea-front of Sebastopol utterly failed; and then it became evident that if the place was to be taken, it must be solely by the Allied land forces.

The siege which then commenced was altogether unprecedented in its character. Firstly, because (the Russian army having re-entered Sebastopol) the besieging force was barely equal, either in numbers or in artillery, to the defending force; and secondly, because there was, and could be, no investment of the place. The north side of Sebastopol, by which the high-road entered the place, was in the hands of the Russians; and the Mackenzie Heights, which bound the north side of the

valley of the Tchernaya, were so steep that they could be effectually defended by a handful of troops and a few batteries of artillery. Having once abandoned those heights, it was impossible for the Allies to retake them. Thus it happened that convoys and reinforcements could be poured into Sebastopol without the Allies being able to oppose their entrance, or even, indeed, to know of their arrival. And to succour the beleaguered place the proud Czar put forth the whole available military strength of his empire.

Before the Allies had sat for a month upon the Sapouné ridge, it became evident that they themselves were besieged. Their position was a most precarious one. Planted on the Sapouné ridge, with their siege-works on the slopes below, they had not only to carry on the siege and repel the sallies of the garrison, but upon their right flank and along the entire rear of their position they were menaced by attack from the Russian army, now largely reinforced. The rear of the Allied position extended from Mount Inkerman, which rises above the head of Sebastopol Bay, along the crest of the Sapouné ridge to Balaclava, which lies beyond the Sapouné ridge, and had to be occupied as an outlying post, in the left rear of the Allied position. This inland front of the Allied position, about seven miles in length, was secure against successful attack along by far the greater part, for the Sapouné ridge was steep and easily defended, and moreover intrenchments were thrown up for several miles along the crest. But at both extremities this inland front was perilously weak—namely, at Balaclava and also at Mount Inkerman.

Balaclava was the sole port from which the British portion of the Allied army could draw its daily supplies of food and ammunition. Nevertheless, the occupation of this outlying position made a serious deduction from the British force (then numbering only about 16,000 bayonets) required for carrying on the siege and repelling external attack. When the danger of our position fully revealed itself, Lord Raglan was most desirous to abandon Balaclava if possible, and draw our supplies from Kamiesch (the port of the French) and the other little inlets on the coast within the range of the Sapouné ridge, and between Balaclava and the mouth of Sebastopol Bay. But, after anxious deliberation, the Commissary-General declared this to be impossible, and Lord Raglan had to face the difficulty of retaining Balaclava as he best could. Two thousand of the best troops of our army (including the splendid Highland Brigade, 1,600 strong), under Sir Colin Campbell, were devoted to this separate work, aided by a

French brigade under Vinoy. Four outlying redoubts also were constructed in front, on knolls adjoining the Woronzoff-road leading to Balaclava from Tchorgoun, in the valley of the Tchernaya, about five miles from where the river falls into Sebastopol Bay,—the defence of these redoubts being entrusted to some companies of Turks. A line-of-battle ship was also moored in the port, although the precipitous sides of the little inlet would prevent the fire of the ship reaching the front of the defences.

At the other extremity (the northern) of this inland front the danger was equally great. There, the Inkerman heights, which rise above the Tchernaya at its mouth, occupying the angle formed by the river and the head of Sebastopol Bay, had to be left unoccupied by the Allied army—chiefly, because there were not troops enough for the purpose, but also because the northern side of these heights was swept by the batteries of the Karabel faubourg of the town and by the fire of the Russian steamers in the bay. Accordingly the enemy could advance up the northern side of these heights, and then assail the British force, which covered the northern flank of the Allied position, and which was posted on what was called the Home Ridge, the northern extremity of the Sapouné plateau.

Here the danger was, if possible, greater than at the southern extremity of the Allied position. If the enemy got possession of Balaclava, the British portion of the Allied army would be cut off from its supplies—a loss which would certainly have rendered impossible a successful prosecution of the siege. On the other hand, if the Russians, advancing from the Inkerman heights, carried the Home Ridge, and entrenched themselves on that part of the plateau, the Allied army, placed between two fires, or rather indeed assailed upon three sides at once, would be compelled to make a disastrous retreat to their ships. Moreover, if a grand attack from the Inkerman heights were combined (as was to be expected) with another attack upon our rear, along the Sapouné ridge, and against Balaclava, while the garrison of Sebastopol at the same time sallied forth against our trenches, the Allied army could hardly fail to be utterly crushed in a single day's fighting.

It was on the 25th of October that the magnitude of our danger became unmistakeable. In the grey of the morning, our troops on the Sapouné ridge were startled by the sound of firing on the road from Tchorgoun to Balaclava; and soon the Turks, utterly overpowered by number, were seen flying from the redoubts, pursued by Russian cavalry, while a large Russian force was seen advancing down the valley against Balaclava.

This was Liprandi, with an army of 24,000 men; and the engagement which ensued, called the Battle of Balaclava, was made famous by the splendid charges of the British cavalry. It was in fact entirely a cavalry action, although the Russians made good use of their artillery also.

Liprandi, having taken the redoubts which guarded the approach to Balaclava, pushed forward his infantry and field batteries on the heights on either side of the Woronzoff road, while the Russian cavalry advanced down the valley in a compact mass, 5,000 strong. The British cavalry lay picketed in the little plain below the Sapouné ridge, and the Heavy Brigade, under General Scarlett, were on the march towards Balaclava, one regiment following the other, in a long thin line; when suddenly, overtopping a swell in the ground which had hid their approach, this immense mass of hostile cavalry appeared close on the flank of our marching squadrons. Had the Russians charged, their mere momentum would have overborne the thin line of horsemen opposed to them. But at the sight of the red uniforms the Russian cavalry dropped from a trot into a walk, and finally halted irresolute. General Scarlett in a moment saw his danger, but also his opportunity. He had only 800 sabres against 5,000; but by dashing at the huge mass of Russian horsemen while they were standing still, he resolved to bring the momentum of the charging-pace to the aid of his inferior numbers. In a moment the long thin line of the British cavalry wheeled round as they stood, so as to face the enemy; and instead of the usual trot, hand-gallop, and then the charging-pace, Scarlett ordered the bugles to sound the 'charge' at once; and away our horsemen flew against the Russian mass—our long thin line overlapping theirs, and dashing at the gallop against their front and both their flanks at once. It was a hand-to-hand fight, and so terribly did the British sabres do their work in the *mêlée* that some of our horsemen who had plunged into one flank of the dense Russian mass came out at the other. The huge Russian column was disintegrated, broke up, and finally retreated in disorder. Now was the time for our Light Brigade to have attacked, completing the rout of the Russian cavalry. But Lord Cardigan, who commanded our Light Brigade, was on bad terms with his brother-in-law, Lord Lucan, who commanded our cavalry-in-chief; and as no express orders came to him to charge, the Light Brigade remained inactive, but chafing at the sight of the routed Russian cavalry escaping from their pursuit.

The Russian cavalry now retired up the valley, carrying off the guns captured in the redoubts, but their infantry and field-batteries still held their ground on the heights on either side of

the valley. Then came the memorable 'mistake'—'somebody blundered;' and Captain Nolan, galloping down from the Sapouné ridge, gave an order to Lord Cardigan for the Light Brigade to charge, and recapture the guns. 'Here goes the last of the Cardigans!' said the Earl, as he placed himself in the front of his gallant light horsemen; and away the Light Brigade rode on their mile-long charge into the Valley of Death:—

' Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered.'

Storming the batteries across the valley in their front, the British horsemen routed the Russian cavalry behind, driving it back in confusion to the bridge over the Tchernaya. But it was impossible to maintain this advanced and isolated position, in the very midst of the Russian army; so with thinned ranks our cavalry began their retreat through the valley, with Cossack squadrons hanging and charging on either flank, and the hostile batteries dealing death from the surrounding heights. One battery in particular, nearest to the Sapouné ridge, was devastating our retiring squadrons, when General Bosquet sent a regiment of his Chasseurs d'Afrique to their aid, and by a brilliant and skilfully led charge the French horsemen compelled the battery to limber up and retreat.

The British cavalry had covered itself with glory, although at a heavy loss; and the Muscovite forces, both horse and foot, had witnessed an extraordinary proof of the prowess of the English red-coats. Nevertheless, Liprandi stuck to the ground which he had won from the Turks at the opening of the engagement—the Allies being unable to dislodge him; and there he remained, with an army still numbering fully 22,000 men, threatening the Sapouné ridge, and ready at any moment to descend upon our weakly defended post of Balaclava. Thus, although Liprandi's men were greatly dispirited by the result of the fighting, the Russian position was much improved, so that the garrison of Sebastopol and the new Russian army now assembled at the mouth of the Tchernaya, who had not yet encountered the terrible onset of the British, regarded the engagement in front of Balaclava as an important victory, presaging the utter annihilation of the invaders, which the Russian Generals were now preparing for. The Czar was putting forth the vast military resources of his empire, in order to save his great southern port and arsenal, the base of his long-cherished plans of attack upon the Ottoman power; and unseen by the Allies, and also entirely beyond reach of their opposition, regiment after regiment was

marching across the level plains of the Crimea into the beleaguered fortress.

Profiting by the enthusiasm among the troops in Sebastopol, excited by one-sided and highly-coloured accounts of Liprandi's success on the previous day, on 26th October the Russian Generals resolved to make an attack from Mount Inkerman against the northern flank of the Allied position on the plateau. The object of this attack was partly to divert the attention of the Allies from Liprandi, and prevent them making an effort to drive him back from the menacing position which he had gained on the previous day in front of Balaclava; and, partly, to 'feel their way' for the grand attack which they were already planning against the northern or Inkerman side of the Allied position. Accordingly, at mid-day, on 26th October, a force sallied forth from the Karabel suburb, and began to ascend the Inkerman heights. Sir De Lacy Evans, who commanded the Second Division of the British army, posted at the point of danger on the Home Ridge, had resolved how to act in case of being thus attacked,—his plan being, to keep his men in position under the slight cover afforded by the Home Ridge, and to crush the attacking columns by the fire of his artillery. The Second Division, thus placed at the point of danger, only numbered 2,600 men, and during the ensuing engagement the total force on our side which took part in the action was not more than 3,000, with three field batteries of nine-pounders; and, favoured by the ground, this force was amply sufficient to repel the attack now made, although the Russians were about twice as numerous. The attacking force, led by Colonel Federoff, ascended the further side of the Inkerman heights unopposed, for the ground hid them even from the observation of our outlying pickets at the summit on Shell Hill; and soon they forced their way up to the top of Shell Hill, despite the extraordinary tenacity with which our pickets clung to their front, opposing them at every step. Our soldiers, in fact, were new to warfare, and thought of nothing but fighting the enemy. They had an exuberant delight in actual combat, caring not a jot for the terrible odds against them; and thus it happened that every advancing Russian column was fringed by a handful of British skirmishers, who clung to and combated it at every step. Even when the Russians, with their four field-guns, had got into position on Shell Hill, and began their advance down the slope, which leads by an upward curve again to the British position on the Home Ridge, our pickets still continued in such close combat that General Evans for some time could not open fire with his guns. But he peremptorily refused to reinforce

the pickets, being resolved not to fight 'in the open,' but in position on the Home Ridge. At length, however, when the Russian attack from Shell Hill commenced in earnest, and a heavy column of attack advanced, the British batteries opened fire, and in a few minutes the column was scattered and routed. A second and a third Russian column advanced, but they shared the same fate; and in half an hour after the serious part of the engagement commenced, the battle was over, and the Russians in full retreat.

During the following week reinforcements continued to pour into Sebastopol,—General Dannenberg's whole corps arriving by forced marches from the banks of the Danube; so that the Russian forces assembled in and around Sebastopol now amounted to 120,000 men, nearly double the strength of the whole Allied army, the unjustly despised and unwisely neglected Turks included. One portion of the Muscovite reinforcements was bivouacked without the fortified circuit of Sebastopol upon the Old City Heights, which rise steeply above the head of the bay, facing the Inkerman Heights from the other side of the Tchernaya, whose course is here fringed with marshes which had to be crossed by a raised causeway. And then there was Liprandi's army (now commanded by Prince Gortschakoff), consisting of 22,000 men and a large artillery force of 88 guns, extending along the inland front of the Allied position, and threatening the Sapouné Ridge and Balaclava.

The Muscovite plan of attack was prepared, or at least revised, at St. Petersburg, by the Emperor Nicholas himself, and rumours of the impending attack which was to annihilate the Allied army spread vaguely through Europe, without reaching our threatened host. Indeed a despatch from Prince Mentschikoff to the Governor of Warsaw was intercepted, or a copy of it secretly obtained, clearly announcing the impending battle; and so serious was the intelligence thus conveyed that the Emperor of the French at once ordered a reinforcement of 20,000 men to be despatched to the Crimea. But before even these rumours could reach the Allied commanders, the blow had fallen. It was necessary that the attack upon the Allied position should be made at once; for the French had been vigorously pressing their siege operations against the Flagstaff bastion, and the defence of this part of the Sebastopol works was, in the words of Todleben, 'in its last agony.' In the opinion of this great authority, the assault upon the bastion would have proved successful; and he adds that although the Allies would have been bloodily repulsed at that time if they had attempted to storm the whole town, their occupation of the

Flagstaff bastion must ere long have necessitated the abandonment of the whole Russian line of defences. So imminent was the assault that Lord Raglan and Marshal Canrobert met in council on the 4th of November to arrange the attack; and they were to meet again to complete their arrangements and issue orders for the assault on the following day,—the memorable Sunday, 5th November, upon which the terrible battle of Inkerman was destined to be fought. On the 3rd or 4th of November two of the Russian Grand Dukes (sons of the Czar) arrived at Sebastopol, to lend enthusiasm to the Muscovite host, and to witness what was fully expected to be the death-blow of the invaders. On the Saturday night mass was celebrated, and with the exhortations of the priests and the ringing of the church bells, soon after midnight the Russian forces marched forth from Sebastopol, while their comrades on the Old City Heights, descending, crossed the marshy mouth of the Tchernaya to join them. Although Prince Mentschikoff nominally commanded, the attack was conducted by General Dannenberg, with Generals Pauloff and Soimonoff as his lieutenants,—the former leading the corps which bivouacked on the Old City Heights, the latter directing the corps which issued from the town,—each corps being 20,000 strong, making the total attacking force 40,000, with upwards of 130 field-guns.

Let us now survey the main features of the field of battle. The highest point of the Inkerman Heights is Shell Hill; and this eminence (which overlooks the Home Ridge, at three-fourths of a mile distance) is continued to right and left by two slightly lower ridges, called the East and West Juts,—making together an elevated front about a mile in length, from which the Russian batteries could play with full effect upon the Home Ridge. Connecting Shell Hill with the Home Ridge extends a narrow neck of the ground, called the Saddletop Reach, from its resemblance to the curving slope of a horse's back. Bounding the flanks of Shell Hill and its Juts, and converging towards the British position, are two deep ravines. The one on the Sebastopol side of Mount Inkerman, called the Careening Ravine, while flanking the Saddletop Reach, extends beyond it, and curves round the flank of the Home Ridge, debouching on the plateau amid the tents of the British Second Division. The other, called the Quarry Ravine, through which the post-road runs, winds up from the Tchernaya, and terminates steeply and abruptly at half-way along the side of Saddletop Reach, within 500 yards from the Home Ridge. At the point where the post-road emerges from the upper end of this ravine, the British pickets had erected the 'Barrier,' a

barricade of stones piled up six or eight feet high, and about thirty yards in width, extending across the post-road, and ending in the brushwood on either side. Saddletop Reach, with that portion of the slope between it and the Careening Ravine which was available for attack, was little more than half a mile in breadth; so that the ground was unfavourable for the effective employment of the greatly superior forces of the Russians in their attack upon the British position,—which position consisted of the Home Ridge, extending about 500 yards facing Saddletop Reach, and the Fore Ridge, which curved forwards from the (British) right of the Home Ridge to beyond the head of the Quarry Ravine. The plan of the Russians was to establish their numerous batteries on Shell Hill and its Juts, and, under cover of an overpowering artillery fire, the Russian infantry were to drive the British from the Home Ridge, and advance along the plateau; whereupon Gortschakoff's (late Liprandi's) army was to join them, ascending the Sapouné Ridge,—while the garrison of Sebastopol was to sally forth and complete the rout of the Allies. In this way the whole Russian forces, amounting to 120,000 men with an enormous artillery, were to be brought to bear upon the Allied army, of little more than one-half that numerical strength, and which would have the further disadvantage of having their long thinly-guarded line attacked, both in front and rear, as well as upon its northern or Inkerman flank.

Although themselves contemplating a critical offensive operation, viz., the storming of the Flagstaff bastion, the Allied generals—and especially Lord Raglan, whose troops were stationed at the point of danger—were fully alive to the probability of an attack from Mount Inkerman; and they were as much on the alert as the smallness of their forces permitted. General Pennefather (who, in the absence of De Lacy Evans, from illness, commanded our Second Division on the Home Ridge), according to his daily practice, rode to his outposts on Shell Hill on the Saturday afternoon (4th November), to reconnoitre—long and anxiously scanning the augmented Russian force on the other side of the Tchernaya, on the Old City Heights; and his attention was arrested by the sight of a yellow travelling-carriage, which he correctly thought betokened the arrival of some important personage, and which in fact had brought the young Grand Dukes to the scene. Although there was no movement among the Russian force, Pennefather directed one of his officers to remain on the spot till darkness set in, to keep an eye upon the enemy; but night came, and still no movement was discernible. General Codrington, who com-

manded the division next adjoining Pennefather's, and part of whose position overlooked the Careening Ravine, following his established practice, rode to his outposts an hour before dawn on the following memorable morning (Sunday); but he found all quiet in his front, and was riding back to his quarters when he heard musketry-fire from the adjoining Inkerman Heights, and immediately sent word into camp.

The night was foggy and drizzling, and our pickets on Mount Inkerman had in consequence been drawn in to a narrower front than usual; but the officers in command were more on the alert than ordinarily, as the night was well fitted for a surprise. One of the officers ordered his pickets to draw the charges from their wetted rifles, and reload, in case of an emergency. The clang of bells had been heard in Sebastopol, and also a low rumbling sound, like that of artillery on the march; and these sounds were duly reported to head-quarters; but no special attention was given to the matter, as similar sounds had often been heard before, proceeding from the trains of *arabas* or country carts conveying supplies into the town. It was just before dawn that a British picket on the northern face of Shell Hill caught sight through the fog of two Russian battalions in their front; the officer immediately ordered them to fire—and the sound of their volley gave the first intimation to Codrington and Pennefather that an attack was commencing. Lord Raglan was quickly in the saddle, and the sounds of battle soon came from all quarters; the French guns on the Sapouné Ridge opening fire upon the menacing host of Gortschakoff, in the valley below, while the batteries of the town roared from right to left. But amidst all this din Lord Raglan at once divined the real object of the attack, and rode towards Mount Inkerman, where the cannonade was every moment increasing.

As on the 26th October, so now, our pickets clung tenaciously to the front of the advancing columns, disputing every foot of ground. But the Russians soon gained the summit of Shell Hill, and, planting their batteries as these came up, opened a heavy cannonade upon the Home Ridge, and sending a storm of roundshot into the camp of the Second Division, which lay immediately beyond. This fire was especially intended to prevent reinforcements coming up to the defence of the Ridge, and doubtless it would have been very effective for its purpose, but for the fact that at that time there were no reserves at hand at all. The Russian generals lost no time in pushing the attack. Soimonoff sent forward from Shell Hill and its Western Jut a force of 10,000 men against the British left, or Sebastopol side of the Home Ridge, aided by a flanking

column which was advancing, unseen, up the Careening Ravine ; while 6,000 of Pauloff's troops, debouching from the Quarry Ravine, at and around the 'Barrier,' advanced against the centre and Fore Ridge (or right) of the British position. At this opening part of the battle the superiority of force on the side of the Russians was much greater than afterwards—there being barely 3,000 British to meet 16,000 assailants ; and if the crisis of the battle occurred at a later period this was only because our troops were then exhausted by several hours' fighting, while, as will be seen, the Russians pushed forward fresh columns of attack.

Reversing De Lacy Evans' plan of battle, Pennefather (we think wisely, especially as the superiority of artillery was on the side of the enemy) resolved not to trust to the mere line of the Home Ridge, but sent his men forward to fight 'in the open,' and contest every inch of ground. Saddle-top Reach and the Inkerman Heights generally are in great part covered with a thick oak-copsewood, varying in height from two to eight or ten feet ; and this brushwood not only cramped the movements of the Russians, but, along with the fog, prevented them seeing the smallness of the force opposed to them. In fact, owing to the fog and the configuration of the ground, the fight which ensued was broken up into a number of detached combats, the opposing troops being strangely intermingled—so that at various outlying points, and especially at the 'Barrier,' handfuls of our men held their ground even when Russian columns were attacking our main position behind. The Russians fought in dense order, which was necessarily confused by the clumps of thick brushwood ; while our men, steady, and fighting as skirmishers, or in small lines of wings or companies, assailed them with the Minié rifle. The chief excellence of this weapon, viz., accuracy of fire at long ranges, was of no use in this battle, owing to the fog, the brushwood, and the hand-to-hand nature of the fight ; and had the Russians been similarly armed, the fortunes of the day would not have been changed ; but the *penetrating* power of the Minié was of great advantage to the British, who were firing into dense columns, so that a single bullet frequently killed or wounded two or three men at once. While the British were thus engaged with the overwhelming force which was assailing their front, of a sudden the Russian column which had been advancing up the Careening Ravine, was caught sight of, when just about to debouch upon the plateau in the left-rear of our position on the Home Ridge. In a few minutes more the enemy would have been among the tents of the Second Division, and our troops on the Home Ridge placed

between two fires; when, by a bold and happy inspiration, an officer on General Buller's staff (the Hon. Hugh Clifford) catching sight of them, called out to the men nearest to him to turn round and charge with him; and himself on horseback, and with only about a score of men following him, he dashed down into the rugged ravine, cutting right through the Russian column, and severing its head from the trunk. Cramped by the ground, the intercepted head of the column surrendered; and as a company of the Guards at the same time caught sight of the Russians further down the ravine, and opened a biting fire upon their flank, the result was that the column retreated in disorder, and never again came into action. While this danger was happily averted, the main Russian attack also proved unsuccessful. At half-past seven General Soimonoff was mortally wounded, and the whole attacking forces retreated after having sustained frightful losses. Thus 16,000 Russians had been defeated by barely 3,000 British troops, even although the assailants had a great superiority in artillery-fire. 'What is more,' says Mr. Kinglake, 'this discomfiture of the twenty battalions who actively engaged in the attack was not a mere repulse, but, so far as concerned these troops, an absolute and final defeat which removed them from the field of battle and ended their part in the day's fighting.' In fact, of the 1,400 men of the Kolwansk regiment, at the close of this first period of the battle, there were only left 200, with all their officers struck down but a captain!

Throughout this first grand attack by the enemy, although the left of our position on the Home Ridge had been severely pressed and even overlapped, our troops had successfully maintained themselves on the projecting Fore Ridge which formed the right of our position and also at the 'Barrier;' and when the attack was repelled at all points, the British left was advanced, and extended across Saddletop Reach from the 'Barrier' to the glens running down into the Careening Ravine.

The attack was promptly resumed,—General Dannenberg pushing forward 10,000 fresh troops, while a similar force stood in reserve on Shell Hill, and ninety guns kept up a heavy fire upon all points of our line. This time the attack was directed chiefly against our centre and right (the Fore Ridge), possibly because, if the attack were successful, their advancing columns would be quickly within sight of Gortschakoff's force in the valley of the Tchernaya, who would thereupon (as pre-arranged) mount the Sapouné Ridge and join forces. The Fore Ridge (as already stated) projects forwards from the Home Ridge to a level with, and flanking at short distance, the 'Barrier' at the

head of the Quarry Ravine; and in front of it, but somewhat lower in altitude, project two spurs,—viz., the Inkerman Tusk, which for about 300 yards directly flanks and looks down into the Quarry Ravine; and the Kitspur (on which stood the famous Sandbag battery), which is separated by a gorge from the Inkerman Tusk, and on the other, or eastern side, looks down into the valley of the Tchernaya. Debouching from the head of the Quarry Ravine, and at the same time climbing in swarms up the steep slopes of the Inkerman Tusk and of the Kitspur, the Russians assailed these projecting eminences on all sides, and after much desperate fighting got possession of the Sandbag battery—which, although really an outlying point of the battle-field, witnessed the hardest fighting of all, so that our French allies afterwards styled it the *abattoir*, or slaughter-house. The Duke of Cambridge now brought up the Guards, who speedily retook the Sandbag battery, again and again repulsing the ever-renewed attacks of the enemy, who after each repulse found shelter under the adjoining precipices. Again and again the Duke held back his men from following the repulsed Russians, ordering them to remain on the high ground; but at length, after a determined onset of the enemy, the Guards made a fierce rush, hurling the assailants once more down the heights, and breaking from control followed them in pursuit.

Now came the second crisis of the battle. At the angle connecting the Fore Ridge with the Home Ridge there had all along been a gap in our line, which at first, from lack of troops, it was impossible to occupy,—although after the second grand attack of the enemy commenced, the Duke of Cambridge had more than once given orders for it to be watched. At length, when General Cathcart's regiments came up, the Duke and Pennefather both requested Cathcart to post some of his men in 'the gap,' and ultimately Lord Raglan gave similar orders to the general. In fact, our troops with the Duke of Cambridge were all out fighting on the Kitspur and adjoining heights, and a huge gap intervened between them and our men on the Home Ridge. Cathcart, however, had a plan of his own—namely, to assist our troops on the Kitspur by descending the Tchernaya side of that spur (quite away from the decisive points), in order to attack in flank the Russians who were mounting the Kitspur upon that outermost side. Accordingly, disregarding Lord Raglan's order, Cathcart ordered the 400 men who remained with him (the rest being fighting on the spurs in front) to charge down the rugged slopes; and on they went, driving the Russians before them. But hardly had they quitted their

position on the heights when they were startled by a volley from the rear; and looking back they beheld a Russian column, which had advanced through the unguarded gap, on the very ground which they had just left. Calling back his men, Cathcart endeavoured, with a handful of soldiers, to force a passage through the Russians: some of our men actually cut their way through, but Cathcart and several of his officers were killed. The position of the Duke of Cambridge and the Guards was now almost desperate. His men were scattered in their rash pursuit down the heights, and there stood the Russian column directly in his rear. Moreover, two other Russian battalions, coming up from the head of the Quarry Ravine, were making for the gap,—so that our whole scattered and disordered force on the Fore Ridge and on the spurs in advance of it, were on the eve of being entirely cut off and surrounded. The Duke and a portion of his men made good their retreat in the nick of time, albeit in great disorder; but the colours of the Guards were for some time in the greatest jeopardy, being entirely intercepted by the Russians, and were only rescued at last by the charge of a French battalion which Bourbaki sent forward to save them. By-and-by, in isolated groups, the remainder of the brigade of Guards made their way back to the British position; but the entire ground in our front had been lost. Not only the 'Barrier,' where a handful of British had so long maintained themselves almost in isolation, but the Fore Ridge itself was abandoned, and, with the exception of 600 skirmishers, the Allied troops were all driven back to the Home Ridge.

Dannenberg had still 17,000 effective men, half of whom were fresh troops, supported by 100 guns; while the Allies, including 1,600 French, numbered only 5,000, with forty-eight guns. The Russians now advanced in two dense masses, covered by skirmishers, against the Home Ridge, the central part of which was at that time almost denuded of defenders. Approaching under cover of the dense smoke which now obscured the field, the first of the two Russian columns swept over the crest of the Ridge, and, looking down over the plateau, they beheld nothing in their front save a single French regiment. Appalled at the sight of the Russian column the French regiment hesitated, and then began to retreat. Now, for once, Lord Raglan 'suffered his countenance to disclose the vexation which he felt, and even uttered an exclamation of astonishment and annoyance.' Some of our officers, however, rallied the French regiment, and a detachment of the British 55th, who had been driven back on the right, charged impetuously;

and the Russian column on the Ridge, which was also galled by its own artillery, fell back. But their second column now came up, and once more the enemy were in possession of the Home Ridge, and an advance along the plateau would at once suffice to bring Gortschakoff's army to their support. The French regiment (the 7th Leger) again faltered, and except them there were only 200 (British) troops at hand to oppose the advancing enemy. This was the grand crisis of the battle, which can be fully understood only by the ample details given in Kinglake's pages. Suddenly the Russian column halted, for startling sounds of combat were coming up from its rear, where Colonel Daubeney, with only thirty men, had dashed into its flank, actually cutting their way through and through the column. Availing themselves of the respite, Pennefather, aided by the French officers, again rallied the 7th Leger; and, Pennefather starting a cheer, the small force, English and French mixed together, charged the enemy, who began to retreat, but steadily and in order.

Again the Russians advanced, but the crisis of the battle was passed. Bosquet's troops were coming up, and two siege-guns (18-pounders) which, at the outset of the battle, Lord Raglan had ordered to be brought up, got into position, and opened a crushing fire upon the Russian batteries which had so long had the ascendancy. The Home Ridge was now safe, but on the Kitspur and Inkerman Tusk, indeed on the Fore Ridge itself, the attack was for long continued by the Russians, and at one time the entire French force engaged suffered a sharp reverse. Again and again, however, the Russians were beaten; and although the French would not join in a combined attack to complete the victory, some parties of our skirmishers advanced against Shell Hill itself, and compelled a Russian battery to retreat. Our two siege-guns also were playing havoc on Shell Hill, and at length General Dannenberg gave orders for the retreat. In vain did Lord Raglan propose to Marshal Canrobert to order an advance; and thus the Russians were enabled to make good their retreat, with a loss of 10,729 in killed and wounded, besides a few prisoners; while the Allied loss was 2,357 British (almost one-third of our entire force engaged in the battle!) and 927 French. Such was the battle of Inkerman, and so ends Mr. Kinglake's fifth volume.

ART. VI.—*Ultramontanism and Civil Allegiance.*

- (1.) *Cæsarism and Ultramontanism.* By HENRY EDWARD, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. London. 1874.
- (2.) *The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance: A Political Expostulation.* By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. London. 1874.
- (3.) *A Letter to the Duke of Norfolk on occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Expostulation.* By J. H. NEWMAN, D.D., of the Oratory. London. 1875.
- (4.) *The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance.* By HENRY EDWARD, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. London. 1875.
- (5.) *Vaticanism: An Answer to Replies and Reproofs.* By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. London. 1875.

THE mystery which envelops an enemy, whose aims and resources are unknown, but whose antagonism is certain, and whose presence is at the door, is the quality which, of all others, makes him so formidable. It is always an advantage if we can walk around our foe, ascertain his object, estimate his powers, and know the worst should fortune fail. Hitherto an inscrutable darkness has hung around the subject of Ultramontanism. Our instincts, indeed, told us it was a near and irreconcilable foe, but most of us would have found it difficult to define its nature, and to state authoritatively its ultimate designs. But much of late years has been done to dissipate the haze. First came Pius IX. in his celebrated Encyclical, and his still more celebrated Syllabus. The Vatican Council followed with its decree of Infallibility. Next came Dr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, with his ingenious essay expository of the principle. Lastly, Mr. Gladstone, in his 'Political Expostulation,' together with all the interesting and instructive correspondence and replies to which that pamphlet has given rise. Ultramontanism, in consequence of these attempts to explain it, now stands before the world in a very clear light. Henceforth, if the public fail to understand its nature, the blame of the failure must be their own.

The Vatican Council, on the 18th July, 1870, as all the world knows, affirmed it as an article of faith divinely revealed, that when the Roman Pontiff, in discharge of his office as pastor of all Christians, defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals to be held by the Universal Church, he is possessed of the same infallibility which Christ wished His Church to possess in speak-

ing under the same conditions. That declaration, coming from a Council accepted as œcumenical, gives a weight to the *ex cathedrâ* decisions of all popes past, present, and to come, which it was not understood previously that they possessed. By that decree, the various allocutions, encyclicals, and dogmatic documents, issued by Pius IX. since he assumed the Pontificate, became at once the productions of an infallible man. In the Syllabus, which accompanied the Encyclical of December, 1864, we have a summary of the errors condemned in his previous bulls and allocutions, and, at his command, this summary was sent by Cardinal Antonelli, his own foreign secretary, to all the Romish bishops of the world. Subtle and ingenious attempts have recently been made to soften down the action of the Pontiff, and to show that they are only social and political errors in their wildest form which he has condemned, and that there is not, and never was, any intention on his part of denouncing freedom of speech, freedom of worship, or freedom of the press, in their legitimate exercise. But if this be so, the Pope should take care that his official documents should not circulate outside the *schola theologorum*, for every one else into whose hands they fall reads them differently, and understands that when he condemns an error he asserts the opposite. Besides, these explanations, thrown out avowedly in the amiable desire to quench the flames which others have kindled, have received no official sanction; to such private utterances the Pope has given no approval; and, as we have lately learned to our cost, 'that 'no pledge from Catholics is of any value to which Rome is not 'a party,' we fear that the same must be said of the interpretations of public ecclesiastical documents by private theologians. Till Rome intimate the contrary, we must believe that the Pope means, without limitation, to stigmatize it as a very serious error to say, for example, that in conflicting laws between the temporal and spiritual powers, the civil law ought to prevail, or that the Roman Pontiffs ought to be excluded from all charge and dominion over temporal affairs, or that the Roman Pontiffs have exceeded the limits of their power, and usurped the rights of princes, or that the Church has not the right of employing force to effect her ends. In the Syllabus all these are entered as condemned errors.*

This interpretation of the Papal pronouncements is sustained, we think, by the natural meaning of the words employed: it is most in accordance with the historical spirit of the Papacy; and is abundantly justified by the recent expositions of the Archbishop of Westminster. 'The Church,' he tells us, is 'divinely certain'

* See Propositions 42, 27, 24, and 23.

of the limits of its own jurisdiction, but the civil power 'cannot define how far the circumference of faith and morals extends;' and therefore the Church is entitled to direct the State on every question where the two powers might possibly come into collision.

'This,' says he, 'is Ultramontanism, the essence of which is that the Church, being a Divine institution and by Divine assistance infallible, is within its own sphere independent of all civil powers; and as the guardian and interpreter of the Divine law, is the proper judge of men and of nations in all things touching that law in faith or morals. . . . Christianity, or the faith and law of Jesus Christ, has introduced two principles of Divine authority into human society; the one the absolute separation of the two powers spiritual and civil; the other the supremacy of the spiritual over the civil in all matters within its competence or Divine jurisdiction. . . . I hope to show that these two principles are Ultramontanism; that the Bull '*Unam Sanctam*' contains no more; that the Vatican Council could define no less.'*

And again :—

'Ultramontanism consists in (1) the separation of the two powers and vesting them in different persons; (2) in claiming for the Church the sole right to define doctrines of faith or morals; (3) to fix the limits of its own jurisdiction in that sphere; and (4) in the indissoluble union of the Church with and submission to the universal jurisdiction of the Holy See.'†

Further :—

'Unless the Church be divinely certain of the limits of its commission and of its message, no doubt or controversy between the two powers can ever be brought to an end. But if the Church be certain with a Divine certainty as to the limits of its jurisdiction, its voice in such matters is final. But an authority that can alone define the limits of its own office is absolute, because it depends on none; and infallible, because it knows with a Divine certainty the faith which it has received in charge. If, then, the civil power be not competent to decide the limits of the spiritual power, and if the spiritual power can define with a Divine certainty its own limits, it is evidently supreme. Or, in other words, the spiritual power knows with Divine certainty the limits of its own jurisdiction, and it knows, therefore, the limits and competence of the civil power. It is, therefore, in matters of religion and conscience supreme. I do not see how this can be denied without denying Christianity. And if this be so, this is the doctrine of the Bull '*Unam Sanctam*,' and of the Syllabus, and of the Vatican Council. It is, in fact, Ultramontanism, for this term means neither less nor more. The Church, therefore, is separate and supreme.'‡

* '*Cæsarism*,' pp. 31, 32.

† *Ibid.*, p. 40.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 35, 36.

It amounts to this: the Archbishop would have us to understand that the Church is to dictate to the State, and to receive obedience in all matters, which in its own judgment touch the territory of faith or morals, and that simply on the ground that the Church is infallible, and that the State is not. The theory known as Ultramontanism, translated into actual fact, is substantially this:—The one Church of Christ in the world is the Church of Rome; the Pope, or head of that Church, is Christ's Vicar on earth. As such, he has the right of laying down the law to men and nations: he alone is competent to declare, with Divine certainty, how far the sphere of faith and morals extends; his decisions, within the sphere that himself defines, is infallible; and to such decisions every civil government is bound to give obedience.

To a thoughtful mind it must appear surprising how much has to be assumed as true before a basis can be found whereon to rest this claim of supremacy. In an argument, obviously intended for Protestants, Dr. Manning assumes, as also does Dr. Newman, and proceeds upon it as if it were fact, that the Church which Christ instituted in the world is the Romish Church; that the Pope is the Vicar of the Son of God; that the Pope has Divine authority, either with or without the Church, to legislate on faith or morals; and that his official legislation on such matters is infallible. Now if these premises were true, it would be impossible to resist the argument that rests upon them. But the fact is that no Protestant admits any of them. These things may be 'divinely certain' to Dr. Manning; but his argument is inconclusive, if he either assume them without proof, or fail to make them at least 'certain' to us. His reasoning is invalid, because a variety of matters forming its foundation are assumed without proof, and are so assumed, we venture to add, for this very reason, that they cannot be proved.

It cannot be proved, as we believe, that the Church which Christ instituted in the world is the Romish Church. For, what is the Church? In its highest sense, it is the whole body of the redeemed; but there is no reason to conclude either that the Romish Church, or indeed any single section of the Christian society, contains within it the whole body of the redeemed. Or, the Church Catholic, in its lower sense, is 'the congregation of the faithful dispersed through the world,' that is, the aggregate of all local churches; but who could say that the Roman communion is the aggregate of all local churches? Now, it is only in the sense of a visible society, comprising all the Christians in the world, that it can be said with truth that Christ instituted any church on earth. As that visible society

is historically presented in the later writings of the New Testament, its aspect everywhere is an aggregate of local churches, each provided with its own office-bearers, and all governed by the apostles of Christ; but an aggregate, be it observed, differing entirely from the existing Romish Church in doctrine, government, and worship. A few grand fundamental truths form the common basis of all Christian churches; but the ablest living theologian would count it an arduous task to be obliged to show that the New Testament Church employed images in Divine worship, or believed in transubstantiation, the sacrifice of the mass, purgatory, the immaculate conception of the Virgin, or the Papal infallibility. The New Testament Church, so far as we can see, had no hierarchy, neither pope, cardinal, patriarch, nor prelate; even its ministers were not a priesthood, but apparently each Christian congregation was satisfied with its own bishops and deacons, managing its spiritual and secular affairs, and subject to the directions of the apostles of Christ. In the Church of the apostolic age we can find no trace of that gorgeous ritual, whose unauthorized beauty has for the æsthetic tastes of our time more charms than the chaste simplicity of inspired example; and from the New Testament worship we note the absence of incense, altars, sacrifice, compulsory liturgical forms, or prayers in an unknown tongue, as well as of the sacerdotalism which these things usually represent. We find it impossible to believe that the great visible Christian society of the first century, which was destitute of every one of the characteristics thus enumerated, can be the same with the Romish Church of our time, which prides itself on the possession of them all.

We are reminded, indeed, that the historical connection between the two is preserved; that is, that the Romish Church as it now stands has in the course of ages grown out of the state of things which existed in the apostolic age. But the same is true of the Greek Church, which has no less maintained its historical continuity with apostolic times; and even Dr. Manning can scarcely believe that an argument is of much value which would prove as strongly in favour of a body not in communion with Rome, as it would for Rome itself. Besides, as all know, the degenerate Judaism that crucified Christ and stoned the prophets was historically connected with the church in the wilderness, which Moses led out of Egypt, and which was guided by the pillar of cloud and fire to the land of promise. Historical connection, therefore, is not a proof of identity. The fact is that systems may be so gradually changed in the sweep of ages, that without any disruption of historical continuity

they may come to be essentially different, if not antagonistic systems. Democracies may melt insensibly away, and, without passing through anything worthy of being called a revolution, grow up in the course of time into monarchies. Give only time enough, and despotisms may so gradually broaden down into republics, that it were hard to fix the point where the former end and the latter begin. That thing of shreds and patches on the poor man's back is not the dress coat which in better times he wore upon his wedding-day. He may assure us of its identity, but in spite of all his asseverations, he himself cannot but feel that there is a difference.

Nor can it be proved that the Pope is the Vicar of Jesus Christ. We have never yet discovered the Scripture in which the record of his appointment is contained. We wish to see his commission, and to be allowed to examine it. We are constantly reminded, indeed, as if it had in reality something to do with the matter, that Christ conferred certain peculiar gifts upon the apostle Peter. These gifts, even when the passage of Scripture recording them is interpreted in the Romish sense, are found to be that Peter is designated the 'rock' on which the Church is built, and that he was entrusted with 'the keys of the kingdom.' Peter was indeed a rock among the foundation stones of the Christian temple; that is, he was personally eminent among the apostles and prophets on whom the Church was built. He was, moreover, the first man who with the key of Gospel doctrine opened the kingdom of heaven, that is, the Christian Church, to sinners, which he did at the first Pentecost, when no less than three thousand Jews who believed were admitted to membership; and he was the first with the key of discipline to shut the transgressor out of the kingdom, as he did in the case of Simon Magus. Every other privilege usually claimed on his behalf was common to all the apostles, and therefore not peculiar to him. But the two privileges now named, which were entirely his own, are from their very nature incapable of transmission; his personal eminence among the apostles could not be handed over to another, while the distinction of being the first to use the keys of doctrine and discipline in the newly-organized Christian kingdom, is also a privilege which it is obvious no one else could share. Accordingly we find in the Scriptures no trace of an attempt to transmit these prerogatives to any one. How comes it therefore that the Pope claims to be Peter's heir? What evidence have we that he is the apostle's adopted son? What evidence have we that Peter ever was Pope? Or, even that he filled the position of Roman bishop? Or, that he was at Rome? We are not quite sure

that Peter ever saw Rome; we are quite sure he was at Antioch and Jerusalem. In absence of all proof of transmission, why should the claim of Jerusalem or Antioch to inherit his prerogatives be inferior to that of Rome? That Peter ever resided in the chief city of the Empire is not by any means a settled question, as every scholar knows. The most which can be said is that the tendency of the evidence is to lead to the conclusion that he did visit the metropolis and that he suffered there; but the testimony in that direction is neither so distinct nor so weighty as to remove the honest doubt of any unprejudiced mind accustomed to deal with historical proof. Before anything important can be built on the alleged fact, that Peter visited Rome and acted as its bishop, historical evidence, stronger and clearer than any now known, has first to be produced: and appended thereto, we must be furnished with proof of the transmission of his prerogatives to his successors in that see. Till that is done, we can scarcely be expected to admit that Peter at the present day is Pius IX.

It is manifest enough in history, that, some centuries after the institution of Christianity, the Roman bishop, in virtue of his supposed connection with Peter, laid claim to certain prerogatives, and was not slow to exercise them; but what evidence have we that he was entitled so to do, and that he was not striving to usurp power, to which personally and officially he had no more rightful claim than any other bishop of the time? Certainly no evidence of the alleged connection of the Pope with Peter, nor of the transmission of Peter's prerogative to the Pope, is to be found either in the Holy Scriptures or in contemporary history. The human origin of the supremacy is virtually acknowledged by able and candid writers. Dr. Newman has shown that it had its origin in the superstitious veneration which Pagan princes on their conversion paid to Christian bishops, and in the secular jurisdiction which they conferred upon them. He quotes, with approbation, Bowden, who states that the Pontiffs 'did not so much claim new privileges for themselves as *deprive their episcopal brethren of privileges originally common to the hierarchy.*' He admits that the concentration of power in the hands of the Pope 'was brought about by the change of times and the vicissitudes of nations.' He contends that this concentration in the middle ages 'was simply necessary for the civilization of Europe,' but candidly adds that 'It does not follow that the benefits rendered then to the European commonwealth by the political supremacy of the Pope would, if he was still supreme, be rendered in time to come.*' To us this seems a great and

* 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk.' See pages 23, 28, and 30.

honest admission that the supremacy of the Pope had its origin, not in any Divine gift, but in the ignorance and devout folly of princes; that it grew by usurpation of the rights of others; that the circumstances of the time favoured its increase; that Divine Providence used it for His own purposes; and that in the present circumstances of mankind its utility is at an end. All this is borne out by historic fact; but the admission of it is doubly acceptable, considering the quarter from which it comes. Indeed, in the early ages of the Church, when all bishops stood officially on a level, the occupant of the Roman see himself did not claim superiority in virtue of any Divine grant. Even as late as the fifth century, a pope, speaking *ex cathedrâ*, and, therefore, according to the Vatican Council, infallible, assigned a much humbler origin to the growing supremacy of the Roman bishop. In the epistle regarding Cœlestius which Pope Zosimus in 418 addressed to 'all bishops throughout Africa,' after stating that matters so important required careful investigation, he uses these remarkable words. 'To this is added the authority of the 'apostolic see, to which, in honour of the blessed Peter, the 'decrees of the Fathers have ordained a certain peculiar reverence.'* Zosimus, it will be seen, pled only human sanctions for the reverence with which he wished it to be understood that his see was invested.

It is very questionable, and certainly cannot be assumed without proof or elucidation, whether the Church itself, not to speak of its human head, has received Divine authority to legislate in things that relate to faith and morals. Legislation is an act of sovereign power, and Christ alone is Sovereign in His own kingdom. The apostles and prophets were entrusted by Him with a special revelation, and in order that they might be better able to fulfil their mission were endowed with the ability to declare infallibly the Sovereign's will. What they bound upon men was ratified in heaven, and those obligations, from which they loosed men, bound no more. This power of infallible legislation was in the first instance given to Peter, but subsequently to the other apostles as well (Matt. xviii. 18): the Holy Scriptures are the written record of its results; and with the last line of Scripture, the whole code of inspired legislation, so far as we are concerned, closes. The inspired records alone bear upon them the stamp of divinity; and the uninspired Christian teachers who succeeded the apostles are not appointed to legislate, but merely to interpret,

* 'His accedit apostolicæ sedis auctoritas, cui in honorem beatissimi Petri patrum decreta peculiarem quandam sanxere reverentiam.'—
'Epistolæ et Decreta Zosimi,' ii. 1.

in accordance with the laws of language and of right reason, the statements of the book, and to apply them, so far as they admit of application, to the circumstances of men and of times. Even in this humbler task, proofs that the wisest fail are only too abundant. Church rulers are to carry out those duties prescribed by Scripture, for which they are appointed, but they have no authority beyond this, except to make those arrangements necessary to their work, regarding which inspiration is dumb, and which are obviously left for human discretion to regulate in accordance with circumstances. This, however, is a very different thing from imposing upon the human conscience any new doctrine or precept, as a matter of Divine obligation.

Where, let us ask, do uninspired men receive authority to bind or to loose in the name of God? Ecclesiastics, indeed, in all ages, not content with the humble work of making such temporary regulations as necessity and convenience suggest in order to have prescribed duties more efficiently carried out, have assumed authority to legislate in the name of God, and we have the result in the decrees of Synods, the canons of Councils, and the bulls of Popes. The Canon law is the most celebrated product of human legislation in religious affairs—itself the growth of centuries of sacerdotal rule. But what is the value of that system of ecclesiastical jurisprudence? So far as it is an expression of opinion, it has the worth to which an expression of the judgment of the body, which produced and adopted it, is entitled—nothing more. But in so far as it reenacts what is already enjoined in Scripture, it is useless; nay, it is worse than useless, for by its merely human sanctions, it helps with intelligent men to weaken what would otherwise bring with it all the weight of the Divine. It is true that many are found whose lives are more influenced by the former than by the latter; but of what use is the Church if it condescends to accommodate itself to this low level of morality, and does not strive to raise men to a higher and purer atmosphere of moral obligation? In so far, again, as ecclesiastical legislation rises above mere arrangements and presumes to add something new to the sum total of faith and morals in the Bible, it is pernicious; because it corrupts the truth and mingles the Divine and human in such a way, that the bulk of men cannot distinguish the one from the other. Church power strictly speaking is not legislative; it is only administrative. The power apparently legislative, which it can legitimately exercise, is simply power to provide what is necessary for administering the laws of Christ with greater effect; but such arrangements, it ought always to be clearly understood, are

merely human in their origin, suggested by necessity, based on considerations of reason and utility, and may at any time be altered or abolished for cause sufficient shown. This power of making bye-laws, local in their reach, and temporary in their observance, is to be sparingly exercised, and is not to be mistaken, as it sometimes is, for the sovereign power of permanent and universal legislation.

It has therefore to be proved that the Church, or any section of it, is divinely authorized to legislate in the sense of making a material addition to the sum total of faith and human duty. No legislation emanating from any subordinate source is valid without the consent of the Sovereign; and if the Church were to presume to exercise legislative functions, it has no means of making it clear, except by its own stout asseverations, that it has obtained the consent of Christ the King to its statutory acts. If, as Dr. Manning says, 'the Catholic Church 'has established upon earth a legislature independent of mankind,' it remains to be proved that she had the King's authority for so doing; and if it turn out that she has ventured on a step so important without His authority, then the acts of such a legislature are without the royal superscription, and can have no binding force on the King's subjects. The work of the Church is not to make laws, but to understand, illustrate, and obey the laws already made. The Church does not know her own place, when she affects the sovereign, and forgets she is a subject. The true sphere of the Bride, the Lamb's wife, is not to rule, but to obey. She takes the law from the lips of her Lord. The Archbishop makes a nearer approach to the truth when he speaks of the Church as 'the guardian and interpreter' of the law of God. But the duty of a guardian is to conserve what is entrusted to his care, not to supersede it by new enactments, or in any way to impair its value: and the duty of an interpreter is not to legislate but to explain. So long as Dr. Manning and the Church which he represents shall confine themselves to the good and worthy task of guarding and interpreting the Divine law, we are willing to hear them with all respect; provided only, that as the written records of the Divine law are open to all men, and as understanding and spiritual assistance are not the exclusive dowries of any class or order, we must be allowed on our own responsibility to judge how far their interpretations are regulated by the laws of language, and consistent with the analogy of faith.

Much less can it be proved that the actual product of the Church's attempt to legislate is infallible. If proof and assertion meant the same thing, we need go no further, for Dr. Manning

asserts very broadly, that 'the Church cannot err, or mislead men or nations.' There is a sense possible to the imagination, in which that statement may be perfectly true. The whole body of the redeemed—the Church 'without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing—probably cannot err. But that is not the Archbishop's meaning. What we understand him to mean is, that the Roman Catholic Church 'cannot err, or mislead men or nations.' The shortest way of bringing this statement to a practical test, is to compare some of the decrees of the Œcumenical Councils and the bulls of Popes, through which the Romish Church is accustomed to pronounce its official decisions, with the facts of history and with the Word of God. After Gregory VII. had passed a sentence of deposition against the Emperor of Germany Henry IV., and Rudolph of Suabia was induced to set up as a claimant for the throne—a course in which he was encouraged and aided by the Pope—there were times in that career of disaster and bloodshed, ending with the Battle of Elster on the 15th October, 1080, and the death of Rudolph on the day after, in which the unfortunate Pretender must have often thought that there was at least one man in the world whom the Church's head had done very much to mislead. When those Quixotic expeditions to the East, known as the Crusades, undertaken at the call of successive Popes, to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Saracens, had resulted in the loss of multitudes of lives, in the impoverishment of Christendom, and in disastrous failure; and when Europe declined to respond any more to the urgent appeals which emanated from the Apostolic See, we believe the real cause of the indifference was that the Church's head, if not the Church itself, had been found on repeated trial to have misled both men and nations. Further, do the decrees of the nineteen General Councils harmonize in all respects with the truth of God? Brought into the light of the Second Commandment, is the decree of the Seventh General Council, which sanctioned image-worship, infallible? Was the Lateran Council of 1215 infallible when it affirmed Transubstantiation, and imposed upon men and women, for the first time, the obligation of making at stated times auricular confession to a priest? Did the same Council fall into no error when it promised remission of sins to all who would take up arms to fight with the Albigenses of Languedoc, and held the penalty of excommunication over the head of civil rulers, who should refuse to exterminate these inoffensive heretics when found in their dominions? Is Pius IX. infallible when, in the Allocutions indexed in the Syllabus, he claims for the Romish Church to be 'the only religion of the State, to the

‘exclusion of all other forms of worship,’ and condemns the practice of allowing strangers residing in Catholic countries to enjoy the public exercise of their religion?*

To doctrines of this kind, Councils and Popes have been only too ready to pledge the body which they represent, and none has gone further in that direction than Pio Nono; but if the voice of God speaking in the Scriptures is the Supreme Judge, it is manifest that such legislation is not only at variance with the inspired jurisprudence of the prophets and apostles, but also earthly in its origin, sacerdotal in its spirit, and inimical alike to the interests of civil society and to the happiness of individual men.

Passing away from the assumptions on which the Romish claim to dominion over the State is known to rest, we come to the claim itself. It is a significant fact that Dr. Manning does not attempt to produce from Scripture any proof of his position. Indeed that would be a difficult task. Peter himself, instead of talking about the Church’s right to fix the limits of its own jurisdiction, enjoined Christians to submit to kings and to governors, and thus, by their well-doing, to ‘put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.’ Paul commanded them to pay tribute, and to be subject to the higher powers, ‘not only for wrath but also for conscience sake.’ The Master Himself indicated that the temporal and the spiritual have each a sphere of its own, in which it may act and be useful, and that to each in its own place Christians have duties to perform: ‘Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s, and unto God the things which be God’s.’ In one celebrated instance, when the civil authorities manifestly overstepped their province, and forbade Peter to preach in the name of Jesus, that apostle at once repelled the intervention, and gave instant expression to the fact, that it is not the province of the civil ruler to forbid men to do what God has enjoined, in the sublime but simple words, ‘*We ought to obey God rather than men.*’ Were the Roman Pontiff to give up meddling in the politics of nations, and to content himself with preaching in the name of Christ, and with worshipping the Almighty in his own way, and with doing what is necessary to enable the Church to advance the spiritual welfare of men; and were the rulers of the earth to attempt to prevent his performance of the duties for which a church exists in the world, and were he to repel their interference in some such words as Peter used, the sympathies of the wise and good would all be upon his side. But disobedience to the civil ruler, who in his blindness may forbid us to do what Christ commands, is a very different thing from insisting that the civil ruler shall

* ‘Syllabus,’ Propositions 77 and 78.

obey the Pope in everything that lies within a sphere which the latter claims the right to fix for himself.

For, let Dr. Manning disguise it as he may—and no doubt he has expressed himself very cautiously—the claim, asserted in the interests of the Church, to define as against the State the limits of its own jurisdiction, and to be supreme in all matters that lie within a sphere, whose limits itself has fixed, is a claim to supremacy over the State in temporal matters. Admitting that each of the powers is invested with a distinct and separate jurisdiction, and that each is supreme in its own sphere, they are still co-ordinate, the one in its own province not being the subject of the other. But the moment that we allow to either the absolute right of fixing the limits of its own jurisdiction, their relative position is changed; the power that is allowed at its pleasure to fix the limits of its own sphere, becomes that moment master of the other. Church and State may be supreme, each in its own place; but if the Church has an absolute right to define the limits of its own jurisdiction, it may give them so very wide a definition as to leave the State a very humble province indeed. Russia and Turkey are separate powers, and each is supreme in its own territory; but if the Czar shall claim, and the Sultan admit, that Russia has the right of fixing the limits of her own jurisdiction, she may fix those limits at a point which will leave the Turks nothing in Europe and little in Asia. Everything is in the hands of the power whose right to fix the limits is admitted.* To say that the Church has this right, is to affirm that she may at pleasure shut the State out of all right to interfere in any secular matter which she—the Church—may please to say touches the domain of faith or morals, religion or conscience. Under such conditions, the State must not dare to give effect to its own views upon the liberty of the press, liberty of speech, liberty of worship, liberty of conscience; it must not dare to hint that the abolition of the temporal power of the Popedom would be an advantage, or to establish any form of Christianity except the Romish, or indeed to say that any other church is a form of Christianity at all.† The Pope has already decided that all these things lie within the limits of his own jurisdiction; he has pronounced a solemn condemnation upon all who venture to

* It is merely superfluous candour for Monsignor Capel to assert that the Church has the right to fix the limits of the sphere in which the State acts as well as that in which the Church acts. If she has a right to fix her own boundaries, at her pleasure, in so doing she defines those of the State. Every expansion of the one is the contraction of the other.

† 'Encyclical' of Dec. 8, 1864, and 'Syllabus,' Propositions 79, 76, 77 and 18.

hold upon them an opinion different from his own ; and such things he must regard as being within the sphere over which he has supreme authority, for we know that it is in his estimation a very serious error for any one to hold that Roman Pontiffs have transgressed the limits of their power.* Let any man read the Encyclical of Dec. 8, 1864, the Syllabus, and the Decrees of the Vatican Council of 1870, not to speak of previous declarations from the papal chair since the days of Gregory VII., and he will see that the sphere of the Church even now covers a vast and ever-growing field, while the field on which the State is left free to act without fear of ecclesiastical dictation, has already shrivelled up into rather narrow dimensions.

Though the claim of the spiritual power to supremacy over the state in temporal things, or as Dr. Manning prefers to put it, in things which the Church has the right to say belong to faith and morals, finds no authority in the Scriptures, Dr. Manning alleges on its behalf the sanction of the Fathers. The statement of a Father, it is now well-known, does not amount to much, when the question to be determined is merely the truth of a dogma. There is no solid reason why the mere assertion of a Christian writer, who wrote fifteen centuries ago, should establish a doctrine of religion, more than the mere assertion of another Christian writer who wrote last year. But the testimony of a Father, or, indeed, of any honest writer, is in point, when the question to be determined simply is what was known or believed about the matter at the time when the said writer lived. In regard to the subject before us, it will be found upon examination, that, while the doctrine that Church and State have separate provinces and independent jurisdiction, is clearly stated in the Fathers, as it was long before clearly stated in the Scriptures, the claim to supremacy over the State in temporal matters, or, what amounts to the same thing, in matters which the Church shall please to say belong to the domain of faith and morals, and therefore to her own exclusive jurisdiction, was seldom, if ever, put forward till the Pope had succeeded in making himself a temporal prince, and the clergy and the monks were anxious to find religious sanctions for his civil usurpations. With the mediæval writers, the Pope is not only head of the Church, but monarch of the world, to whom kings and queens are bound to give obedience, and of whom they hold their respective kingdoms as so many fiefs ; but with the early Fathers, the Pope is only first of the bishops, while in temporal things all men, the Roman bishops as well as others,

* 'Syllabus,' Proposition 23.

are bound to obey the emperors. This is manifest, even from the authorities produced by Dr. Manning himself.

Thus, Thomas Aquinas, writing when the popedom had attained the zenith of its power, is as strongly in favour of papal domination over earthly princes, as the Archbishop of Westminster is in this age of degeneracy and decay. He is represented as saying—

‘In order that spiritual things may be distinct from earthly things, the authority of His kingdom is committed not to earthly kings but to priests, and especially to the chief of priests, the successor of Peter, the Vicar of Christ, the Roman Pontiff, to whom all kings of Christendom ought to be subject as to our Lord Jesus Christ.’*

St. Bernard, of Clairvaux, a century earlier, thinks that the sword is put into the hands of kings and emperors for little else, except that they may fight for religion, for the Church, and for the Pope. Dr. Manning cites from him the following passage:—

‘The duty, the honour, the prerogative of the first Christian king, such as the Emperor, is like the right arm and sword of Christendom to defend the whole body, and, above all, the Head, and to promote his civilizing influence both within and without.’†

It must be remembered that St. Bernard and St. Thomas lived—the one in the twelfth, the other in the thirteenth century—at a time when the popedom was the most conspicuous sovereignty in Europe, and when its supporters were anxious to have it believed that its pretensions to supremacy rested on a Divine foundation. But going back seven centuries earlier, when the temporal sovereignty was not in existence, we reach a point when the popes, in their modesty, were satisfied with humbler things. Gelasius I (492–496), who lived at a time when the Roman Bishop was the subject of Theodoric, the Gothic King of Italy, in his letter to Anastasius, Emperor of the East, does not venture to assert his supremacy over kings in temporal matters, as a thirteenth century Pope would probably have done, but contents himself with asserting the independence of the civil and spiritual powers, and with claiming for each supreme jurisdiction in its own sphere.

‘There are,’ he says, ‘august emperor, two things by which this world is governed, the sacred authority of bishops‡ and the royal

* ‘*Cæsarism and Ultramontanism*,’ p. 29.

† This extract was thus given in the original report of Dr. Manning’s paper in the *Times*; but in the republication of his paper in pamphlet form, this passage is omitted, and another substituted of a less warlike kind.

‡ The word in the original is *pontificum*, that is *bishops*, and the context

power. Of these, the sacerdotal power is the more important, because priests must hereafter render an account to God for kings themselves. For you know, my son, that though you excel in dignity the whole human race, yet you are humbly to submit to those who preside over divine things,* and that you owe them obedience in all that belongs to the order of religion, and to the administration of the holy mysteries. . . . In all things which are of the public order, these same bishops obey your laws, and in your turn you ought to obey them in all things which concern the sacred things of which they are the dispensers.†

It is scarcely fair, perhaps, to press into this controversy, as Dr. Manning has done, the adulatory language, ascribed on very insufficient authority, to the Emperor Constantine the Great, at the Council of Nicæa, when the assembled bishops sent in their complaints against each other, and urged him to decide among them. Eusebius and Athanasius, both of whom were present at the Council, and are our highest authorities for what occurred there, make no mention of the words in question. Socrates and Theodoret, the historians of the Council, are also silent. The words first make their appearance in Sozomen and Rufinus, neither of whom was present at the Council, but who flourished a century afterwards. According to the representation of Sozomen, the emperor said to the bishops who had tabled their complaints :

‘As for me, I am but a man, and it would be evil in me to take cognisance of such matters, seeing the accusers and the accused are priests ; and priests ought so to act as never to become amenable to the judgment of others.’‡

This contains a harmless sentiment, and, withal, very judicious advice. But it reads differently as given by Rufinus. ‘God,’ he represents the emperor as saying, ‘made you priests, and gave you power to sit in judgment upon us, and it is therefore proper that we submit to your judgment ; but men are not to sit in judgment upon you.§ . . . For God has

shows that such is the true translation. Dr. Manning (‘*Cæsarism*,’ p. 25) translates it ‘the Pontiff,’ as if it referred to the Pope.

* ‘*Præsulibus divinarum rerum.*’ Dr. Manning translates this ‘Pontiffs,’ as if Gelasius meant to exclude all other bishops ; but it is evident to any who examine the original that the writer is speaking of the respect due by the emperor, not to popes, but to the bishops of the Christian faith in general.

† Gelasii, ‘*Epistolæ et Decreta*,’ ep. viii. Ad Anastasium Imperatorem.

‡ Sozomen, H. E. I., 17.

§ Rufinus, H. E. I., 2, ‘*Deus vos constituit sacerdotes, et potestatem vobis dedit de nobis quoque judicandi, et ideo nos a vobis recte judicamur. Vos autem non potestis ab hominibus judicari. . . . Vos etenim*

‘given you to be gods to us, and it is not proper that man should judge gods, but He alone of whom it is written, “God stood in the synagogue of the gods,”’ &c. Rufinus, it is well known, has obtained celebrity for interpolating sentiments of his own into passages translated from other authors, and the whole speech is evidently fabulous.

But the version preferred by Dr. Manning is that given by Gelasius, of Cyzicum, a writer who flourished one hundred and fifty years after the Council, and whose *Acts of the first council*, owing to its legendary character, receives no consideration from historians. He adopts the fable of Rufinus, and represents the emperor as saying, ‘God has elected you to be priests and judges, to judge and to decide (the contentions of the people), forasmuch as God has set you to be over all men.’ This is Dr. Manning’s version.* But when we turn to the original it reads differently. The literal translation of the whole passage in Gelasius is :

‘Seeing that God has chosen you to be priests and rulers both to judge and to decide among the people, and because of your superiority to all men (*ἀνθρώπων πάντων ὑπερέχοντας*), has appointed you gods, according as it has been spoken, “I said ye are gods and sons of the highest,” and also, “God stood in the assembly of gods,” it is becoming in you to overlook petty matters, and about Divine things to take very great pains.’†

The emperor speaks of the office and moral character of the bishops as giving them a personal pre-eminence among men ; but in Dr. Manning’s translation this sentiment reads as if God had bestowed upon them a supremacy over the human race, and consequently, as his argument requires us to infer, over kings and emperors, an idea entirely alien to the mind of Constantine. He had great respect for bishops, but he had no notion of putting himself under their feet.‡

nobis a Deo dati estis dii, et conveniens non est ut homo judicet deos, sed ille solus de quo scriptum est, “Deus stetit in synagoga deorum,” &c.

* ‘Caesarism,’ p. 26.

† ‘Acta Concilii Nicænis’ of Gelasius Cyzicus, in ‘Hardouin Concilia,’ vol. i., col. 384.

‡ ‘Janus’ shows that some Romish writers have dealt with the alleged speech of Constantine in a still more objectionable way :

‘In the same way a saying ascribed to Constantine at the Council of Nice, in a legend recorded by Rufinus, was amplified till it was fashioned into a perfect mine of high-flying pretensions. Constantine, according to this fable, when the written accusations of the bishops against each other were laid before him, burned them saying, in allusion to a verse of the Psalter, that the bishops were gods, and no man could dare to judge them. Nicolas I. quoted this to the Emperor Michael. Anselm adopted the story into his collection. Gratian followed, and Gregory himself

These are all the patristic authorities quoted by the Archbishop. It will be seen that none of them bears out his views, at any earlier period than the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. His own witnesses, when allowed to speak without errors of translation, clearly show that in the primitive ages of Christianity, before the Roman bishop had become a temporal prince, there was no assertion of a claim on the part of the Church, or of its human head, to supremacy in civil matters, or, what amounts to the same thing, within a sphere the limits of which the Church alone has a right to define. Evidence for this might be produced from still earlier writings than any that Dr. Manning has thought it judicious to produce. We might refer, for instance, to Donatus, the leader of the Donatist party in North Africa, who, when the Emperor Constans sent him alms for distribution among the poor, showed himself somewhat restive under imperial patronage, and anticipated a great modern controversy by asking the suggestive question, "What has the emperor to do with the Church?"* He was a sectary, however; but Tertullian also, who lived in the end of the second century, in a work generally allowed to have been written while he was in communion with the Catholic Church, speaks of the emperor, who at the time was a pagan, as 'the man next to God, who from God has received all his power, and is less than God alone.'† This is the sentiment of one of the greatest of the Fathers, who wrote at a time when the Roman bishop had not yet begun to dream of supremacy, and to corrupt the sentiment of the Church. It is certainly inconsistent with the words quoted from St. Bernard and St. Thomas; but this is embarrassing to those only who believe in the antiquity of the Ultramontane claim, and who make the unanimous consent of the Fathers a portion of their rule of faith.

There is no great fear that the civil governments of the world found in it clear evidence that he the Pope, the Bishop of bishops, stood in unapproachable majesty over all monarchs of the earth. For, as the passage stood in Anselm and Gratian, it was the Pope whom Constantine called a god, and so it has been understood and explained ever since.—'Janus,' p. 110. The reference stands thus in the Canon law:—'*Satis evidenter ostenditur a seculari potestate nec legari prorsus nec solvi posse Pontificem, quem constat a pio principe Constantino Deum appellatum, nec posse Deum ab hominibus judicare manifestum est.*'—Part I., dist. xcvi., cap. vii. The value of this statement will be more appreciated, when we remember that Sylvester, the Pope of that day, was not present at the Council of Nicæa.

* 'Quid est imperatori cum Ecclesia?'—Optatus, 'De Schism. Don.' iii. 2.

† 'Hominem a Deo secundum . . . solo Deo minorem.'—Tertullian, 'Ad Scapulam,' cap. 2.

will ever accept the doctrine, that the Church has the right of fixing the extent of the sphere in which her own authority is to dominate—that is, to shut out the civil governments from regulating any matter that the Church may choose to say is a matter of faith and of morals, and therefore belongs to her own domain. But were they so foolish as to accept the doctrine, and to act in obedience thereto, they would voluntarily abdicate more than half their authority, and place themselves and their subjects helplessly at the mercy of the Pope. National prosperity in such circumstances would depend simply on his declining to act upon the theory. But if a man put his head voluntarily inside the lion's mouth, he has no right to assume that the grateful beast will never use his teeth. Popes and lions may be expected to act in future in accordance with their antecedents in the past. Let Governments tacitly concede what the Pope demands, and there can be no doubt that the future action of the Church, backed, as in the case assumed it must be, by the civil power, would be in the line of the Syllabus, the Encyclical, and the Bull '*Unam Sanctam*;' and for any State to acquiesce in that, would be to make the Pope master alike of its acts and of its destinies. At Rome it is counted an error for any one to say that 'the Church has not the right of employing force;' so that something worse might result from yielding to the Papal claim of domination than merely the arrest of the progress of science, and the helpless prostration of the nation at the feet of the priesthood; men and nations would most probably be called upon, in the end, and dare not refuse, to take up and fight in a modern crusade for the restoration of the temporal dominions of the Roman See—a course of procedure, to which Archbishop Manning, if we are to form our opinion on his citation of St. Bernard already given, would offer no very decided objection; nor would the Pope himself, if we are to judge from the specimens of his public speeches now before the world. On the other hand, if the State refuse to accept a doctrine which the Church, at her convenience, appears determined to force upon it, there must ensue a serious collision between the powers, such as we see at present in Germany and Switzerland. If other countries are not passing through similar troubles at present, the reason simply is, that the Pope is biding his time. When the hour arrives for taking action, it is quite certain that Rome will move. Present silence and quiescence are not proofs of permanent security. The claim may for good reasons be in abeyance at the moment, but the fact that it is on record is a standing menace to the nations.

This claim to temporal domination is made to rest on the

personal infallibility of the Pontiff, a doctrine which for seven centuries has been again and again stated by individuals, but was first raised in 1870 by the Vatican Council to the dignity of an article of faith. 'If the spiritual power can define with 'a divine certainty its own limits,' says Dr. Manning, 'it is 'evidently supreme.' The 'divine certainty' thus made to be the basis of the supremacy, is evidently the infallibility. But the dogma, and the claim resting on the dogma, have also important bearings on the attitude, that all who accept them as true are henceforth to hold in relation to the civil government of the countries in which they reside. The relation of the whole matter to the civil allegiance of Roman Catholics, is a subject that well deserves attention, and which recently has had attention called to it by Mr. Gladstone, in those powerful pamphlets, which for months past have stimulated the thoughts and opinions of every political and ecclesiastical circle in the nation.

History shows that there is nothing new in the Pope's asserting a right to dominion over civil governments, and in his undertaking to loose subjects from allegiance to princes who declined to carry out his orders. The claim to supremacy over kings and governments is as old at least as Gregory VII. and Boniface VIII. ; and Pius V. in the sixteenth century loosed England from its allegiance to Queen Elizabeth ; but for years past these powers had not, for various reasons, been offensively asserted, and the world was beginning to believe, that even the Papacy itself had been modified to some extent by the broader culture and more tolerant spirit of the age. The Pontificate of Pius the IX. has laid that hope to rest. The Syllabus has rudely awakened the public to the real state of the case. The Vatican Council has confirmed the impression. No claim to domination put forward there, ever is withdrawn. No power ever exercised, appears there as defunct. On the contrary the decree of infallibility, extending to every *ex cathedrâ* or official declaration of dead pontiffs, has given validity and freshness to every privilege claimed, and to every power exercised in the past ; and everything that the world knows of the feeling pervading the authorities of the Romish Church, deepens the conviction, that the one thing wanting to call these old claims and powers into active exercise is a favourable opportunity of doing so with effect. Not only so, but for the first time in history a new disturbing element is cast into the midst. Now for the first time a dangerous and terrible power is put into the hands of a single man, in virtue of which he can at any moment call upon all the Catholic subjects of a State to take sides either for God or for Government.

Roman Catholics and Protestants in this matter stand in a very different position. With Protestants, nothing is infallible except God, and men inspired to speak the mind of God. Infallibility, so far as persons are concerned, died out of the world when the last apostle fell asleep. The Scriptures are the record and remnants of that infallibility; but the interpretation of that record is subject to all the fallibility which attaches to its fallible interpreters. No man or body of men, however wise or intelligent, can under the present dispensation add a single line to the sum total of infallibility contained in the Old and New Testaments. But Roman Catholics in general hold a very different opinion. With them, infallibility has never passed away. It is an attribute, not of prophets and apostles only, but of the Church, living and active in the world, throughout all ages. They believe in the infallibility of œcumenical councils with the Pope at their head, as being the legitimate constituted representatives of the Church. What the recent Council has done is not to assert the doctrine of infallibility for the first time, but to assert and decree that the same infallibility, which Christ conferred on His Church in all ages, belongs to the Pope individually when he speaks *ex cathedrâ* on matters pertaining to faith or morals. So that the great change inaugurated by the Vatican, is that instead of the infallibility of a General Council, we have now got the infallibility of a man, and this no longer as a private opinion, received more or less generally by Roman Catholics, but as an article of faith which every member of the communion is bound to receive. It is mere trifling to say with some, that there is no obligation upon a Roman Catholic to accept the dogma, because the decree was proclaimed by the Pope with the approbation of the Council. That is technically true no doubt, and supplies a small crevice by which an agile conscience may escape from an unpleasant obligation; but it is no less a fact that of the 533 members present at the last solemn session of the Council, all voted publicly in its favour except two, and every bishop throughout the whole Church has since accepted it with more or less cordiality. It is in reality the decree of the Council and of the whole Romish Church, as much as any decree of any council which ever assembled.

Let us next inquire how the allegiance of the subject to the civil power is affected by the Protestant and the Romish opinions respectively. To a Protestant the only thing on earth that approaches infallibility is, as we have said, the Bible. That book is found in the clearest terms to enjoin upon men to honour the king, to be subject to the higher powers, to obey the

law. In no case does it sanction disobedience on the part of the subject, except as a last resort, when the State systematically and persistently outrages justice in dealing with the life and property of the people, or when earthly rulers say to men that they must not perform under any circumstances what God clearly enjoins them to do. If the State in its folly shall say to the preacher of the Gospel you must preach this doctrine of ours, and not that which you think Christ has commissioned you to preach, or you must worship in this particular form and not in that which you think is sanctioned by God, the Bible authorizes us to say to the ruler who thus oversteps his province—‘O king, we are not careful to obey thee in this matter:’ ‘we must obey God rather than man.’ Should the State command us to do what the Scriptures clearly forbid, or what a conscience enlightened and guided by the Scriptures would certainly condemn us for doing, in such a case we must, in obedience to the higher authority of God, and with a solemn sense of the responsibility attaching to such a course, firmly decline to obey, and like the primitive Christians, who refused to renounce Christ and worship idols at the call of the Pagan magistrates, submit to the consequences. But under a moderately wise and judicious government, such things will seldom happen. In ignorant and intolerant ages, cases have no doubt occurred when human edicts have run counter to divine laws, and good men, in obedience to the written word, have felt themselves compelled by conscience to assume an attitude of resistance to civil authority; but under enlightened rulers, who have a moderate respect for Christianity, examples of this kind are rare. In fact, we believe that they never occur, except in cases where Christians have voluntarily come under obligations to the State in order to obtain certain advantages, and where the State which confers these advantages insists upon it, properly enough, that they shall fulfil their part of the contract. On the other hand, when the civil authorities command men, in fulfilment of their duties as citizens, to perform acts not forbidden by the law of God, every enlightened Protestant admits that under such circumstances obedience is a duty. The State has this guarantee for the allegiance of its Protestant subjects, that the leading principles that are to guide rulers and ruled in their duty are all written in the Bible; eighteen centuries have not added to them in the smallest matter; no century yet to come will add a single infallible sentence to what is there written; and consequently, if the rulers govern in the line of Divine revelation, no man on Protestant principles is allowed to step in at his pleasure between the governor

and the governed for the purpose of breaking old relations, establishing new obligations, or setting the consciences of men at variance with the civil authority which they are bound to obey.

But over and above the infallibility of the Bible, a Roman Catholic holds by the infallibility of the Church, as the interpreter of Scripture, and the guide of human conscience. That doctrine, however unauthorized we may think it, did not practically interfere to any great extent in past times with the civil allegiance of the laity. It was always difficult to know what the Church said on any matter, and still more so to determine who was entitled to speak in her name, whether the Father, a General Council, or the Pope. The majority perhaps were of opinion that a General Council, speaking with the approval of the Pope, was fairly representative of the Church at large, and that the decisions of such a council were infallible. But it was always found upon trial that it was difficult to assemble such a council, more difficult to keep its members together after they had assembled, and most difficult of all to persuade them to do the thing that was required, no less and no more. Only nineteen or twenty of such councils have met since the origin of Christianity. Most of them sat only for a few months; some only for a few days; and a very few, by proroguing their sessions, extended over years. After all, it was found that they could agree upon a few doctrinal and ecclesiastical matters only; and that in the onward march of human affairs their decisions were almost out of date as soon as they were pronounced. They had not much time or inclination to interfere in the political business of States; they usually found their own affairs quite enough to occupy their time. For these reasons General Councils rarely, if ever, stepped in between the rulers and the ruled, and the civil governments were seldom under the necessity of resisting their interference. The result is, that the civil allegiance of subjects has never been affected to any very appreciable extent by the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church as lodged in a General Council.

But as it appears to us, the case is entirely altered now, when the infallibility is lodged, not in a body of bishops, drawn from all parts of the Church, and meeting on an average once in a century, but in an individual, whose every official utterance on what he pronounces to be a question of faith or morals is held to be as certain as the voice of God, and when every member of the Romish Church is bound to believe that dogma on pain of anathema. The Pope, like the sovereign, never dies; when

the chair is left vacant for a moment, the successor is at the door. He directs a keen eye to every government, and has his emissaries in every nation, keeping guard over all lands in the interests of the Papacy. In past ages the Pontiff has meddled in the civil affairs of almost every civilized country in the world. History shows that he does not think it beyond the limits of his power to appoint kings, to depose emperors, to loose subjects from their allegiance, to interfere in questions of education, marriage, and divorce, to claim immunity for his clergy from taxation and from criminal trials, to order and to countermand military expeditions—to act in every way exactly as he might be expected to do, if he was sovereign of the earth, and all kings and emperors his vassals. But in past ages, no king, except it suited his own interests, was very careful to give ear to the fallible head of an infallible church; even a devout prince, except he saw some profit in the affair, was not too ready to obey, for the Vicar of Christ was after all subject to mistakes, and obedience to him, however praiseworthy in itself, was not an essential to salvation.

But matters are changed indeed, when a General Council has made the personal infallibility of the Pope, which no Roman Catholic was bound to believe up till the 18th of July, 1870, an article of faith divinely revealed. This puts a new weapon in the Pontiff's hands, which, however ambitious he may have been, he could never before draw from the sheath. Now he can draw, wield, and strike home in a moment. He is no longer under necessity to take counsel with any but himself; and when a critical moment arrives in the history of a nation he can strike in suddenly with stunning force. He can speak to his own people at the moment when he wishes to speak, with the authority of God. The temptation henceforth to meddle in the politics of nations will be irresistible, now that the power of making himself so formidable is thus largely increased. In the civil affairs of kingdoms his voice will be heard more frequently. There are few departments of legislation or civil administration which do not impinge upon the domain of faith and morals; and, therefore, *ex cathedra* declarations of the Infallible will henceforth grow numerous, and secretly influence legislators, if not judges, in the discharge of their duties. Soured by the loss of his own temporal dominion in Italy, he will find more and more occasion to push his spiritual authority to the utmost, and to make the nations feel that though he has ceased to be a king he is a power nevertheless. He cannot, in the nature of things, be expected now to consult too anxiously for the welfare of kings and for the stability of nations, some of which, in their heretical

pravity, refuse to yield him spiritual homage; and therefore he will be sure, as years pass on, to intervene without leave, in order to guide their action, to diminish their power, and to embarrass their movements, when, by so doing, he can strengthen his own position, or advance the general interests of the Papacy.

Now, so long as the civil government and the Pope shall both move in one line and act in one direction, it is quite possible for a good Catholic to believe in the infallibility, and at the same time to be loyal to the throne. If the Pope shall either decline to meddle directly in the political affairs of a nation, or shall content himself, through his adherents, with taking no more than constitutional action, and with influencing the government in the usual legitimate fashion, there is nothing to prevent the Catholic subjects of the State going on for centuries loyal to the sovereign and devout believers in the great dogma of the Vatican. This is the case at present in our own country. For two centuries the Pope has not interfered with the British Government, any further than by guiding and directing such members of the community as adhere to him in the use of their political power, and using the great influence which their numbers give them in advancing the interests of their faith. Owing to this cause, a Roman Catholic citizen is, for anything that the public know to the contrary, as loyal to the Crown at present as any Protestant in the realm. Dr. Manning and Dr. Newman both say that they are loyal to both powers, and we fully believe them. So long as matters go on in the same way, there is nothing that we can see to prevent a Roman Catholic in future from being at once loyal to the Queen and faithful to the Pope.

But matters may soon, it is obvious, undergo a very serious change. The Pope may, at any moment, issue an *ex cathedrâ* judgment, which runs in direct opposition to the interests of the Crown and Government. Let us suppose, for instance, that there goes forth from the Pontifical Chair the edict that it is a Christian duty for every Catholic to *decline the oath of allegiance* in existing circumstances, and to *take up arms, if necessary, and drive an heretical monarch from the throne*. Such an edict is not indeed likely to be issued, mainly because it is very well known that it must fail in its object, and bring upon its authors punishment and disgrace; but a man has read history with little attention, if he does not know that many edicts in the past have issued from Rome, not less unjust and not less improbable. But supposing that, for any cause, the Pope should issue such an order, in what position would a good Roman Catholic find

himself then? Duty to the Pope would lead him in one way; duty to the Queen would lead him in another. Can any man doubt the course that would be taken by one who means what he says, and who says that 'He is a Catholic first, and an Englishman afterwards?'

But we may be told this is an impossible case. Here is another then. Let us suppose the Pope to speak of a Roman Catholic State, which had recently adopted a republican constitution, and to remonstrate *against* a law proposing to enact 'that immigrants to that country might have *the public exercise of their worship* whatever it was.' Suppose him further to say: 'Nor must we pass over in silence that, by the new constitution of that republic, enacted in these recent times, among other things, the *right also of free education is defended*, and liberty of all kinds is given unto all, so that each person may *even print and publish his thoughts*, and all kinds of monstrous portents of opinion, and *profess privately and publicly whatever worship he pleases*.' And suppose he should go on to say to his Cardinals: 'You assuredly see, venerable brothers, how *horrible and sacrilegious a war is proclaimed against the Catholic Church* by the rulers of the republic.' And suppose him to end by saying: 'We raising, with apostolic liberty, our pastoral voice, in this your most illustrious assembly, do censure, condemn, and *declare utterly null and void* all the aforesaid decrees which have been there enacted by the *civil* power.' But the fact is, that this is no bare possibility—it is an actual occurrence. The language quoted is that of an Allocution, pronounced by Pius IX. on the 27th of September, 1852, and published in the *Tablet* on the 6th of November following, in regard to the republic of New Grenada;* and it is this Allocution on which Dr. Newman makes the following singular comment: 'The Pope *merely* told that Government that that act [allowing immigrants the public exercise of their worship—see 'Syllabus,' Prop. 78], and other acts which they had committed, gave him very great pain; that he had expected better things of them; that the way they went on was all of a piece; and that they had his best prayers.'† This comment may no doubt be capable of some 'pious interpretations' not apparent to any but the *schola theologorum*; but to us it seems that the Pope, in that Allocution, said something more than this; he told them that for a State to allow foreigners, coming to reside in a Catholic State, the liberty of worshipping God in their own way, and to grant to its own subjects the right of free education,

* See *The Catholic Layman* for 1853, p. 19.

† 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk,' p. 87.

liberty of the press, and freedom of worship, was to proclaim horrible war against the Catholic Church; and he took it on himself not only to condemn, but to declare null and void, these decrees of the civil power. Now what has been done in regard to the State of New Grenada in our own time, might be done in regard to the State of Great Britain, provided the circumstances were favourable. Suppose such an Allocution to go forth against the Acts of the Imperial Parliament, and the Pope to declare free education, liberty of worship, and the freedom of the press in this country, dangerous to faith and morals, and hostile to the Catholic Church, and to pronounce the laws securing them to us to be null and void, we would wish to know what then would be the attitude of all who believe in the infallibility of the Pontiffs to the civil law and to the Queen's Government, as well as towards those precious privileges which, bought at a great cost, are now the birthright and the dearest possession of every citizen in this great and happy country?

There can be no doubt, therefore, that the relationship towards Government of any man, who accepts as true the dogma of the Vatican Council, is not what it was before. He may boast, and boast truly, that he is as loyal to the Crown to-day as he ever was, and in certain circumstances his loyalty may be lasting as his life. But it is true, notwithstanding, that with his own consent a man—an infallible man—has been set over him, who at any moment may step between his earthly sovereign and himself, and tell him that he is not to obey the Crown at the peril of the salvation of his soul. Most men would, no doubt, prefer both if they could, but if the Infallible assure a man that obedience to the throne involves the loss of the soul, and disobedience to the throne is everlasting life and reward, it is easy to see what a devout spirit, ambitious of notoriety and martyrdom, who believes what the Vicar of Christ enjoins, is likely to do. Of course he will not fail to be 'a Catholic first, 'and an Englishman afterwards.' Before the personal infallibility became an article of faith, a man who declined to obey the Pope could flatter himself with the hope that a General Council, speaking the mind of the Church, might sustain him in his resistance, and take a different view of the case. But the Vatican dogma cuts that ground from under his feet. Is it wise, therefore, for any man, by accepting that decree, to put himself wilfully in a position where his liberty is in the hands of another, and where a man, over whom he has no control, and over whom, unfortunately, the Church itself has now no control, and who has interests of his own apart from those of the individual believer, can compel him, at the peril of his

eternal hopes, to enter on a line of action certain in the end to be attended with the most fatal results? Why should any man voluntarily take up ground, the result of which must be that at any moment when another chooses he must either prove unfaithful to his Sovereign and disobey the law, or else disobey the Infallible and forfeit salvation?

It is no answer to allege that the thing supposed is impossible, that no circumstances can ever occur when the State will bid men go in one direction, and the Pope bid them go in the opposite direction at the same time. Such cases have occurred; they may occur, and in countries where Catholicism is the established religion, there is every probability that they may often occur. When absolute power is entrusted to an individual, there is always danger. He may turn out to be a very wise man, and in that case the community is tolerably safe. But he may prove to be a weak, a foolish, a rash, or an obstinate man; and for objects of his own he may run in the face of all advice, and issue an *ex cathedra* declaration which may set every conscientious Catholic in hostility to the civil government. Dr. Newman, in his remarkable pamphlet which touches so many interesting topics with a master's hand, remarks:—‘Till there comes to us a special direct command ‘from the Pope to oppose our country, we need not be said to ‘have “placed our loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of ‘another.”’ But suppose such a command to come, who would be the victims? And are not men at the mercy of that other man who can make them victims when it suits himself? No amount of acuteness and dexterity can ever turn Mr. Gladstone's main position, that he who accepts the dogma of Papal Infallibility relinquishes command of himself and puts himself at the will of another, who may, for purposes of his own, call upon him to act in open hostility to his country.

Consistency may be a virtue, and no doubt is when a man's principles are sound and reasonable; but the fact is, that, in this erring world, the inconsistency of individuals is often the gain of humanity. Few men comparatively live up to their opinions, be those opinions what they may. Men who believe in the moral obligation of the Divine law have been known to break almost every commandment in the Decalogue. Clergymen who once preached the Divine right of kings and the duty of passive obedience, have been known under provocation to throw away the surplice, and to aid in driving a tyrant from the throne. Men, who in past ages professed to believe in the infallibility of the Church and of General Councils, have been found as ready as other men to condemn something that the Church and the

Councils said and did. Lord Acton, in his powerful letter, has given some celebrated instances of an inconsistency that is worthy of all commendation. Now we cannot believe, however pernicious the aim of the Ultramontanes, that they can succeed in eradicating the principles of human nature, and in imparting to their own adherents a consistency of action beyond what men have exhibited in past ages. If they could, the world might well be alarmed, and human freedom tremble at the prospects opening before it. But as it has been in the past, so it will be in the future. With the bulk of Roman Catholics the infallibility of the Pontiff is likely to remain an abstract theory, destined never to be acted out to its legitimate results, except by converts, who, knowing that their sincerity is suspected, think to convince the world by a superfluity of zeal, and by maniacs smitten with the insatiable thirst of winning, at any cost, the crown of martyrdom. The Vatican Council may affirm what it pleases, and the Roman Curia may do its utmost to stir the embers of disaffection and rebellion against kings and governments which refuse to take its orders, but the great Roman Catholic masses of the community, while they would never think of perilling their salvation by doubting as to whether the Pope could, by any possibility, make a mistake, will think twice before they take a step which may irreparably damage their temporal interests, and when called on to act against the Crown, in the interests of the Pontiff, will quietly abide in their tents. The denial of the infallibility may involve an evil, but it is spiritual, unseen, distant; and perhaps they might see, if they had a little more knowledge, that it is no evil at all; whereas the consequences of treason and rebellion are at the door, and look a man broadly in the face. So long as loyalty is the best means of securing one's temporal prosperity and happiness, believers in infallibility, especially under a strong government, may always be trusted for unfaltering allegiance to the throne. Fanatics there have been, and there may be, but fortunately their numbers are not large at any one time; the great majority of Ultramontanes may therefore be safely trusted without exciting alarm in others, to do in their own way what they count best both for this world and the world to come. If any man wants to know how to keep in terms with the Church, and yet to believe of the dogma no more than he pleases, Dr. Newman will show him the way.

Though the general community may thus derive some comfort from a philosophic consideration of the very inconsistencies of human nature, civil rulers may not relax their vigilance and caution. Of the elasticity of Roman principles, the recent con-

troversy has supplied us with a memorable example. In the 'Pastoral Address of the Romish Hierarchy of Ireland,' dated January 25, 1826, it is stated in Article 11:—'They declare on oath their belief that it is not an article of the Catholic faith, neither are they required to believe that the Pope is infallible.'*

Mr. Martin Archer Shee has shown that a protestation was drawn up in 1788, and signed by the four Vicars Apostolic, and by most of the Catholic clergy and laity of England, in which they declare without any qualification, 'We acknowledge no infallibility in the Pope.'†

But now Dr. Manning, the most prominent representative of Ultramontanism in this country, has published to the world the following statements:—'In proof of my assertion I add—
'1. That the infallibility of the Pope was a doctrine of Divine faith before the Vatican Council was held. . . . 2. That the Vatican Council simply declared an old truth, and made no new dogma.'‡

This is an illustration how a church that boasts of being unchanged and unchangeable, can with such marvellous elasticity assert to-day what it yesterday denied, and how closely and carefully the words of ecclesiastics, who put themselves forward to expound its principles, require to be construed. Civil rulers in dealing with men who can employ the English language to express such delicate refinements of thought, will find the ordinary rules of diplomacy at fault, and must take pains to detect the idea which lies hidden deep down underneath the apparently plainest of verbal representations. Besides, Rome knows how to wait. Infallibility is a theory, which it would seem nobody at the Vatican intends at present to turn into action.§ The Pontiff may now say to the nations in the words

* 'The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance,' p. 31.

† Mr. Shee's 'Letter to the *Times*,' dated Nov. 19, 1874.

‡ 'Letter to *New York Herald*,' dated Nov. 6, 1874.

§ Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, thinks it incredible that Mr. Gladstone should raise the question of the Vatican decrees and civil allegiance, after his writing from Rome to the distinguished statesman that 'there was no intention in *any act or decree of the Council* to invade the civil sphere.' Could Dr. Ullathorne give a guarantee that the Pope has no such intention, and that his successors will have no such intention? Could he say what the Pope admits to belong to the sphere purely civil? Except he is authorized to give some definite assurance on such points, most persons will prefer to form their opinions from the *acts and writings* of Popes and Councils rather than from their *intentions*. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone remembered the declarations of the Irish Prelates against the infallibility, and had learned 'that no pledge from Catholics is of any value to which Rome is not a party.'

of Him, whose servant he professes to be, 'This is your hour 'and the power of darkness.' But let a nation grow weak, and let its rulers become embarrassed, it may find to its cost that the infallibility is something more than a theory. Beyond all doubt, that is the moment which the Vatican will take to demand and to exact submission, and also the time when every Catholic subject of the realm will be most strictly conscientious and most warm in devotion to the see of St. Peter. Let it not be forgotten, therefore, that it is only a strong government, able to meet all its enemies in the gate, which can count with confidence on the inconsistency of its subjects. A weak government must not presume on such a thing. There is no potentate in Christendom who requires to be more carefully watched than a Power, which however innocent and helpless it may appear, still claims to define with infallible certainty the limits of its own sphere; and which, though it has in past ages deposed kings, excommunicated prime ministers, loosed subjects from their allegiance, and set law at defiance when it saw occasion, now assumes the look of meek and injured innocence, but still pronounces it sin to say that the Pope has ever usurped the rights of princes or exceeded the limits of his authority.*

The Free Protestant Churches of Christendom have sometimes been charged with holding principles substantially at one with the Ultramontanes in regard to the relationship of Church and State, and with claiming for the Church certain powers which if granted would denude the State of its legitimate authority. Dr. Manning has ventured the assertion that some of the Scottish churches hold opinions in this matter identical with his own. Individuals may no doubt have occasionally expressed opinions in regard to the extent of Church power, which could not be very well defended; but on behalf of all the Free Protestant Churches—English, Scottish, and American—we think they are unanimous, or nearly so, in holding, *first*, that Church and State are two entirely distinct and separate jurisdictions; *secondly*, that the ecclesiastical rulers are under God as much bound to act within the sphere of the spiritual, as the authorities of the State are to act within the sphere of the civil; and, *thirdly*, that the Church has no more right to direct the State in its temporal affairs, than the State has to lord it over the Church in spiritual matters. Instead of claiming for the Church, as Dr. Manning does, the absolute right to define the limits of the sphere in which she is to act, and thus to limit the action of the State at her pleasure, the Free Protestant Churches claim no jurisdiction over the State in any civil matter

* 'Syllabus,' Proposition 23.

whatever ; they merely assert their right to carry out without disturbance the objects for which a church exists, as they think that God in the Scriptures directs to be done ; and they say, that, in matters where the civil and the spiritual overlap, each power is to decide the matter in its own way in a spirit of forbearance and charity, and that neither should wantonly trespass on the domain of the other, or assume a jurisdiction which does not rightfully belong to it. If both powers were scrupulously to act on these principles, they would seldom come into unpleasant collision. The doctrine of the Free Churches on the subject is not materially different from that stated in a printed memorial, signed by various Catholic Bishops of the minority, and addressed to the Presidents of the late Vatican Council, in which they say :—

‘ The Popes have deposed emperors and kings ; and Boniface VIII., in the Bull “ *Unam Sanctam*,” has established the corresponding theory, which the Popes openly taught down to the seventeenth century under anathema, that God has committed to them power over temporal things. But we, and almost all bishops of the Catholic world, teach another doctrine. We teach that the ecclesiastical power is indeed higher than the civil, but that each is independent of the other ; and that while sovereigns are subject to the spiritual penalties of the Church, she has no power to depose them or absolve their subjects from their oaths of allegiance. And this is the ancient doctrine, taught by all the Fathers and by the Popes before Gregory VII.’

The same memorialists, as if anticipating Mr. Gladstone’s pamphlet, expostulate with the Council in the following words :—

‘ But if the Pope, according to the Bull “ *Unam Sanctam*,” possessed both swords—if, according to Paul IV.’s Bull “ *Cum ex apostolatus officio*,” he had absolute dominion, by Divine right, over nations and kingdoms—the Church could not conceal this from her people ; nor is the subterfuge admissible, that this power exists only in the abstract, and has no bearing on public affairs, and that Pius has no intention of deposing rulers and princes ; for the objectors would at once scornfully reply, “ We have no fear of papal decrees ; but after many and various dissimulations, it has at last become evident that every Catholic, who acts according to his professed belief, is a born enemy of the State, for he holds himself bound in conscience to do all in his power to reduce all kingdoms and nations into subjection to the Pope.” ’ *

The minority at the Vatican may not have been prophets altogether, and yet they predicted what has now been assuredly fulfilled.

* ‘ Quirinus,’ Letter xlii. p. 490.

So long as Church and State can be satisfied each to do its own work in its own way without needlessly interfering with the other, they can exist in the same country harmoniously enough ; it is only when the Church is raised to the position of an Establishment that there occurs much risk of discomfort and collision. If the Church can be persuaded to surrender its self-action, and resign the management of its own affairs into the hands of the State, and carry out the orders of the temporal power, in order that it may enjoy the worldly advantages of State support, all things move forward smoothly. But when the Christian society thus patronized, awakes to the remembrance that it has a King and Master of its own, to whom it owes a higher allegiance than to man, and while grasping firmly all the profits of State connection, begins to think and act independently, a collision is imminent, the end of which must be a disruption of the union between the two powers, or else the victory of the one accompanied by the degradation of the other.

Occasion for such collisions is never wanting. Questions are constantly arising in daily life, civil in one aspect, spiritual in another, which each power is naturally anxious to have decided finally in its own way ; and, in employing means to accomplish its end, either body may act in a way so aggressive and offensive as to leave to the other no option but resistance. Besides, if the truth must be told, both jurisdictions are only too fond of making encroachments on each other. Each undertakes to fix the limits of its own sphere, and that of necessity implies that it shall fix the limits of its neighbour. The tendency of Cæsarism is to dominate in the temporal and spiritual ; the tendency of Ultramontanism is to dominate in the spiritual and temporal. But so long as each power shall claim, first, to rule in its own domain, and then in that of its rival also, conflict is inevitable. So long as States shall assume authority to give legal sanction to articles of faith, to appoint clergy to office, to decide religious questions in civil courts, to control ecclesiastical discipline, and to legislate generally in spiritual matters ; and so long as churches, on the other hand, shall continue to claim temporal dominion over large territories, to send legates to foreign governments, to call upon kings to use the sword at their command, to depose rulers, to loose subjects from their allegiance, to insist upon civil immunities for the clergy, and to dictate to governments in any matter which they choose to say touches on faith or duty—so long as the two powers shall continue thus designedly and persistently to cross each other's path, nothing need be expected except collision and strife.

How far the spirit which was dominant at the recent Council is calculated to excite the jealousy of civil governments and is responsible for the state of affairs which now exists in Germany and Switzerland, will be evident from the following passage of the Bull '*Unam Sanctam*,' which gives expression to the civil supremacy claimed by the church, and which, as Dr. Manning informs us, 'contains no more' than Ultramontaniam:—

'There are two swords, the spiritual and temporal. . . . Both are in the power of the Church, the material to be used on behalf of the Church, but the spiritual to be used by the Church itself. The spiritual sword is the priest's; but the material sword belongs to kings and soldiers, who are to use it at the command and by the permission of the priest. It is becoming that the one sword be under the other, and that the temporal authority be subject to the spiritual. . . . For, as the truth testifies, the spiritual power institutes the earthly, and decides whether it is well exercised. . . . If the earthly power errs, it is judged by the spiritual; but if the spiritual err, it is judged by its own superior—by God alone. . . . To resist the spiritual power, therefore, is to resist the ordinance of God, unless we falsely say, with the Manicheans, that there are two first principles. . . . Wherefore, to every human creature we declare, assert, define, and pronounce, that it is entirely essential to salvation to be subject to the Pope of Rome' (subesse Romano Pontifici).*

Remembering that this Bull clearly asserts the subjection of the civil to the spiritual authority, that Dr. Manning says it *contains no more* than Ultramontaniam, that it is the *ex cathedra* declaration of an infallible man who, according to the Syllabus, has never exceeded the limits of his power, we need not feel surprised that every civil government in the world is now fully alive to the ultimate aims and objects of the Vatican—aims and objects which, to do the party justice, it is no longer at pains to conceal.

Were the State to surrender to the Church of Rome the supremacy which its hierarchy claim, consequences would speedily result from which civilized society would recoil with horror. 'The material sword,' says Pope Boniface in the passage already quoted, 'is to be used for the Church, and to be wielded at the command and by the permission of the priest.' The Inquisition, with its dark secrets, and with its horrible story of blood and death, lurks underneath that sentence. The theory of course is that the Church does not murder the heretic. She is too holy thus to defile her hands: she merely hands him over to the civil power, who is to fill the office of executioner, and let the Church see her desire on her enemies. The magis-

* '*Extravag. Commun.*,' lib. i. tit. viii. cap. i.

trate is thus made the hangman of the priest. The result, fruitful in deeds of darkness and crime, is no secret to one who is familiar with the extermination of the Albigenses of Toulouse in the thirteenth century, the crusades against the Vaudois, and the proceedings of the Order of St. Dominic in the Netherlands, Spain, and Italy. In the interests of humanity, not to speak of religion, it is to be hoped that no civil government will ever again consent to accept a position where it shall be obliged, at the beck of an intolerant priest, to hunt down its own subjects like so many wild beasts for no offence except error, or supposed error, of belief, and to perform the ignominious task of both capturing the victim and gathering the faggots for the flame. But if the principle, that the sword of the king and of the soldier is to be wielded at the order of the priest, is admitted as the maxim of infallibility, the servant cannot well refuse to smite when the master gives the command.

Every State throughout the world in which the Romish religion is established or tolerated, is put more or less into a difficulty by the Decree of the Vatican. The sphere of faith and morals to which that decree extends, is so very comprehensive, that a very little ingenuity can, as is well known, make it include almost everything in the life of man or in the affairs of a nation. The infallibility that it affirms, extends to all the Popes of past ages, and gives new force to all their Bulls, Allocutions, and official declarations, from those of Siricius down to Pio Nono. It is prospective, as well as retrospective; there is no *ex cathedrâ* statement, however absurd or extravagant, that a Pope may choose to utter in future, that the reception of the Vatican decree does not prepare men by anticipation for hailing as the voice of God. How the power of pronouncing infallible decisions may be exercised in future, may be judged of from the fact that the present Pope has already in the Syllabus condemned as errors the non-intervention of a civil government in the quarrels of foreign nations, the separation of Church and State, and the toleration of different forms of faith in a Catholic country.* Dr. Newman has plied all his intellectual skill in a futile attempt to diminish the force of this fact; but the fact remains, when he has done his best. No man knows what new article of faith, or what new declaration on duty, the Pope may issue at any future time; but no matter what, a Roman Catholic, on pain of sacrilege and heresy, is bound to accept it when it comes as the voice of the Infallible, and consequently the revealed will of God. If a State shall now accept the dogma of the Vatican, it cannot at a future day

* See Propositions 62, 55, and 78.

consistently resist any ecclesiastical demand whatever ; for if it should, it may be reasonably charged with resisting what itself once admitted to be the voice of the Almighty, and no arrow in the Church's quiver will be found too keen to avenge the insult and the outrage.

Foreseeing that temporary acquiescence is only the postponement of a quarrel, that infallibility will force forward some day, and do so at a time perhaps when she is not so strong as now, Germany has taken up the gauntlet thrown down by the Vatican, and in the interest of the nation, as opposed to the Church, has passed the Falck laws. Following the precedent of the Council, which by giving official sanction to a new article of faith, has in some degree altered the conditions of connection between the civil and spiritual powers, the State in its turn has exercised its privilege of altering the conditions. It is not comfortable for either party, when the Church on the one side assumes an attitude which threatens the State with a supremacy that history and experience prove to be simply intolerable, and the State on the other hand seems to be experimenting as if to discover what amount of spiritual torture the Church will consent to endure before it shall relinquish the temporalities with which it is invested by law. There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church in Germany feels the Falck laws to be very burdensome and oppressive. But it ought to be prepared for the disagreeable drawbacks with which the advantages of State connection are accompanied in every land. It should remember, too, that at the Vatican Council the Church threw the first stone, and that retaliation usually follows provocation. If two bodies enter into connection, and one of them exercises in its own interest the privilege of altering the conditions of union, it is not reasonable in it to complain, should the other in its own interest exercise the same right and improve upon the example.

Suffering, however, is not always alleviated by such sober reflections. But we may venture to suggest that when the discomforts of State connection accumulate, and when remonstrance, protest, and even the voice of indignant complaint all fail to bring relief, there is at least one remedy which never fails a persecuted church, and which it can take without the leave of its haughty oppressor ; it can resign all advantages of union with the State, and begin the world afresh. But we forget—even this last remedy is of no avail to a church which has surrendered her freedom, and has the dead weight of infallibility hanging about her neck. The Syllabus ranks the separation of Church and State among the great errors of modern society, and the Archbishop of Westminster, who as an

obedient son of the Pope believes as he is bidden, pronounces 'a free Church in a free State' an impossible theory. The misfortune of the German Catholics is that they cannot voluntarily adopt a remedy which infallibility has already condemned; they must therefore hold on till the State either casts off their Church, or succeeds in breaking it up. With their own hands the Vatican bishops tied the knot, and now they themselves cannot loose it. They were well warned of the consequences. Time, we doubt not, will eventually put an end to the difficulty; but meanwhile they can count on very little sympathy outside their own party, when they complain of hardships which they clearly foresaw, but did not choose to avoid. Samson may be pitied for the loss of his eyes; but he is not entitled to much commiseration if he pull down the house upon his own head.

ART. VII.—*Mr. Gladstone's Retirement from the Liberal Leadership.*

ON the 11th of January last, Mr. Gladstone addressed to Lord Granville a letter announcing his final determination to retire from the leadership of the Liberal party. The event was not unexpected. The vague anticipation of such a step on the part of Mr. Gladstone had for a considerable time kept the Liberal party, and to some extent the whole political world, in a state of suspense and disquietude. For at least a year before the date of his letter, an impatience, an eccentricity, an impulsive and desultory vehemence, had been discernible in Mr. Gladstone's political movements, which suggested that, in the capacity of Liberal leader, he had lost that 'steadiness' which Garibaldi pronounces the distinguishing characteristic of antique Romans and of modern Englishmen.

The first of those sudden and startling demonstrations by which he perplexed his party and diffused a vague foreboding of change was his Income Tax dissolution. In the chill days of mid-winter, 1873-74, when mortals crept about in the fog, and political speculation, drowsily hybernating, was confined to the mildest prognostications as to the coming session, the decree of dissolution of Parliament came upon us almost as surprisingly and disagreeably as would have been a thunderbolt emerging from the mist. Those whose trust in Mr. Gladstone was most implicit, whose faith in the comprehensiveness of his powers and the stability of his character was greatest, were most of all perplexed. Calmly reviewing the situation, these Liberals—and we do not scruple to take our own

place in the number—saw no reason why their leader should be discouraged, or why he should feel himself impelled to any unusual, desperate, or irregular course. His Administration had been the most powerful, the most effective, the most triumphant that had ruled the empire in modern times. That so magnificent a display of reforming energy as had brought about a pacific revolution in Ireland, abolished purchase in the army, reduced the taxation and the debt, carried the ballot, curtailed the hours of drinking by night, and introduced the principle of compulsory education, should produce a certain amount of reaction, was inevitable. A few constituencies had elected Tories, but the Liberal majority was still firm. There was no department of the administration, if we except the foreign department, with reference to which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues might not have met Parliament fearlessly and proudly. What the world expected, therefore, and what above all was expected by those Liberals who were most confident in their leader, was that he would enter upon a new session, give a comprehensive account of his stewardship to the House and to the nation, arrange the business of the country so that all contingencies might be provided against, and then, with deliberation and dignity, dissolve Parliament. The suddenness of the decree of dissolution was, however, scarcely so bewildering to staunch and simple-minded Liberals as the one indication of a reason for the step by which it was accompanied. Mr. Gladstone called upon the people of England to give him a new lease of office, in order that he might abolish the income tax. The anti-climax from his appeal to the country at the general election which seated him in office was too marked not to provoke universal comment. The party which had made the air vibrate with its enthusiasm when called upon to disestablish the Irish Church, remained profoundly indifferent when called upon to reduce, by fourpence in the pound, the burden of taxation as borne by the richer portion of the population: ‘What can he mean?’ asked those Liberals for whom the name of Gladstone had been a political day-star for twenty years. At the time no distinct or trustworthy answer could be returned. But it subsequently became plain that it was not the abolition of the income tax in itself that Mr. Gladstone cared for; that he looked upon this as connected with a scheme of financial and administrative reform to be carried into effect throughout the counties of England; and that his appeal to the constituencies had essentially, as he meant and understood it, been a request that a new policy should be provided him, a new field afforded for the expatiation of his reforming energies. This appeared indu-

bitably from his explanations in Parliament when he was angrily interrogated as to the motive and significance of the dissolution. The repeal of the income tax was to have been for him an opening of the gates to admit a whole procession of reforms affecting local taxation and parochial and county government; but the vista along which his eye cast its far-seeing glance was veiled from the common observer. For our own part we believe that he erred, that his error consisted in supposing that, after such a term of office, it was necessary for him to have any new scheme of policy. He had a right to feel that he had in no sense or measure forfeited the allegiance of the Liberal party. A vein of modesty which lies deep in his nature, and which is associated at once with its finest nobleness and its most perilous weakness, prevented him from being altogether true to himself. He ought to have stood calmly on the past, awaited the decision of the country when he had conducted his Administration to the end of its natural term, and strengthened himself in 'that serene and unconquerable pride which no applause, no reprobation, can blind to its shortcoming or beguile of its reward.' Whether we are correct in this analysis of Mr. Gladstone's motives and purposes at the commencement of 1874 or are not, it is certain that the Liberal party was vexed and bewildered, that the course of the Premier was felt to be becoming meteoric and incalculable, and that the constituencies returned a Tory majority.

Mr. Disraeli was installed in office; but nothing had yet happened which, though it might perplex, was necessarily fitted to disconcert or to dishearten Liberals. The customary operations of English Government, as carried on by the instrumentality of party, are well understood. When one side has had its innings, the other takes its place before the wickets. It might be very fickle or very stupid on the part of the public, after witnessing the efficiency of the Liberal Administration, to like a change; but such fickleness and such stupidity are as much to be looked for, in the working of our political institutions, as the damp winds and choking fogs of our early spring are to be reckoned among the usual phenomena of our climate. There was no reason that could naturally suggest itself to a Liberal why Mr. Gladstone should not perform the very important duties which the leader of Her Majesty's Opposition has to perform in our constitutional system, and await the time when he might be again asked by the Queen to assume the reins of administration. It was not a tenable hypothesis that he could have lost heart and looked upon himself as ostracised from public life. Versed in the political history of his country, familiar with the law of action and

reaction in social and parliamentary affairs, aware that, whatever might be the estimate formed of the achievements of his Administration by political idealists, they were unparalleled in the political history of the century, Mr. Gladstone might be expected to look upon his own position as that of one who, in office or out of office, was a recognized constitutional ruler of the English nation. He had seen Lord Palmerston, after being suddenly turned out of office by a gust of popular displeasure, recalled to his seat and permitted to conduct a prosperous Administration to the end. Had Mr. Gladstone been actuated by the usual motives of the chiefs of political parties, he might have conducted the Opposition under eminently favourable and pleasant circumstances. Mr. Disraeli, though conscious of a powerful majority at his back, looked towards the Achilles tent with glances of timorous respect. Headstrong youngsters, in Mr. Disraeli's following, who ventured to cast a javelin in that direction, were sharply admonished by the Conservative Premier. The ablest colleagues of Mr. Disraeli were content to base their reputation on their having been docile, industrious, and intelligent pupils of Mr. Gladstone. He had around him a number of young and aspiring men, by no means disinclined to a period of opposition, who could brilliantly criticise the measures of Government; while the penetrating logic and biting sarcasm of Mr. Lowe and the consummate eloquence of Mr. Bright would throw lustre upon the party in great debates. Can we doubt that, under those circumstances, if only it had seemed good to Mr. Gladstone to remain at the head of the Liberals, he might have held a place of enviable power and distinction, and that the glories of his Administration might almost have been rivalled by the glories of his Opposition? Can we not affirm with confidence that the country would ere long have had misgivings as to the relative ability of the Tory Government and the Liberal Opposition, that the public would have seen that it had made a mistake, and that it would soon have been at the option of Mr. Gladstone to resume office?

Apart from the particular question whether Mr. Gladstone ought or ought not to have continued leader of the Opposition, it is of the highest importance, in relation to the general theory of constitutional government in Great Britain, that the duty of the Liberal party, as connected with the holding of office, should be distinctly understood. It is legitimate for any class in the community—the Nonconformists, the working class, or any other—to aim at special objects, and to make these the subject of political agitation. But to whatever class we may belong, and however keenly we may feel that the Legislature ought to remove some injustice under

which our part of the community may lie, it is the duty of all of us, as Englishmen, to rise out of the sphere of sectional interests, and to contemplate, as the supreme object of our political activity, the advantage of the empire as a whole. This advantage presents itself to Liberals in two aspects, or rather in two divisions. The first is that of improvement, of change, of organic reform. He is no true Liberal who does not feel that, when so enormous a concern has to be dealt with as the British Empire, it is in the last degree improbable that a day will ever dawn when reform will be complete and improvement at an end. At this moment the advantage of the nation requires disestablishment of the State Churches. It requires also the extension of electoral rights to householders in the counties, as well as the removal of glaring anomalies in the distribution of electoral power among existing constituencies. Such is the reforming, forward-looking aspect of Liberal patriotism. But there is another aspect of Liberal patriotism; there is a second advantage which the enlightened patriot ought to make it the object of his political activity to secure for his country. He ought to aspire to govern well; he ought to hold his party responsible for effective administration.

Few things surprise us more than the haste and heat with which clever writers, intent upon proposals of change, overlook the vital interest which the nation has in the vigorous carrying on of Her Majesty's Government. The human mind seems incapable of making room, at the same moment, for *two* ideas, even though the one may be required as the supplement of the other. We may grant that the essential definition of the Liberal party is that it is the reforming party; but is it not obvious that the reforms effected can be guarded, and can be secured free scope, fair play, and full operation, only by the retention of power by the party which carried them? It is an entirely irrational conception of constitutional government that the Liberals should always effect important reforms, and should then hand over the improved institutions to be worked by Tories. In the political province more conspicuously, we should say, than in any other, the maxim holds good, '*Palnam qui meruit ferat.*' We submit, besides, that the notion that Liberal administration and Tory administration are six of one and half-a-dozen of the other—that a Cabinet Minister ought to enter upon the management of a department, say of the army or navy or India, with his mind bare as a sheet of white paper as to all special knowledge,—is a trivial error of the hour, and derives no countenance from the practice of great Ministers or the history of great Administrations. Peel who, though hereditarily associated with the Tories, and though there was a trace of the

formality and the pomposity of Toryism in his composition, was in his deepest characteristics a Liberal, owed his position in his party and in Parliament to the comprehensive acquaintance he was known to have with all departments of the Government, and to his reputation as a consummate man of business. He inspired by his example and trained under his eye a band of recruits, whose hold upon the country and the House was due less to their powers in debate, splendid as these might be, than to their administrative ability and to their exhaustive knowledge of the business of departments. Sydney Herbert, Sir James Graham, Lord Cardwell, and Mr. Gladstone himself learned from Peel that one of the chief ambitions of a young statesman in Great Britain ought to be that of mastering the methods and details of administration. The administrative talent of those statesmen who, after Sir Robert Peel's death, were called the Peelites, fell as a legacy to the Liberal party. It would have seemed an astounding and disgraceful doctrine to Peel that it was a matter of indifference, in assigning the departments in a Cabinet, whether the ministers had or had not special knowledge of the business over which they were appointed to preside. The power of Palmerston, also, was essentially administrative; and one deep secret of his success as Prime Minister was the confidence of the country in his power to keep his eye on all the departments, and to see that the work of each was being strenuously done.

Without question, the details of administration are dull. The young man, who has to write a sonorous article on politics, finds it more telling to expatiate on large political principles, and to express the aspirations of an ardent but inexperienced and high-flown patriotism, than to discuss estimates or to investigate the prospects of Indian public works. But it is the power to overcome the sense of this dulness that distinguishes the practical politician from the political amateur and the political dilettante.

We are convinced that in these views we have the assent of the great body of the nation. The intelligent part of the public prefers a politician who does not fear change, who dares to contemplate improvement. It requires a politician also to display a fair amount of parliamentary talent,—to be able to make a good speech and hold his own in debate. But a member of Parliament must have yet another quality in order to secure a stable reputation with the constituencies. It is when, to reasonable intrepidity in undertaking organic reform and to adequate oratorical power, a member is found to add comprehensive and accurate acquaintance with some one department of the Administration, that the entire confidence of the public is accorded him. In other words, he must be a worker, as well as

a reformer and a speaker. Mr. Thomas Hughes had both reforming zeal and oratorical ability, but the observant public did not perceive that there was any one subject which he knew consummately well. He failed, therefore, to take an important place in Parliament or to obtain such recognition from the constituencies as to insure him against electoral accidents. Mr. Fawcett, not markedly superior to Mr. Hughes in parliamentary eloquence or in reforming courage, has shown a masterly acquaintance with Indian subjects. He has given earnest of capacity for business, for work, for administration. Of him, accordingly, more decisively, perhaps, than of any of the younger members, it may be said that his parliamentary career is secure. The instinct of the English nation, an instinct that has been growing up for a thousand years, is for a working as well as a talking Parliament. It is vaguely felt that, considering the vast array of interests presided over by the Government and Legislature of Great Britain, considering the requirements of national defence, considering the enormous amount of taxation to be raised and the vast sums of money to be spent, considering the hundreds of millions of human beings in all quarters of the globe, who are subject to the British Crown, the first requirement of the British representative is that he be a man of practical ability. No less true is it that no minister, however great may be the admiration of his personal qualities, no Cabinet, however unexceptionable may be its measures, will retain the confidence of the nation, if the idea becomes diffused that there is, in one or in both, a defect of administrative power. No statesman has enjoyed more of personal popularity than Earl Russell; but the public always became aware, sooner or later, when he was in office, that a stronger hand was wanted at the helm. And this vaguely expressed but potent instinct of the nation has been right. A lax administration means a sowing of the wind preparatory to a reaping of the whirlwind. Errors committed by subordinates are lightly passed over; things are allowed to drift; Abyssinian expeditions, Alabama damages, Jamaica massacres, Ashantee campaigns, Natal blunders and complications, Indian mutinies, Balacclavan 'miles of agony,' all arise, directly or indirectly, from the mismanagement of some part of the stupendous concern by some one or other of the managing committee set over it by Parliament and the country, and expected to govern it.

We earnestly maintain that strenuous administration ought to be enrolled among the traditions of the Liberal party, or rather that this has always been the true Liberal creed. The party ought to be able to convince the country at any moment that it has ready a staff of men capable of administering the

various departments with a maximum of efficiency; a staff of men thoroughly versed in the special knowledge of the departments, and—what is important—resolute to apply, in every branch of the Administration, the principles of Liberalism as contrasted with the prejudices of Toryism. We refer to such principles as that merit, not favouritism, shall be the consideration regulating promotions; that talent and character shall not be forced to give way to the claims of conventional gentility; that possession of money shall not enable any man to pick and choose the most desirable posts in the army; that competition, not patronage, shall be the method by which the services are entered by those desirous of serving their country. Is it not surprising, when we reflect how profoundly all these things are associated with the character and history of Liberalism, to find writers who take their position in the Liberal van, sneering at the regular work of the Liberal Opposition in criticising the Tory Administration, treating it as a matter of course that a Conservative will manage the army or the navy quite as well as a Liberal, and practically pronouncing it indifferent whether it is a Tory or a Liberal Cabinet that governs the country? The Liberal party can be in no sound state unless it is prepared to promise the public a consummately efficient administration of the affairs of the empire.

Mr. Gladstone was a great Premier; but his greatness was in legislation rather than in administration. We are not aware of any Prime Minister in the whole illustrious roll who could point to such measures as the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and the Reform of the Irish Land Laws, projected, framed, and carried through almost by his individual prowess. But as an administrative minister, Mr. Gladstone has had many superiors, notably Chatham, Peel, and Palmerston. Each of these had a firmer grasp of the reins; each enforced greater unity and subordination in his Cabinet; and each secured a more powerful and imposing position for Great Britain in relation to the nations of Europe. It must, we fear, be admitted, that Mr. Gladstone was no vigorous disciplinarian among his colleagues. Nor can it be denied that, while intent upon his great reforms in the internal administration, he exhibited no keen or vigilant sensibility as to the honour of England as a great Power. He trusted to his Foreign Minister with a facile confidence that was never shown by Chatham or by Palmerston. There is no disguising the fact that, during his administration, Great Britain received and submitted to an insult from Russia which would have aroused the fierce indignation of those ministers. It may have been—we have no doubt it was—right that the treaty

excluding the war ships of Russia from the Black Sea should be modified. Had application been made by Russia for that purpose with the usual diplomatic formalities, it would have been right and proper for the Gladstone Government, acting with the approbation of Parliament, and after due consultation with our allies, to have granted the request. But the course of proceeding adopted by Russia was mean in relation to our allies and contemptuous in relation to ourselves. In order that it might secure the sanction or neutrality of Prussia in its contemplated action, the Russian Court flattered the Prussian Emperor in the most fulsome and offensive way, on the occasion of each new victory won by him over the French. And no sooner was the overthrow of France supposed to be complete,—no sooner was it presumable that England would have to deal with Russia in complete isolation,—than it was announced by Russia, not that application was to be made, either in conference of the Great Powers or to the Government of Great Britain, for modification of the Treaty of Paris, but that she, Russia, would forthwith disregard and break that treaty. Under these circumstances the duty of the British Government was plain. Until the treaty was modified by deliberate agreement, the honour of England was at stake in its maintenance. So soon as it became indubitable that Russia intended to take the matter into her own hand and insolently to tear up the treaty before England's face, the Mediterranean fleet ought to have been ordered to the Turkish waters, with instructions to take in tow or send to the bottom any Russian ship that might be found infringing treaty obligations. Had this been done there would, we are convinced, have been not one drop of bloodshed, nor would the general result, in respect of alteration in the provisions of the Treaty of Paris, have necessarily been different; but England would not have brooked a gross insult in the presence of the nations of Europe, and Russia would have known that more was to be had from us by honourable negotiation than by ostentatious contempt. We should have been less hated and more feared by Russia if we had not weakly accepted insult and injury at her hand. The spectacle of our humiliation made a deep impression in Europe; and that large portion of the public of Great Britain which, though it is not demonstrative in political matters, instinctively expects all Governments to uphold the honour of the country, felt that England had descended from the position in Europe which she held in the days of Palmerston.

But our readers may think that we have been led into a digression. It, of course, is not our purpose to subject Mr. Gladstone's conduct of the affairs of the country to detailed

criticism; but his retirement from the leadership of the Liberal party suggests the important question of the duties of Prime Ministers and of Cabinets in our constitutional system, and we have thought it of moment to point out the vital connection which subsists between administrative ability and an entirely successful discharge of the functions of Government in Great Britain. It was said by Burke that the outcome of the entire British constitution was seen in the jury-box, in which twelve impartial men sat to decide upon facts essential to the administration of justice. With less of paradox and more of simple and obvious truth, it may be said that the issue of the political development of England, from the earliest dawn of her constitutional liberties until now, has been the perfecting of a mechanism for sifting out about a score of men to act as Governing Committee for the empire, presided over by one who, for the time, enjoys the confidence of a majority of the people, who represents to the Sovereign the will of the country, and who is styled Prime Minister. For about two centuries the Government of the empire has been carried on by the two great parties which have divided between them the support of the constituencies, each party providing a Governing Committee or Cabinet, when it has been its turn to do so. We may say in passing that we by no means affirm this arrangement to be unalterable. Party Government, as carried on in England since the memorable division of parties in the second session of the Long Parliament, may be the product of temporary conditions, and may come to an end when those conditions have changed. The true ideal of constitutional government may be that a Parliament containing but one party, the party of the country, should select the members of the Cabinet without reference to any consideration whatever, except their ability to do the nation's work. Of such a state of things, however, it would be mere speculative idleness to speak at present. The empire is governed alternately by Tories and by Liberals. One of these parties is understood to be always calling 'Back!' the other to be always calling 'Forward!' And while we do not believe or suggest that the Liberal party has shown too much zeal in uttering its traditional cry, we think that, both among the leaders and the rank and file of the party, there has been a proneness to forget that the country has a right to expect from the Liberals not only reforming energy but consummate administrative talent. Mr. Gladstone, as Prime Minister, threw the main force of his genius into his great organic reforms. His ambition was the highest that can animate a legislator, namely, to improve the institutions of the country. But a perfectly successful Premier will be influenced by ambition

in the strict sense ; by a love of power. He will experience a sense of exultation in the consciousness that his colleagues are doing their work well, and that the empire is prospering under his hand. Admitting that this ambition is lower than the other, it is indispensable to the Prime Minister of a great constitutional country. We find it in Walpole, in Chatham, in Palmerston, and even in Peel. To stand in his Cabinet, like a captain on the quarter-deck, and feel that the magnificent vessel of the empire which he, from all the millions of the Anglo-Saxon race, has been selected to command and to conduct, is speeding prosperously on her voyage,—this is one supreme reward of the constitutional Prime Minister, and it is of this reward that Mr. Gladstone, as it appears to us, never had any consciousness, and never formed a distinct idea. This was Cromwell's distinctive ambition. He felt that it was a glorious thing to administer the affairs of England and be "chief constable of the parish." But we are very far indeed from alleging that the Conservatives evinced a more alert and impassioned regard to the honour of Great Britain than the Liberal Government. There might be some vague talk about a spirited foreign policy, but it never seems to have occurred, either to Mr. Disraeli or to Lord Derby, that the occasion of our being egregiously insulted by Russia required more from Her Majesty's Opposition than a modicum of conventional carping and grumbling. England has gradually fallen from a foremost place among the Great Powers of Europe,—has ceased to have a voice along with Prussia, Austria, and Russia, in the regulation of European affairs,—and neither of the parties which share between them the Government of England has produced a minister whose patriotism was sturdy enough, whose sense of the honour of his country was keen enough, to retard the consummation.

Mr. Gladstone's proceedings during the first session of the new Parliament afforded apposite illustration of his conception of the position held by the chief of the Liberal party. When in office he had acted, consciously or unconsciously, on the hypothesis that the main duty of the Liberals is to effect organic reforms, to carry out some scheme of policy ; and as he had cleared the score when in office, and no new policy presented itself, there seemed to him to be no sufficient occupation for his energies in Opposition. To marshal his forces for future campaigns, to organize his party and heal its divisions, to look out for rising talent and teach it to show, by consummate criticism of the Administration, its fitness to serve the country in office, these routine tasks of Opposition had no attraction for Mr. Gladstone. As he could not point to any

great work which the Liberal party were called upon to do for the country, he apparently acquiesced in the opinion that the Liberal party had no longer a claim to office. Suddenly it occurred to him that there was an opening for his activity; that a policy might be found, on the basis of which the Liberal party might once more be placed in line of battle. Inspired by the thought, he rushed to the front, startling the drowsy House almost as much as his Income Tax dissolution had startled the country. Mr. Disraeli and the whole host of commonplace Tories and commonplace Whigs were engaged in the congenial trifling of the Public Worship Bill. Mr. Gladstone called upon them to abandon this dishonest and pretentious farce, and to take into consideration a scheme for the comprehensive regulation of the services of the Church in respect of ritual and ceremonial. 'You are engaged,' he said in effect, 'in an attempt to 'bridle a particular section of the clergy; that is paltry, 'narrow, and unfair. Let us deal with the wants and claims 'of all clerical parties as well as of the laity, and let us decide 'what, in view of the conditions of society in the nineteenth 'century, are the principles upon which, in the public wor- 'ship of God, the letter of ecclesiastical law can be recon- 'ciled with the spirit of progress and of order within the 'pale of the Established Church.' Mr. Gladstone's proposal amounted to an undertaking to recast the entire constitution of the Church of England. Opposition on such a basis would have re-animated his energies and fired his ambition. At the head of a Liberal party engaging in such an enterprise, he would have felt himself to be worthily and honourably employed. He brought forward his resolutions. He astonished the House and the country by the torrent-like force of the eloquence with which he pleaded his cause, and the comprehensive grasp of the subject which he displayed. He was regarded with wonder, with admiration—it might even be with sympathy, not with assent. The blank looks of all parties told him it was not *thus* that a way could be opened to the stars. He stood alone. Earnest, impassioned, bent upon honest and real work, he was a stranger in a House which was transacting a piece of elaborate humbug. Every candid observer, with any spark of nobleness in his composition, felt that Mr. Gladstone towered in moral elevation above the general level of the House, but this was not more plain than the utter hopelessness of his position. The supporters of the Public Worship Bill valued it simply as a stick wherewith to smite into silence the Ritualists or frighten them out of the Church. Even among the Liberals none could be found to follow Mr. Gladstone. The Radicals, acknowledging with all frankness that, if the thing were to be done, his was the

only rational, comprehensive, and honest way of doing it, felt that the recasting of the constitution of the Church was not parliamentary work, and that the only feasible mode of solving the difficulty was to disestablish the Church and leave Episcopalians, like other religionists, to arrange their own ecclesiastical affairs. The Whigs, nervously apprehensive of danger to the Establishment, felt by sure instinct that to undertake the comprehensive remodelling of the Church in Parliament would be to break up the concern. The old kettle might be tinkered; it could not be repaired. The cynics of the House and the clubs, who have always hated Mr. Gladstone for being nobler and more conscientious than themselves, sneered at the entire exhibition as one proof more of his incurable ecclesiasticism and speculative eccentricity. The great body of the Tories looked on in silent amazement, strong in the strength of stupidity. Mr. Disraeli saw his advantage, and made a judicious use of it. He formally defied Mr. Gladstone, and offered him battle. For once Mr. Disraeli perfectly understood his countrymen. They were bent simply upon having the Ritualists turned out of the Church, and fancied that the Public Worship Bill would, in some way or other, vindicate the Protestant character of the Establishment. Sir William Harcourt's Philistine eloquence, in the tone of a rigorous head-master of a public school who hears that the boys are becoming mutinous, was exactly in accord with the humour of the House and the country. The parsons were getting unruly—give them a touch of the cane; why should not Parliament look after the Church as well as after the navy, the army, the civil service, or anything else which was entirely at its command? The religious earnestness of Mr. Gladstone, his reverence for the Church as a sacred institution, his desire that justice should be done to all parties within her pale, found no echo in the House; Mr. Disraeli and Sir William Harcourt appealing, without the remotest allusion to any sacredness in the Church, to the vague idea of the nation that it was, is, and must always be, a Protestant Church, were supported by all parties. Mr. Gladstone found that if he engaged in the conflict he would be compelled, like Frederick the Great at the battle of Kolin, 'to storm the batteries alone.' He abandoned a hopeless attempt; and his resignation of the Liberal leadership, though its formal announcement was regulated by the usages of the parliamentary session, may be dated from this point. He had a second time failed to strike out a policy for the Liberal party, and he could not confine himself to the routine work of a leader of the Opposition. He could not content himself with the simple programme of a leader contending for office, a leader proving to the public in

Opposition that he and his Liberals could rule the Empire better than the Tories. Alleging no other reason than that he was sixty-five, and had served England for forty-three years, he announced that party politics would no longer be the main business of his life. We repeat, respectfully out with all deliberation, that we think he made a mistake. At sixty-five, a man may still be called young to be Prime Minister of England; but is it a warrantable hope for any man who, at sixty-five, could reasonably look forward to ruling the Empire, say for ten years, as Prime Minister, that he will find a more august or important 'vocation' in literature, philosophy, or science? Was it not too late for Mr. Gladstone to look back from the plough?

It soon appeared, however, that he was not, for the present, to be without occupation that might prove beneficial to his country, and to the cause of religion and civilization throughout Europe. Stepping aside from the arena of English parliamentary strife, he reappeared on the battle-field of European politics, strenuously endeavouring to perform a service which every intelligent man could see to be urgently required. It is not too much to say that the most momentous question which European statesmen have had to face for several years is whether, and to what extent, the character and claims of the Papacy, as related to civil rights and duties, have recently undergone change? According to the answer returned to this question, Prince Bismarck would be described as the cruel persecutor of a Church which had from time immemorial been loyal, or as the startled opponent, with legitimate weapons, of a new, subtle, and all-grasping tyranny. Mr. Gladstone cleared up the whole controversy by putting the question with lucid precision, and eliciting authoritative replies. The Papacy, he said, as it appeared to him, had changed at the time of the promulgation of the Vatican Decrees. Rome had refurbished the rusty tools of darker ages, and Catholics were now required to submit to a comprehensive despotism, spiritual and civil, such as had not been imposed on them since the Reformation. He asked his Roman Catholic countrymen to explain how they could reconcile allegiance to Her Majesty with allegiance to a foreign ecclesiastic who, by the Vatican Decrees, had been declared to be infallible, and to have supreme authority in all matters, whether civil or sacred.

The challenge uttered by Mr. Gladstone was heard throughout Europe, but of course the first to answer his question were the Roman Catholics of Great Britain. The loyal, simple-hearted Roman Catholic of the old English type, sincere in his devotion to his Church, but proud also of the name of English-

man,—the Lord Acton, the Lord Camoys, the Mr. Henry Petre—lifted up his eyes in wistful astonishment, startled by the mere notion that things did not continue with him as they were when his fathers fell on sleep. The Vatican Decrees? Really they had not seemed to require particular attention. They were pretty much an affair of the priests and fussy ecclesiastics at Rome. Be they what they might, they made no difference to English Catholics, who had always been loyal to their sovereign, who had faithfully adhered to the Liberal party, who no more considered modern civilization impious than their Protestant countrymen, for whom, in fact, Papal infallibility were large words signifying nothing. Such, published in the *Times* and other papers, was the substance of the answer returned to Mr. Gladstone by those English Catholics who, through all the temptations and persecutions of the Reformation and the succeeding period, had remained true to their country and their Church, and who drew their Catholicism from ancestral sources famed in Catholic Europe before the birth of Ignatius Loyola. We shall see how their answer was treated by their ecclesiastical superiors. It naturally was satisfactory to Mr. Gladstone. Of the fact of the loyalty of those gentlemen he never had a doubt; and it was sufficient, in the way of theoretic explanation of that loyalty, that they should simply ignore the Vatican Decrees and walk in the old paths.

But more formal replies to Mr. Gladstone's question were forthcoming. From a score of champions who entered the lists we select two for particular notice, Dr. Newman and Archbishop, now Cardinal Manning. No contrast could be more impressive, more pathetic, more dramatic than between the replies of these eminent men. Dr. Newman, earnest as an old Hebrew prophet, studious of the truth alone, and living ever in the great Taskmaster's eye, revealed in every sentence his agonized consciousness of that Ultramontane tyranny which had recently attempted to bind the consciences of Roman Catholics with fetters of iron. What spectacle is more touching than that of a great man, great in faculty, great in character, great in accomplished works, pushed rudely into the back-ground by feebler, fussier, more intriguing, more meanly ambitious, altogether more commonplace and mediocre natures? Alas! the men who rise fastest and highest in parties, whether political or ecclesiastical, are the men who have sympathy with their coarsest spirit, their most extravagant audacity, in one word their defects. The entirely able, profoundly earnest man falls into the cold shade; the thorough-paced partisan rises and rises until he is Primate and Cardinal. Dr. Newman's reply furnished one other proof that the yoke of Ultramontanism galls to the quick this devout

and high-minded spirit. He referred to the *malaria* that crawls mist-like about the ecclesiastical head-quarters in Rome. He pronounced conscience to be the aboriginal vicar of Christ. He virtually admitted, with deep distress, that the Vatican Decrees marked a new epoch in the history of the Church of Rome. It might have been surmised at the time, and it soon became indubitable, that the fiery and searching eyes of Dr. Manning glared in more bitter disappointment and disapproval upon the answer of Dr. Newman than they had upon the question of Mr. Gladstone. The pathos of Dr. Newman's reply lay in its stern suppression of the pain evidently felt by the writer. It suggested the idea of a weather-beaten, invincible veteran, whose heart was breaking for the calamity and dishonour brought upon the army by new leaders, but who, nevertheless, would give his stroke for the sake of the old line and the departed glory.

In dramatic contrast to all this was the reply of Dr. Manning. We doubt whether, in the whole range of controversial literature, it would be possible to find a more arrogant production than his pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees. In the outset are printed two letters, republished from the leading papers of England and America, which the writer informs us that he issued immediately on the appearance of Mr. Gladstone's challenge. In these the Roman Catholic Primate of England, so soon to be a Cardinal, laid down, with an imperiousness that seems to out-do that of the supreme Pontiff himself, the law as to what English Catholics were to think and say on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's question. The advantage of this early publication was, as he frankly explains, that he was able to subject at once to the extremities of ecclesiastical discipline all those who, in answering Mr. Gladstone, had not shown due respect to Ultramontane ascendancy, or had questioned the plenary inspiration of the Vatican Decrees. Merely for writing to the public press, exercising a privilege which as Englishmen they felt to belong to them as naturally as that of breathing English air, the Old Catholics of England were informed 'that the Catholic Church has openly passed sentence upon them.' Nothing could be farther from the truth than to say that Lord Acton, Lord Camoys, or Mr. H. Petre, who may be taken as on this point their spokesman, betrayed a mutinous or defiant spirit. The head and front of their offending, even as defined by their Episcopal accusers of Salford and Westminster, was that they had ignored the Vatican Decrees. Mr. Petre distinctly stated that he neither intended any ecclesiastical offence, nor would plead guilty to having committed any. 'My letter'—said Mr. Petre, in reply to Dr. Vaughan—'to which you allude is entirely restricted to the practical, not theological,

'part of the discussion now going on.' Remonstrance was vain. No trial was vouchsafed to the accused. Men whose fathers had fought in the Crusades, men who had been devout Catholics when Dr. Manning was an Anglican Archdeacon, were told to stand aside, for the Church had already passed sentence on them. It is difficult to conceive anything more insolently tyrannical than such treatment.

Having cleared his way by branding all who did not implicitly accept the Vatican Decrees as 'nominal Catholics,' Dr. Manning advances to annihilate Mr. Gladstone. Like the gigantic wrestler in 'As You Like It,' who was to break every bone in the body of Orlando, he came on with menacing gestures and disdainful frown, as if Mr. Gladstone could not stand for a moment before him. But the grandiloquence of his talk could not disguise the meagreness of his real power, and the habit of having his assertions taken for arguments could be traced beneath all his assumption of logical forms. The dogma of infallibility, he sonorously alleged, was always an article of faith; the Roman Catholic occupied exactly the same ground now in relation to civil allegiance which he had always occupied. Thus the big wrestler flung his arms about and proclaimed his prowess and had it all his own way. Suddenly Mr. Gladstone stepped into the ring, like Orlando in the other case. As if by enchantment, the bragging champion went down. The collapse was sudden, complete, irretrievable. 'How dost thou, Charles?' ask the on-lookers in the play, addressing the prostrate giant. 'He cannot speak' is the expressive reply suggested by those around him. Mr. Gladstone proved, in one of the most compact and lucid passages in which vaguely grandiloquent assertions were ever reduced to their true value, that from time immemorial the Roman Catholics of England had occupied a position entirely different from that assigned them by Archbishop Manning. Before the Reformation, the English Catholics had been jealous of the ascendancy of the Pope, and, since the Reformation, an illustrious party among them, in point of fact the great body of English Catholics, had not only maintained their civil allegiance, but, in their heroic efforts to do so, had encountered and withstood bitter injustice from the Popes of Rome. In the course of the eighteenth century it was authoritatively declared, on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland and of Great Britain that they owed no allegiance to the Pope in civil affairs. In 1757 the Irish Roman Catholic Committee published a manifesto disavowing the deposing and absolving power, and affirming that the Pope had 'no temporal or civil jurisdiction directly or indirectly within this realm.' Before the passing of the great English Relief Act of 1791, the Catholics of England issued a

Protestation. It was signed by 241 priests, including all the Vicars Apostolic; by all the leading clergy and laity in England; and by every person present at a general meeting of English Roman Catholics in London. In this document the English Catholics declare that no ecclesiastical power can 'directly or indirectly affect or interfere with the independence, sovereignty, laws, constitution or government' of these realms; and that they 'acknowledge no infallibility in the Pope.' 'Thus,' exclaims Mr. Gladstone, 'we have on the part of the entire body, of which Archbishop Manning is now the head, a direct, literal, and unconditional rejection of the cardinal tenet which he tells us has always been believed by his Church, and was an article of Divine faith before as well as after 1870.' What a light does all this cast upon the Draconian severity with which Archbishop Manning 'pronounced sentence' upon those Catholics who, even in letters to the *Times*, had ventured to 'hesitate dislike' of the Vatican Decrees! It is like a stray gleam from the sky of a better time falling suddenly upon the 'ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates' where the Catholics of England and of Europe now pine in Ultramontane durance.

The cynics of the clubs have been lavish of their sneers at Mr. Gladstone on account of his pamphlets on Ultramontanism. If the Roman Catholics of Great Britain, it has been said, are willing to be loyal, even at the expense of logical consistency, there is no necessity to compel them to choose between Pope and Queen. From the point of view of the most trivial and narrow expediency, there is plausibility in this. But is there to be no such thing as regard to truth, logic, and principle? Are paltry maxims, which secure peace and safety for the hour, to be the highest lights of our statesmanship? Mr. Gladstone did no more than evince the moral erectness and elevation of his character, and the power of his reasoning faculty, in requiring a clearer understanding between himself and his Roman Catholic countrymen than could subsist before the occurrence of the recent controversy. By dissipating the haze in which the subtle despotism of the Jesuits and Ultramontanes had enveloped the history of British Catholicism, he has cleared the entire political prospect, and enabled the public, as was possible previously only for the best informed and searching politicians, to distinguish between cloud and mountain range. We rejoice, also, more than we can express, to find that Mr. Gladstone has finally cast in his lot with the party which, throughout Europe, whether under the Protestant or the Old Catholic banner, confronts in irreconcilable antagonism the deadly bane of Ultramontanism. Henceforward it will be unpardonable in any English Protestant, especially

in any English Liberal, to take the English Catholics who follow as submissive slaves in the wake of Cardinal Manning for the legitimate representatives of Catholicism in England, instead of those Catholics who, while true to their Church, have never been seduced from supreme allegiance to their country. It was reserved for Cardinal Manning, a born Protestant, a proselyte from the Anglican Establishment, a Roman Catholic of yesterday, to lay the ecclesiastical liberties of Roman Catholic England at the feet of the Pope. While we cannot help acknowledging that an alliance between Ultramontanes and Liberals is impossible, we would all the more earnestly plead for cordial relations between Liberals and those loyal Catholics who are English first and Roman afterwards. 'In all times,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Victoria, the Roman Catholics of England, as a body, have been eminently and unreservedly loyal. But they have been as eminently noted for their thorough estrangement from Ultramontane opinions; and their clergy, down to the period of the Emancipation Act, felt with them; though a school addicted to Curialism and Jesuitism, thrust among them by the Popes at the commencement of the period, first brought upon them grievous sufferings, then succeeded in attaching a stigma to their name, and now threatens gradually to accomplish a transformation of their opinions, with an eventual change in their spirit, of which it is difficult to foresee the bounds. Not that the men who now hold the ancestral view will, as a rule, exchange it for the view of the Vatican; but that, as in the course of nature they depart, Vaticanists will grow up, and take their places.' We shall hope that it will not be so, but that Ultramontanism will prove to have been a temporary shadow crossing the sun.

Practically Mr. Gladstone's discussion of Vaticanism has been important to the Liberal party, as enabling earnest Liberals, anxious to preserve a mood of genial toleration towards all friends of progress, to define the policy which ought in future to be pursued by the party in relation to Roman Catholics. Mr. Gladstone has shown that no English Government ever contemplated cordial alliance with Ultramontanes. There has been no period, before or since the Reformation, when the Protestant statesmen of England, whether Conservative or Liberal, held that persons who regarded a foreign ecclesiastic as wielding, *de jure*, supreme authority over civil rulers, and as empowered by God to depose sovereigns, could be perfectly loyal subjects of the English monarchy. The justice of this historical contention was virtually admitted by the English Roman Catholics themselves when, as a condition of their obtaining full rights of citizenship, they disclaimed the deposing and absolving power of the Pope and dis-

avowed belief in his infallibility. It follows that it is perfectly legitimate for Liberal statesmen to consider what means are necessary to check the advances of that Ultramontane Romanism which, coolly assuming as its own all that had, under expressly stated conditions, been granted to Roman Catholics *not* Ultramontane, imposes at this hour its elaborate and subtle despotism upon the Catholics of England, and may not extravagantly entertain the hope, if its wise and bold and strategic Cardinal should become supreme Pontiff, to bring within the same iron net the Protestants of the empire. Having divested themselves of their Papal uniform, having professed themselves loyal subjects of England, the Roman Catholics of Great Britain were taken with heartiest welcome into our common English home. All intelligent Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen agreed that the notion of submission in civil affairs to a foreign ecclesiastic should be placed in the museum of historical absurdities. But a change gradually took place. A hot and heady faction of Ultramontane bigots, respectable from its sincerity, strong in its concentration and tenacity, formidable from its numbers, intrepidity, and talent, worked its way to supremacy in the councils of the Church of Rome. The Old Catholics of England, like the Old Catholics of Germany, remained true to their civil allegiance as well as to all those principles of political progress, historical verity, and scientific enlightenment which marked the modern advance of the human mind. But the wily Ultramontanes, silent in their fathomless subtlety, bewitched as it were into their own semblance, and endued in their own black livery, the Old Catholics both of England and of Germany. Happily, the daring of the Ultramontanes outran their cunning, and at the promulgation of the Vatican Decrees the Old Catholics of Germany awoke as at a thunder-clap. In England the Old Catholics continued slumbrous until Mr. Gladstone's question sounded in their ears, and almost at the same moment the imperious command of their Ultramontane Archbishop, now Cardinal, warning them to give no answer that might displease their Ultramontane chiefs. Mr. Gladstone has taught us Liberals how we are to comport ourselves between these contrasted kinds or classes of Roman Catholics. The friends we have and their adoption, tried, the leal-hearted Old Catholics of England, who stood by their country in many a trying hour, we, as Liberals, shall grapple to our soul with hooks of steel; but we are under no sort of obligation to extend the privileges of friendship or of trust to those Ultramontane Papists who have anew set the Church of Rome in array against liberty and against intelligence.

Greatly as we regret Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the leader-

ship of the Liberal party, we feel that he has made noble amends by the service he has done to England and to Europe in his exposure of Ultramontanism. It is worth all that has been done in the present hum-drum session thrice told. It is a service to all civilized nations, and lays bare an evil that threatens the soul's life of free peoples. It prepares the way for a common understanding between the Liberal party throughout Europe; a common understanding based on the idea that resistance to this pernicious tyranny, this paralyzing and degrading ecclesiasticism, this consecration of ignorance, obstruction, reaction, and stagnation, is the duty of the universal Liberal party, in Germany, in Italy, in France, in England; resistance to it in every field, whether it invades domestic privacy, or usurps rights of interference with birth, marriage, burial, or attempts to lay its ghoulish hand upon the education of the young. Earnestly do we trust that, in England at least, it will never be necessary for us to enter into conflict with Ultramontanism except with the weapons of free opinion. Personally we respect Cardinal Manning, though we utterly and infinitely disapprove of and oppose all he represents in Europe and in England. When he tells us that it is better to serve God than man, we shall reply that we cannot treat 'Pope' and 'God' as convertible terms, which is the grand device of Jesuitism, and shall add, with Dr. Newman, that conscience, not the Pope, is the aboriginal vicar of Christ.

The retirement of Mr. Gladstone from the leadership of the Liberals having become an accomplished fact, various consequences connected with the organization of the party and the conditions of parliamentary warfare speedily followed. The lead of the party, as a whole, fell, without a dissentient voice, to Lord Granville. The lead in the Commons was committed to Lord Hartington, a choice which deserves, we think, to be approved. His lordship's lead was sure to be judicious and temperate, and it could be counted on that the prominent members of the party would act harmoniously under him.

But the most important occurrence arising out of Mr. Gladstone's retirement was the delivery of Mr. Bright's speech soon after, in Bingley Hall, Birmingham. The advanced section of the Liberal party looked naturally to Mr. Bright, and they were not disappointed. In a brief, moderately-toned, but perfectly lucid and adequate speech, he stated it as his conviction, that the next great work for the party of progress is the disestablishment of the State Churches of England and Scotland. Our readers are aware that we have for some little time explicitly maintained this proposition. Mr. Bright's address was felt to be a word spoken in season by all staunch and undismayed Liberals. We cannot hope that the many Liberals who

dread change, even when it has become urgently necessary—the easy-going men of the centres, who have learned to acquiesce in evils which custom has made tolerable—will very soon assent to a policy of disestablishment. But the van of the party,—that section of it into which new energy and young blood will flow—is vividly conscious that the various material reforms which have been effected by the Liberals during the present century must be crowned by one grand act of ecclesiastical reform. Monopoly in other provinces has been destroyed; monopoly in the spiritual province must be abolished. It is admitted on all hands that things cannot remain as they are. England is divided into two nations, Church and Dissent, which hardly intermarry, and which fill society with bitterness. The clergy of a Protestant Church publicly rank the clergy of Protestant Churches in the same country along with publicans as obstructives to religious instruction. It is for the common welfare—it is for the strength and harmony of English society—that all organizations having for their object to teach the people to obey God, should feel themselves equally under the protection and sanction of the State. This free and friendly alliance with all Churches cannot subsist while there is an invidious and exceptional alliance with one. It is monstrous that, in the present age, the Parliament of England should practically proceed on the assumption that there is but one Christian Church in England. Not less monstrous is it that Episcopalians should occupy the time of Parliament with their affairs, after it has been proved by the experience of two centuries that Free Churches can manage their own concerns without the smallest inconvenience of any kind to the State. There is, of course, also, the important consideration that great sums of public money, which ought to be appropriated by Parliament to the national use, are in possession of a single sect. But it is not necessary to enter upon the general argument in favour of disestablishment and disendowment. All the best Liberals will, we believe, agree with Mr. Bright that the party must look in that direction. Mr. Gladstone has avowed himself deeply reluctant to undertake the work of disestablishment. But he has abandoned the grounds of defence he once took up; he has gradually, as his powers have matured, become more boldly and comprehensively Liberal; and our surmise, which we give only as such, is that he feels the path indicated by Mr. Bright to be the only one on which the Liberal party can advance. We are able, at all events, to state that his sentiment towards the Nonconformists is one of cordiality and satisfaction. May the day not be very far distant when political relations will be renewed between the Liberal party and the greatest of Liberals!

ART. VIII.—*Internal Evidence in a Case of Disputed Authorship.*

- (1). *The Works of Michael Bruce, with a Memoir and Critical Notes.* By the Rev. A. B. GROSART, Kinross. William Oliphant and Son. Edinburgh, 1865.
- (2). *Ode to the Cuckoo.* Edinburgh, 1770. With Remarks on its Authorship, in a Letter to John Campbell Shairp, Esq., LL.D., Principal of the United College, University of St. Andrew's. By DAVID LAING, LL.D. Edinburgh, 1873.
- (3). *Michael Bruce and the Ode to the Cuckoo.* By Principal SHAIRP, LL.D. (*Good Words*, November, 1873.)

AT the end of the year 1763, two lads met in the Greek class in the University of Edinburgh, and, in spite of marked contrast of character, they formed a close friendship, which, notwithstanding that they soon went on very different ways, would seem to have lasted till the sad and early death of the older. There would have been little special in this. College friendships that are life-long are not uncommon; but both the lads wrote poetry—poetry which the world will not willingly let die. One can conjure up a vision of them: the one fair, pale, high-browed, with a certain mingled rusticity and air of distinction, quietly serious beyond his years, haunting the Edinburgh book-stalls, such as they then were, and doting on choice editions of his favourite authors, which he was fain to buy. The other straight of figure, and a little florid, with a keen, dark eye, and a long nose, and the general air of a man of parts, who knows his powers and scents coming distinction, full of talk and anecdote, and determined to get along and achieve greatness somehow. Agility, tact, resource seem marked on the one; shrinking timidity, and pride that mates with self-depreciation, are the characteristics of the other. Friendship, they say, favours difference of temperament, and certainly such difference was here.

The relation of these two has become historical, because one or other of them, among various things besides, wrote a song, which for sweetness, simplicity, and truth has hardly been surpassed, and, as coming at a time when poetry in these islands was lost in artifice and trick, stands out as something unique and unexpected in literature. 'The Ode to the Cuckoo' strikes a true note, and not only so, it legitimately 'preluded that melodious burst' which came with Burns and was carried forward by Wordsworth. But its authorship is still a disputed point. Critics and literary men are to this day divided between the claims of Michael Bruce and John

Logan, and the matter has come forward to be anew discussed. A few years ago, the Rev. A. B. Grosart (so well-known for his careful reprints of old and rare works) published an elaborate, and so far exhaustive, life of Michael Bruce, in which he made short work of Logan's claims. This stirred up Dr. David Laing, of Edinburgh, to print, with some additions, a pamphlet, which he had written a good many years ago in favour of Logan, and to distribute copies of it among those likely to be interested in the matter. Articles have appeared here and there in reviews and newspapers founded on it, and Principal Shairp, of St. Andrew's, recently published, in *Good Words*, an impartial *résumé* of the whole controversy, his judgment upon it decidedly leaning towards Bruce.

There is one preliminary remark to be made. We must beware of allowing our judgments to be swayed by our sympathies. For it must be admitted that Bruce, far more powerfully than Logan, appeals to the latter. His life had a wonderful unity of its own; and in the pathos of its gentle ambitions and unfulfilled hopes, there is something that assorts so sweetly with our ideal of the poet—loved of the gods, and therefore dying young—that somehow the suffrages of our sympathies are fully enlisted in his favour before we have heard any arguments. 'The Ode to the Cuckoo,' we feel, is just such as *should* have been written by such a poet. There is a simplicity and purity about it, a note breaking on the ear, so artless and bird-like sweet, that it seems a final utterance, 'a sweet carol fluted ere the death,' rather than a prelude to more promiscuous efforts. From the early, childish days in Kinnesswood village, nestling at the foot of the green Lomonds on Lochleven's edge, where the boy astonished all who knew him by his aptness in acquiring knowledge, and his love of books; from the days of the 'herding' among the hills, and the evenings with his pious, orderly, hard-working father, the readings by the quiet fireside, when the loom was at rest and the shuttle gave no sound—from the college days, with their subdued enthusiasms, and the recurring vacation-times at home, when he had to excuse himself for such vagaries as writing poems 'about a *gowk*,' on to his school-teachings and his love for Madeline Grieve, who yet in after years declared that 'Michael Bruce never asked her,'—in all we see the shy, sensitive, rarely-elevated poetic nature that commands love and sympathy, wherever love and sympathy exist in generous human breasts. Mr. Grosart may have erred in some points: but certainly literature owes much to him for the careful and conscientious way in which he has gathered together everything characteristic of Bruce. The life itself was a lyric—brief, bright,

and touched all through with threads of kindest interest, such as we see little or no trace of in the lives of some other poets that were like him in passing early away. This, for instance, is a gracious glimpse of childish life, not without its touch of humour and oddity :—

‘The father and Michael, then a mere child, having visited a book-stall at one of the market fairs in the village, the poems of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount were inquired for. The vendor of books did not chance to have the volume ; but learning that it was asked for the child before him, he was so surprised that he should want it, that he turned up a little volume, entitled “Key to the Gates of Heaven,” and promised to let him have it on condition that he would read a portion of it on the spot ; which being done to his satisfaction, immediately he awarded the prize.’

But the head did not out-run the heart. He was the youngest—the Joseph of the family, without provoking the envy of his brethren, and yet he seems never to have been spoiled or selfish. He was often found, notwithstanding his own delicate constitution, taking the part of the weak against the strong, and in this, certainly, the ‘child was father of the man.’ The Scottish Dominie is regarded as the impersonation of unrelenting cruelty—himself a sort of embodied Calvinism—but Bruce, we are told, when he taught a school, never could be induced to use either rod or “taws.” And then his capability of attachment ! If he found no means of confessing his love for Madeline Grieve,* he had friendships that were confessed and perfect. The proprietor of an estate near to Kinnesswood, Mr. Arnot, of Portmoak, had a son, who became a close companion of Michael’s when they were boys, in spite of the apparent disparity of their circumstances ; but he died in his sixteenth year.

‘The removal of this youth, who seems to have been a singularly interesting boy, moved Bruce deeply. The father was a man of fine character, of rare sagacity, and, in his circumstances, of rare culture. To him it was Michael Bruce was indebted for his first introduction to Shakespeare, Pope, Young, and other of the great names of our country. The death of William, so far from sundering Mr. Arnot and the young “student,” appears to have drawn them closer and kindlier together. To the end they corresponded, and many an unostentatious present witnessed to the thoughtfulness and tenderness of the father’s regard for Bruce.’

* This doggrel verse still circulates in the neighbourhood of Kinnesswood :—

‘In Cleish kirkyard lies Magdalene Grieve,
A lass [sweetheart] o’ Bruce the poet ;
And Tammie Walker made this verse
To let the world know it.’

Bruce's tender memory of his school companion, Arnot, is enshrined in verse, where he mourns him under the name of Daphnis.

Mr. Grosart writes:—

' Before Bruce had been enrolled as student at Edinburgh, Mr. Arnot declared his readiness to render what assistance lay in his power, and the monthly chest, as it passed from Kinnesswood to Edinburgh, showed that he did not fail of his promise, for there went in it now a "kit" of sweet butter, and now a dozen new-laid eggs, even well-nigh all the presents to David at Mahanaim. "Honey, and butter, and sheep, and cheeses of kine." (2 Sam. xvii. 29.)'

The privations, of which a good deal has been made, seem to have been of a modified character, and Bruce's early death cannot be regarded as having been, as some suppose, accelerated by anything of that kind. He was comparatively well provided for, and had money to spend in gratifying himself by the purchase of choice books; as this, from Mr. Grosart, will prove:—

' All his books that remain are beautiful copies of the finest editions. I have his fair vellum-bound Greek Testament, in selected sections, and the Rev. Thomas Swan of Muirton, has his Lactantius, with this inscription on the title-page, "Michel Brusius jure emptionis tenet hunc librum. Edinburgh, Martii 10mo, 1763 tis;" also his "Josephus," by Stoer.'

And he himself makes confession of this weakness very naïvely in this vanishing glimpse of his book tastes, which we find in a fragment of a letter to his friend, Mr. Arnot:—

[Edinburgh, November 27, 1764.] 'I daily meet with proof that money is a necessary evil. When in an auction, I often say to myself, How happy should I be if I had money to purchase such a book! How well should my library be furnished! Nisi obstat res angusta domi.

"My lot forbids, nor circumscribes alone
My growing virtues, but my crimes confutes."'

He proceeds,—

'Whether any virtues would have accompanied me in a more elevated station is uncertain; but that a number of vices, of which my sphere is incapable, would have been its attendants, is unquestionable. The Supreme Wisdom has seen this want, and the Supreme Wisdom cannot err.'

After finishing his four years' course in the art classes at Edinburgh, he went to study at the Burgher Divinity Hall, where there obtained an odd, informal sort of arrangement, by which the students were boarded out free in the burgher families round Kinross. Mr.

Grosart thus gives us a quaint glimpse of an old Scotch collegiate system, which seems to have had excellent results :—

‘ In the congregation of the professor [the Rev. John Swanston] there were a number of proprietors of lesser or larger farms, and otherwise well to do. These received the young men into their several houses in the character of friends, without any remuneration further than the satisfaction of thereby rendering service to the future ministers of their beloved Church. In accordance with this arrangement, Bruce resided, during his attendance at the Hall, with Mr. Henderson, the “ Laird ” of Turfhill, whose son George had been Michael’s associate at the University, and who is celebrated in Lochleven under the name of Lelius. . . . It was into this family—one of the old stamp of “ godliness,” kingly men and mother-of-Lemuel-like women—that Michael Bruce was received ; and it must have had peculiar attractions for him. There were the traditions of “ the Covenanters,” there was a hereditary taste for ballad lore, and the “ auld manners of auld lang syne,” there was generous hospitality ; there was a fellow-student like-minded ; and above all and about all as an atmosphere, real godliness of no austere but contrariwise joyous sort.’

We have referred to these incidents in Michael Bruce’s life to show how large a share his friendships had in framing the form of his poetry. Doubtless he gave more than he owed to those he thus mourned, but genius of the type he illustrates is always generous. And so with such ever-recurring touches of gentle sweetness, Bruce’s life rounds itself off, no violence nor strife nor noisy ambition in it, till at length, in July of the year 1767, he finds himself dying in his father’s house in Kinnesswood. But the gentle spirit knows no fear. When Lawson, another fellow-student, who had gone to see him, remarked, with an air of surprise, how cheerful he looked, Bruce replied, ‘ Why should not a man be cheerful on the verge of heaven ? ’ His Bible is said to have been found lying on his pillow, marked at Jeremiah xxii. 10, and this verse written on a blank leaf :—

‘ ’Tis very vain for me to boast
How small a price my Bible cost ;
The day of judgment will make clear
’Twas very cheap—or very dear.’

He had just reached his twenty-first year.

During Bruce’s second year at Edinburgh, the group of burgher students had been joined by another—John Logan—also a burgher student. Logan, who was the son of a small farmer in East Lothian soon impressed the professors by his literary facilities, especially gaining the favour of Dr. Hugh Blair. He by-and-by abandoned the burghers to study for the Established Church, no doubt con-

sidering that his chances of preferment and his influence would thus be increased; and it is possible that there may be something in Principal Shairp's statement, that he 'found the way of life among his fellow-seceders too severe for his tastes.' But, apparently, the 'severity of their way of life' was far more favourable to open literary ambitions than the freer style of life which prevailed in the Establishment, if we are to trust a remark of Dr. David Laing's, to which we shall again refer; for we find in February of the year 1766, when Michael was teaching school in the damp, discomposing region of Forrest Mill, some fifteen or sixteen miles from Kinnesswood, the same fellow-student Lawson, who afterwards visited him on his death-bed, writing thus to him with respect to his poems:—

'I received yours, and am surprised that you say you have nothing to write. Have the Muses forsaken you? Have the tuneful sisters withdrawn from the banks of "Lochleven"? It is impossible you can have offended them. No; they will yet exalt your name as high as they ever did Addison's or Pope's. My dear friend, *I long to see you appear in public.* I hope I shall be freed from suspense ere long. *Do not fail to do it soon.*'

Now this Lawson was a man of cultivation, and was afterwards a professor, and the fact that in 1766 there were poems of Bruce's in existence, and of such quality and of sufficient number to lead Lawson to urge publication of a volume, as is here clearly meant, is very significant in reference to the train of argument which Principal Shairp has pursued. But what we are most concerned to remark just now is the innocent way in which seceder students look at poetic and literary fame, compared with Established 'moderate' students, if we are at all to credit Dr. David Laing.

While Logan was yet a student—in 1770—he published a volume of poems, entitled 'Poems on several occasions by Michael Bruce,' hinting in the preface that 'some poems wrote by other authors' had been inserted 'to make up a miscellany.' Logan's name as editor was not given, but it is evident enough that Logan did not hide that he was the editor, and gave forth that he had written some of the poems. Eleven years afterwards—in 1781—he issued another vol., 'Poems by the Rev. John Logan, one of the ministers of Leith,' and in this 'The Ode to the Cuckoo,' which had been included in the former volume, near the end, appears here first in the list of contents. Logan's determination to the Scottish Church had been so far favourable. He had been appointed one of the ministers of Leith; but he speedily fell into disagreeable relations with his people, and demitted his charge

finally, to turn Londonward and try literature, where he delivered lectures and published several works. Dr. Anderson says that—

‘ Deviations from the modes of the world, and violations of professional decorum, offended his parishioners, and made it eligible for him to discontinue the exercise of his clerical function. . . . He grew burdensome to himself, and with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief which the bottle supplies.’

The picture of his surrounding himself in his solitary London lodging with poor children, and making them read the Bible to him, is very touching in every way.

We have deemed it expedient to give these biographical facts in the outset, because, after all, in considering the question of authorship of the ‘ Ode to the Cuckoo,’ we are really more dependent upon internal evidence and personal character than some writers seem willing to admit. Those who have written in defence of Bruce have fallen back on what Dr. Laing is able to call gossip—the traditions of a neighbourhood, which are, however, in some very essential respects borne out by written letters which have been preserved. But, as on these points we think Principal Shairp has been very thorough, we propose now to supplement what he has written, by stating, as simply as we can, difficulties, arising chiefly from points of internal evidence, that lie in the way of our implicitly accepting Dr. Laing’s conclusion, notwithstanding that we are as concerned as he is that no injustice should be done to the memory of a gifted but erring man whom he has shown such a chivalrous desire to defend.

And, naturally enough, we first turn to the question of how Logan came into possession of the poems of Bruce, which appeared in the volume of 1770. Dr. McKelvie, Mr. Grosart, and others say that soon after the death of Michael Bruce, Logan went to Kinnesswood, and under various pretexts and promises got the whole of Michael’s MSS. from the old man, including the much-prized ‘ Gospel Sonnets.’ Dr. Laing sets this aside as unproved; but we hold he has grievously failed in showing, as we think in the circumstances he was bound to show, that Logan came by them in a perfectly honourable manner. If Logan, who by internal evidence admits having MSS. of Bruce’s before 1770, did not receive the MSS. in this way, he got them from some source. What source? There are just three ways. Either he received them from Bruce himself before he died, or from Bruce’s father or representatives after that event, or he came by copies of them in some less trustworthy way. If he did not

receive them from the father at Kinnesswood, but from the young dying fellow-student, then his method of dealing with his sacred trust, even as we infer it from his own writings, is of a very doubtful kind, as we shall soon see. We here put aside the idea of his using copies of the poems got in any discreditable way, though, be it well noted, this forms the only other alternative.

If we turn to the preface itself we get no *direct* help; but, carefully scanning it, we are forced to draw certain inferences. There we find the elegance and epigrammatic form which then were fashionable, but no light of the kind we want. Indeed, the more we look, the more perplexed we are. The editor advertises his volume as the 'Poems on several occasions of Michael Bruce,' puts in, by the way, a remark that all the poems are not Bruce's, but 'some wrote by different authors,' giving no hint whatever that he was himself author of any, and proceeds thus boldly and broadly to characterize them :—

'If images of nature that are beautiful and new; if sentiments, warm from the heart, interesting and pathetic; if a style, chaste with ornament, and elegant with simplicity; if these and many other beauties of nature and of art, are allowed to constitute true poetic merit, *the following poems will stand high in the judgment of men of taste.*'

We are all very well acquainted with the text copy-line, 'self-praise is no recommendation,' and it is very odd in Dr. Laing that just after he has based an argument in favour of Logan's claims on the fact that he gave himself out among his friends as editor of the volume, and author of several of the poems, soon after their publication in 1770, and perhaps even before their appearance in print, he should write: 'There is indeed on the part of Logan an excess of MODESTY, probably owing to his not wishing to assume for himself at the time a literary character, in the prospect of becoming a probationer of the Church of Scotland,' which discloses, as we hinted already, a narrowness in the Established Church which is, in every respect, very extraordinary. And it is odder still to find it followed by this confession: 'It was, however, an ill-judged and unfortunate circumstance that no account was given of the actual state of Bruce's MSS., and that *the editor had not put the initials or some mark to distinguish the respective authors of the poems,*' in which latter regret, especially in the light of that wholesale praise of the poems from Logan's own pen, we do most cordially agree. And we confess ourselves the more concerned in pressing this point on Dr. Laing and those who side with him, that Logan is self-convicted in regard to the want of some

mark of distinction of the authors being very necessary. It was no oversight, it was not an omission of haste or thoughtlessness; for listen to Logan's words: 'The reader of taste will easily distinguish ' them [the poems wrote by different authors] without their being ' particularized by any mark.' Now, as has been well pointed out by Mr. Grosart, this is simply preposterous, because 'nothing of ' Bruce's having previously appeared in print whereby his style ' might be known,' there was no material whatever for such comparison and judgment.

But two remarks may be made here, properly resolving themselves into questions. Did not Logan succeed as a student *because* of his literary turn? And if so, why should he have been ashamed of it or so exercised by his excessive modesty as to injure himself and run the risk of harm to his future reputation? Were the 'Moderates' of those days with whom he associated himself afraid of being known as literary men, as wits, as secular poets and playwrights? And, above all, can we infer from Logan's general conduct that he was likely to differ in this respect from the class to which he joined himself? Literature owes much to the Scottish 'Moderates' of those days; and to their credit they at least were not hypocrites to hide what their real bent was. Was it likely that a man who had 'ratted' from a poor Church and joined a richer one, whose prevailing tendency then was to exalt literary refinement, would play the hypocrite, and shrink from due and open acknowledgment of poems of which he himself affirmed that 'they would stand high in the opinion of men of taste?' We are not here delivering judgment, we are merely stating difficulties in the way of our receiving the views of Logan's apologists. That Logan should become ashamed of the exercise of the qualities and powers which had procured him all the notice that gave him distinction seems really very inconsistent, and in our idea is not to be accounted for on any ordinary construction of human nature and its motives—save one.

Once more. While some allowance might have been made in those days for a literary student, there was surely less for a literary minister; so that Logan just grew the bolder the more reason there was for his acting secretly. It is odd to see 'excessive modesty' finding such developments. He actually applied to the Court of Session—after he was 'one of the ministers of Leith'—for an interdict against the publication of a re-issue of the volume of 1770; and in this he failed because of his former 'modesty' in keeping his name back, and he was minister of Leith when he published openly his volume containing the 'Ode to the Cuckoo.'

Dr. Laing, too, founds a great deal on the evidence met with on the fly-leaves, &c., of two copies of the volume of 1770, on which the names of the authors of the several poems are given in writing in contemporary hands. The two do not agree, but, notwithstanding that the original owners of them were evidently friends of Logan, that point is not of much importance. It does, however, seem a remarkable discrepancy that while in the note on the back of the title Mr. Bruce is spoken of as 'author of *most* of these poems,' the written list of authors should show that he was *not* author of most of them. Dr. Laing receives the notes as evidence, but does not even notice the discrepancy which might well have invalidated it. Logan's name is attached to eight pieces, while Bruce's is only attached to five; Bruce and Logan being named as the joint authors of two pieces, and Sir John Foulis as that of one piece. The friends of the 'modest' Logan seem to have been alive enough to his claims, but were apparently somewhat cloudy on the simplest points of fact and arithmetic! For ourselves, we should be inclined to found so little on such self-contradictory documents, that we should cite them with expressed reserve.

'And yet,' says Dr. Laing, 'in all this there is no visible attempt to deprive poor Bruce of whatever praise might be awarded him.' And yet no one knows *for certain*—that is, on indubitable evidence, what really of that volume are his compositions! Does Dr. David Laing really hold that he has so decisively settled the matter that no man can henceforth be the least in doubt about it? He is in happier case than we are if this is so. After long study, we are almost as much in doubt as ever; and strictly taken, this will be seen to be the real gravamen of our charge against Logan. One witness cited by Dr. Laing says that three pieces in the book were Logan's, and other two that seven pieces were Logan's. Perhaps they were all his; perhaps he made poor dead Michael Bruce's name the stalking-horse of his exceeding modesty. Joking apart, this may be most safely said, at all events, that we have to thank Mr. John Logan's exquisite tact in editorship and rare clearness of literary expression for one of the puzzles of recent times about which men may be long divided in opinion. But the very admission seems fatal to Logan's character, both as a workman and as a man. He could be clear enough sometimes; surely he could and might have been a little clearer here, where clearness is so nigh to honesty. The deliverance of the Presbytery on his first sermon may be cited in testimony, even if we pass over some of his letters, written to friends from London. The Presbytery said that less attention had been paid to the

meaning of the text and the connection of its parts than to brilliancy of sentiment and *expression*—which again would tend to show that Logan's 'exceeding modesty' did not in some ways tend to hamper his literary facilities.

Either, then, Logan was an incapable, a bungler, a man who had succeeded in imposing upon Dr. Hugh Blair and the rest, and yet was unable to express himself on the most ordinary literary matters with clearness and precision, or else he had some design and desire to mystify in the penning of that historic preface to the volume of 1770.

This preface is written, as it seems to us, with care, with point, and with graceful consideration for the credit of the writer. And, let it be remembered, too, that in those days prefaces were the great concern of authors and publishers—far greater than they are nowadays—when prefaces are proverbially things unread. When we set Dr. David Laing's admission of Logan's unfortunate and ill-judged treatment of Bruce's MSS., by the side of these considerations, it seems to us that the dilemma in which Logan's defenders are placed is by no means a trifling one.

There are other two points which must be briefly referred to. The first is the corrections on the first edition of the Ode, and the second the position in which Logan stands with respect to certain of the hymns which he published as the 'Poems of John Logan.' The corrections any one can see by glancing at Principal Shairp's article, as he has printed the versions side by side in *Good Words*. We cannot regard these corrections as improvements, and entirely agree with Principal Shairp respecting them.

But an earlier critic has found out the weak points of these corrections. Lord Mackenzie, amongst many other salient criticisms, remarks in writing to Dr. McKelvie that the word 'curious' should be reinstalled. 'Curious,' he says, 'may be a Scotticism, but it is felicitous. It marks the unusual resemblance of the note of the cuckoo 'to the human voice; the cause of the start and imitation that follow; 'whereas, the "new voice of spring" is not true, for many voices of 'spring precede that of the cuckoo.' His lordship remarks, too, in the spirit of a true observer of nature, that, 'as the cuckoo comes 'with and not precedes the spring, the original "attendant" is more 'nicely accurate than "messenger."' In not one instance do the corrections do other than mar the simplicity of the poem, and run into mere rhetorical affectations, 'the sharp edge of native observation being rubbed off.' To such an extent is this the case, that an argument as to the authorship might almost be based on the lack of

discernment and truth to nature exhibited in these changes. Principal Shairp says that poets have often corrected their poems for the worse; but seldom surely have they so wantonly set aside terms that were specially expressive for more general phrases, often without any real meaning, and sometimes, in point of fact, grossly untrue to nature. In one word, we hold that an author who had once had the happiness of depositing, with unapproachable nicety, in new and true poetic terms, real qualities and marked characteristics of nature, could not have done such despite to his own observation and attainment.

As to the added stanza, we do not think critics of real discernment, or indeed persons of sensibility, would be inclined to agree with Dr. Laing in founding much on that, or indeed in desiring it to be interpolated. It runs thus:—

‘ Alas, sweet bird ! not so my fate ;
Dark scowling skies I see
Fast gathering round, and fraught with woe
And wintry years to me.’

Principal Shairp has well said, ‘The added stanza is quite out of harmony with the Ode as we have it. It is a discordant note, jarring alike on the rhythm and the sentiment of the authentic stanzas.’ The original poem is sweetly-connected, simple, fluent, musical; this added stanza is tense, close, personal, in one word, non-conducting, besides being disfigured by a coarse, untoward alliteration in the second line; and we do not think that literary critic ever committed more serious error for his own side than when Mr. Grosart actually printed it as a genuine part of the Ode, and claimed it for Bruce. But that does not make Mr. Laing any more consistent, when, after having made so much of Logan’s additional stanza, he most maladroitly winds up by endorsing the very opinion we have pronounced thus: ‘The whole tone of the Ode (*exclusive of Logan’s additional verse in 1781*) is in a strain of joyous anticipation quite in contrast to Bruce’s finest and most pathetic composition, the “Elegy to Spring.”’ But if the added verse is in such direct contrast to the whole tone of the Ode, what does Dr. Laing gain by insisting on the evidence of identity of authorship from it? Does he really mean that Logan had become a fool to insert what was so clearly a discord?

Really this is almost a critical comedy of errors. Mr. Laing is doubtless a most careful student and industrious bibliopole; but here either his criticism is unfaithful to his facts or his facts to his criticism. And though it is rather passing beyond the limit we

had marked out for ourselves, we must say that Dr. Laing raises a false issue when he ridicules the idea of Logan's putting forward to Bruce's parents as an inducement to give him the MSS. the making money out of such a publication. The real point is not the actual prospect of money, but rather whether such a representation was likely to weigh with poor, simple country people like Bruce's parents, who knew nothing of literature or publishing affairs. And the same thing has to be said with respect to the fact of the authorship not having been challenged speedily after the appearance of the volume of 1770. How could the authorship be challenged? If but a *couple* of the poems included were not Bruce's, then the editor could justify himself from the very indefinite manner in which the preface was framed.

The next point we have to notice is one to which Dr. Laing does not refer; but it has a vast indirect value in relation to the whole question. In Logan's volume of 1781 appeared a number of hymns. On investigation we find some of the hymns with only a few verbal changes printed in old hymnals of 1745, with the venerable name of Doddridge attached to some of them, and these were included in Doddridge's own edition of 1755. John Logan was not born till three years after the former date—*i.e.*, in 1748—and certainly could not have sent the *copy* to the English printer. The annexed will serve as sample to show the sort of alterations that had been made:—

1745.	1781.
'Isa. ii. 26.	Logan.
I.	
In latter days the Mount of God His sacred House shall rise Above the mountains and the hills, And draw the wond'ring eyes.	'Behold the Mountain of the Lord In latter days shall rise Above the mountains and the hills And draw the wond'ring eyes.
II.	
'To this the joyful nations round, All tribes and tongues shall flow, Up to the house of God, they'll say, To Jacob's God, we'll go.'	'To this the joyful nations round, All tribes and tongues shall flow Up to the hill of God, they'll say, And to His house we'll go.'

It was the same with others, amongst them 'The beam that shines from Zion's hill,' and 'O God of Bethel, by whose hand, Abraham being put for Bethel, and so on.

'Thus,' says Mr. Grosart, and he is stating fact, 'the Rev. John Logan published as his own in his volume of 1781, without a syllable of explanation, two hymns that, as we have seen, were substantially printed in 1745, when he was non-existent, and in 1755, when, if not "fretting in the

"nurse's arms," he was almost a child, having been born in 1748. The question then arises, How came Logan to do this?'

We shall not ourselves attempt to draw any definite conclusion from a survey of the whole evidence; nor shall we refer to the theories of Bruce's advocates; we simply state certain facts as being worthy of some consideration in view of the whole question. Nor shall we dwell on the inconsistency of Dr. Laing in speaking as though motives of gain were always so clear in cases of plagiarism. The present writer has had verses of his own appropriated by another whose initials chanced to correspond with those put after the verses, where no conceivable motive of self-interest seemed to be served by the appropriation—save vanity; and then there is the case of Charlotte Elliott and the appropriation of her great hymn which caused her so much pain. But we must not speak as though we had closed our minds against anything that may be said in favour of Logan. We have only set down these points as being worthy the attention of his defenders, who, we hope, may be able to remove certain painful impressions regarding at least his capabilities of 'meanness.' Even on the best showing, his general method of dealing with MSS. committed to his charge and his resuscitation of old hymns and publishing them as his own, does not strike us as being of such a kind as should be recommended for cultivation amongst literary aspirants. Then these further facts in reference to Bruce may be stated. Buchan, a mason, who had left Kinnesswood and been away in different places to perfect himself in his craft, returned to Kinnesswood while Michael Bruce was home on one of his vacations. Buchan had a music class, and was much dissatisfied with the words to which some of the tunes were sung. Knowing Bruce's power of versifying, he asked him to compose some hymns and to alter others for the class. Bruce's friends all speak of these hymns, and there is no reason on earth to doubt that he wrote various hymns and altered and re-arranged others for Buchan's music class—professing to have done no more than to alter and re-arrange several of them. These were doubtless the nucleus of those 'Gospel Sonnets' referred to by his father, whose limited knowledge led him, not unnaturally, to class them with Ralph Erskine's compositions bearing the same name. We are here only noting a coincidence, preparatory to asking Dr. Laing and his friends to tell us what has become of these 'Gospel Sonnets;' which demand is certainly quite as reasonable as the demand he makes on his opponents to tell *what* MSS. of Bruce were given to Logan and in what condition!

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVELS.

A History of England, principally in the Seventeenth Century.
By LEOPOLD VON RANKE. Six Vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

It is an advantage to a country to have its history narrated by a foreigner, not in order to supersede native writers, but to correct their prejudices and supplement their deficiencies. If the opinion of the intelligent foreigner on contemporary events represents the verdict of an impartial posterity, his criticisms of those which are past should help to impart distinctness of view, and to liberate the student from national prepossessions. What our German friends call an 'objective' view is facilitated by liberation from the shortcomings and partialities of 'subjective' vanity. Much greater benefits than this general advantage were, however, to be expected from a History of England during an important national crisis by so competent an historian as Leopold Von Ranke. A life-long study of the forces that have moulded the character of Europe, and determined the distribution and relations of its religious and ecclesiastical elements, has made him familiar with the hidden springs of the political and religious system of the Continent. That has not been made what it is independent of the British Islands; for their influence was powerfully operative at the periods when the Western nations were most plastic. Of the forces by which Europe has been most profoundly influenced, the Reformation of the sixteenth century in Germany is the most central. Von Ranke has done more than any other living writer to bring to light the part played by the Reformation, in its origin and effects, upon the history of the European nations. His 'Lives of the Popes,' his 'History of the Reformation in Germany,' his work on the 'Origin of the Thirty Years' War,' his 'Life of Wallenstein,' and other volumes, form a series bound together by unity of subject, notwithstanding diversity of treatment and the variety of characters and incidents with which they deal. The development of the European State-system cannot be viewed in its completeness without tracing the part played by England in connection with it. Through its relations with Spain, with France, and later with Holland, England's influence was a powerful international factor in producing some of the most important events in the European story. It reached a climax in the seventeenth century, and the translators of the work before us are of opinion that Von Ranke's History of England 'may well be regarded as the concluding portion of the author's cycle of works on the international 'relations of the Continental States.' Although it is a history 'principally of the seventeenth century,' the writer does not confine himself to that period; but, *more Germanico*, traces the development of the elements that moulded the national character and story from the commencement. The studies of the epochs in English history which are thus introductory to the main work of the historian, are among the most valuable portions of his volumes, and bring into clear light the identity of the political and religious forces through whose action and counter-action the problems presented in England's career as a nation were at length resolved.

The work of Von Ranke ought, therefore, to be a powerful help towards the formation of that national self-consciousness which should be the final aim of all historical study and research. Englishmen will learn to appreciate what their country has been, and is, by learning what it has done at the epochs in which her influence was at its height. It was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that the national character assumed definite form, and the antagonistic elements which had been long at work in the nation were fused as within a common mould. Yet, while the energy of a new life, for which there was a definite mission in human affairs, was at its full in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there was not any solution of historical continuity through a wrench from the past. The final uprising against the Roman hierarchy, which largely helped to deliver the Western nations from the Papal despotism, was the culmination of a process that had been long going on before that time. Even in shaking herself free from the Roman yoke, and in thereby communicating an impetus to the religious revolution throughout Europe, the English people retained, in the relations between the spiritual and temporal powers, much of what had been the common possession of Christendom in the Middle Ages. The opposition to the work of liberation that lay in the circumstances and events of the period was influential. The sacerdotal reaction directed its greatest energies against England. The fight came to be one for national existence, or for all that rendered existence worth having; and the tendencies and forces that were potently at work throughout the country in antagonism to the national independence at length precipitated the war, which, in its turn, was made instrumental in giving stability to the general political structure. Ever and again in the course of the long drawn-out conflict, dating from the time of Elizabeth till the consolidation of the authority of William III., after the Revolution of 1688, England was brought into contact with the influences on the Continent, which were working out a similar transformation there. Though the struggle in Germany assumed a different form, having more regard to doctrines and dogmas, while in England it had mainly a political interest and reference, the maintenance of Protestantism in Western Europe was the common concern of both; and it was through the united efforts of the English and Continental powers that the end was achieved.

It would be a mistake, nevertheless, to regard the establishment of Protestantism in Western Europe as the motive always consciously present in the minds of those who were advancing that great object. What must mainly interest the English reader in a history of the period is the process of the national development at home. That was powerfully reacted upon by the foreign international relations alluded to, as these were largely affected by it in turn; but the great work of the period was the growth, through and by means of all the varied tendencies, opinions, and influences of the time, of the national character and constitution. Through the conflict and collision of the two constitutional powers in England in the seventeenth century—the Crown and Parliament—the end was at last secured of a balanced political system, in which there was a compromise between the traditions of the past and the ideas that were to mould the future. The English monarchy maintained its influence so long as it understood the necessity for this compromise; and when, under Charles I., it gave undue prominence to the reactionary elements which were in turn leagued, in nature if not always in existing circumstances, with the old sacerdotal system, it suffered defeat and overthrow. The English people were working steadily, even when un-

consciously, at the national transformation which was to ensure the undisputed supremacy of legislation, and the legal settlement of the home affairs of the country on a firm basis. This was the final object towards which all energies were directed, and all movements, political and ecclesiastical, peaceful or revolutionary, contributed. The cardinal distinction between English and French policy in the last two centuries—Von Ranke remarks—consisted in this, that the glory of their arms abroad lay nearest to the heart of the French nation, and the legal settlement of their home affairs to that of the English. In England, in the seventeenth century, the Crown and the Parliament, which had often before contended with each other, combined together in the religious struggle, and were both strengthened by the union. After a time, however, we see them coming into collision over ecclesiastical affairs, and a war of life and death over the character of the Constitution ultimately followed. The issue was the break-up and overthrow of the old system. Vigorous efforts were made to supply the want thus created; and in the Commonwealth—thanks to the genius and practically conservative character of the Protector—the transition was so regulated that the nation was saved from the anarchy which threatened. The Commonwealth was only transitional, and the deep conservative instincts of the people at last drove them back to the monarchy, and those old historic forms of Government and Constitution characteristic of the German, and, above all, of the English race. This was no final solution, for the old elements of discord were still present, and soon broke forth afresh. Continental affairs, while England remained occupied with her domestic concerns, grew more and more threatening; and the representative of the monarchy, allying himself, as was the manner of the Stuart race, with the reactionary and sacerdotal forces alive on the Continent, brought vividly home to the English people the sense of their extreme peril. The troubles at home and the events abroad combined to bring about another result; but in the Revolution of 1688, thus fostered, there was at length a decided change effected in the political constitution, for the centre of gravity of public authority finally reverted from the monarchy to the parliamentary side. At this time France, by consolidating absolutism at home, and by brilliant military conquests abroad, succeeded in re-establishing on the Continent the reactionary influences of the old system. England felt compelled to contest her political supremacy, and two rival forms of polity faced and fought each other in the long and bloody war that followed. In the end the one form was fully realized in England, while the other secured more or less complete sway on the Continent. Later the English influence produced imitations on the Continent, and ‘between those differing tendencies, these opposite poles (says Von Ranke), the life of Europe has ever since vibrated from side to side.’

From the sketch we have given of the broad outlines of Von Ranke's plan, our readers will be able to form a conception of it for themselves. Our German friends often reproach us that, as a nation, we are insensible to ideas; but the history of England by their own great historian must teach them that if, in the course of our national development, ideas have been little spoken of, they have been powerfully operative, and have been realized through practical labours and efforts. While there is a sense in which it is true that compromise is the essential character of English history, there can be no doubt of the reality of the deliverance which has been the issue of the long process. Under the existing circumstances of a complex national situation, influenced by powerful antagonistic forces both from within and from without, the

course of our national story shows us not the direct action of simple causes, but the collisions and counteractions of a large number of diverse elements. The motive forces which lay at the roots of the national transformation effected in the course of two centuries are not always easy to trace; and it is distinctive of Von Ranke that he has set himself to the task of unravelling the tangled skein. No careful reader of these six volumes will fail to observe that a large measure of success has attended his attempt. In the manner of his countrymen he has, after a long and careful research among the illustrative original documents, arrived at a general result, which supplies a comprehensive explanation of the course and results of English history during the seventeenth century. Seeking to interpret the separate chapters of the national story in their connections with the whole course of national development, to view each event as a political and religious whole, and, at the same time, to estimate it in its universal historical relations, he has produced a history of which Englishmen have every reason to be proud. There may be differences of opinion regarding Von Ranke's estimates of the great historical characters who adorn our story, and a minute criticism will be able to fasten upon inaccuracies regarding matters of detail. But it is marvellous with what mastery the historian moves along his course, how sound his judgments are as a rule upon the most controverted issues, how broad and inclusive his expositions of principles, and how exhaustive his analyses of fundamental motive forces. The complexity of our history in the period under review was greatly increased by the relations of England and Scotland, and also, though perhaps to a less degree, with Ireland. The union of the two nations in 1603 brought a new set of forces to bear upon English history, and upon the home and foreign politics of the realm. England had become Great Britain, and the opposing influences at work in the two parts of the island had important bearings upon the whole course of the national development. Von Ranke is nowhere more successful than in tracing the effects of the Scottish influences, with their Continental relations, upon the home conflicts of the nation. His treatment of Irish affairs is not, perhaps, so brilliant, but it is, on the whole, satisfactory.

We have preferred to endeavour to give a general idea of the ground plan of this valuable work, which has been admirably translated into English, rather than to criticise its separate parts, or enter into a discussion of questions which, however important, are points of detail. We very heartily recommend the work to the student of English history, who will find in it the rich fruits of industry and research, remarkable powers of historical generalization, and vivid sympathies with the great cause of human progress. There is no foreign air about the work, unless it be in its large comprehensiveness, and its preference of principles to details. That the details have been thoroughly dealt with is nevertheless manifest from the rich collection of illustrative original documents which the fifth and sixth volumes contain.

The History of Japan. Vol. II., 1865 to 1871. Completing the Work. By FRANCIS OTTIWELL ADAMS, F.R.G.S. Henry S. King and Co.

This second volume of Mr. Adams' very important work is hardly organic history, it is necessarily a chronicle—derived from newspapers, diplomatic documents, and personal experience—of a series of incidental events which have developed the liberal policy of Japanese rulers, and

revolutionized the political constitution of the country, so that the feudal power of the Damios has given place to pure monarchical and incipient constitutional government. Few things in history are finer than the self-abnegation of some of the leading Damios in order to secure this result. Had they selfishly combined, and maintained the privileges of their order, their great possessions and numerous retainers might have defied all the power of the Mikado, even had he been disposed to exercise it. The merit of men like Satsuma is that they saw that the interests of the country demanded their self-sacrifice, and they made it; they really urged on the sovereign to his sovereignty. The details of sporadic rebellion and popular violence are too complicate and numerous for general characterization. We must remember, however, that outrages against foreigners were perpetrated so late as 1870; that the people have emerged from their feudalism a semi-barbarous horde; and that the leaders who are seeking to give them their place among nations have no political experience, and are in danger of the reactionary rashness which goes too fast and too far. It will be long before the moral sentiment is generated in which alone constitutional forms can work well. Nations grow, they are not made, and nothing is gained by forcing the growth. In the meantime the country is open, and Mr. Adams' History puts us in possession of the information necessary to understand its present transitional condition.

The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America. By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. Vol. I. 'Wild Tribes.' Longmans and Co.

This large volume is the first of five to be devoted by the author to the aboriginal inhabitants of the Western half of North America, or what he calls the Pacific States. These five volumes, when completed, will form the first of 'a series of works' on the immense territory which stretches almost from the Pole to the Equator, embracing nearly a tenth of the surface of the globe. The general plan of the author involves 'a series' of works; but if the same amount of study and inquiry is necessary for those which are to follow, as has evidently been expended on the volume before us, the ordinary span of human life will scarcely be equal to their production. This volume is confined to the wild tribes, and will be followed by a second, describing the civilized nations; while the three remaining volumes will treat of the mythology, languages, antiquities, and migrations of the peoples thus passed in review. We have no difficulty in believing the author's statement, that he has condensed in the five volumes the researches of 1,200 writers, besides giving information acquired from other sources. It was scarcely necessary to prove the assertion by printing a list of all the works thus referred to. A writer who is able to speak of having accumulated 'some 16,000 books, manuscripts, and pamphlets, besides maps, and cumbersome files of Pacific Coast journals,' before setting to work, might have spared us the array of printed books on which he has professedly built up the edifice of his literary labours. Indeed, the work is the worse, rather than the better, for the atmosphere of laborious erudition in which the author constantly reminds us he worked and wrote. It is quite enough, in these days of much writing, that we should have the results of a writer's researches, without being invited to accompany him again through the processes by which he has attained these results. It is the great fault of this work, so far as we may judge from the first volume,

that it gives us too much of the latter, without always making plain that the author has himself attained any very decided and conclusive opinion on the subjects so elaborately discussed, after all the labour of the search he has prosecuted. We have a mass of interesting material in the volume, full of information not readily accessible on the wild tribes of the North American Continent, but the *rudis indigestaque moles* might easily have been made to assume more graceful and attractive forms and proportions than it bears here. As it is, the author discharges the office of a pioneer collecting facts which may be utilized by others, rather than an independent investigator, able to form from them his own theories. Later volumes, however, may modify this judgment.

Lives of English Popular Leaders in the Middle Ages—Tyler, Ball, and Oldcastle. By EDMUND C. MAURICE. Henry S. King and Co.

This, like Mr. Maurice's former volume, is far more than a biographic sketch of the three leaders who are named in the title. It is a serious and tolerably successful attempt to popularize philosophical history. His introductory portion is a really able and judicious endeavour to trace out the course by which freedom was slowly secured, and the union of the widely disparate classes gradually effected. As Mr. Maurice says, Gregory's Angles in the slave market at Rome have had more attention than the question of how they came there. It would seem that slavery in the twelfth century in England went alongside of a systematized slave-trade. It will not be forgotten how Livingstone, in those 'Last Journals,' observed, with the political foresight that so strangely went along with his quietly pathetic regrets, that slavery could only become more and more intolerable as civilization increased, because in primitive times the distance between slave and master was not so marked as the refinements of civilization speedily made it. Mr. Maurice's introduction to this volume is concerned with showing how, happily, an intermediate class grew up, which mediated between the absolute slave and his master; the existence of this class determining much else in the course of time.

'The fact,' says Mr. Maurice, 'that a semi-free class between the thane and the theow, and that this semi-free class was occupied like the slaves in purely agricultural labour, prevented that opposition between widely-separated classes which intensified the evils of slavery, both in ancient and modern times. Add to this the fact that the monks were themselves engaged in manual labour, both agricultural and mechanical, and thus were drawn by class sympathy, as well as religious feelings, to the cause of the serf; and we see the various softening influences at work which, while they could not hide the horrors of slavery, yet tended to weaken some of its bitterness, and give hope of its gradual abolition.'

We wish we had space to follow Mr. Maurice in tracing out the rise and growth of towns, and the results of the freedom gained by residence there, the failure of the monks finally to justify their position, and the revolutions which followed, in which Ball and Wat Tyler were prominent. This is beyond our space at present: we can only say further that to careful and thorough research, and true sympathy for the weak, Mr. Maurice adds a clear and effective style, and the power at once of forcible narrative and discriminating characterization of the men with whom he is concerned—no small matter in dealing with times so remote.

Sir John Oldcastle and Lollardy in England have hardly before been so discriminatingly commemorated. While there is enough to mark the work as individual, there are not wanting tokens of an influence such as we might look for in one bearing the honoured name which the author bears.

The Story of the Scottish Church from the Reformation to the Disruption. By the Rev. THOMAS MCCRIE, D.D., LL.D. Blackie and Son.

Part of this volume has been published before, but that does not detract from its value in this completed form. It is a readable and well condensed work, which does not pretend to be absolutely free from bias. Dr. McCrie frankly avows himself a Presbyterian of the old school. Yet he writes at once eloquently and discriminatingly, ready to do justice and to exercise an independent judgment in disputed matters. But the story of the Solemn League and Covenant is one over which it is hard to preserve the historian's cold impartiality, with all that record of sorrow and suffering which it enshrines. Richard Cameron, John Brown, of Priesthill, and the rest—the very names touch home and excite emotions alien to calculated analysis! It is something that Dr. McCrie makes us feel this anew, without ceasing to regard proportion. This volume will be found of great service to the young especially. It is not a series of recondite descriptions of dogma or Church forms, but rather a record of brave deeds, for Dr. McCrie speaks simple truth when he says:—‘No church in Christendom affords so many incidents of stirring interest, or furnishes to readers of the present day so many lessons of paramount importance.’

Epochs of History. Edited by E. E. MORRIS, M.A. Longmans and Co. *The Houses of Lancaster and York.* By JAMES GAIRDNER. *Edward III.* By the Rev. W. WARBURTON, M.A.

Whatever may be thought hereafter of the competitive examinations of the present time, and of the so-called cramming-books put forth for the benefit of those who are preparing for them, there can be little doubt that the honesty of purpose now shown in the cause of sound historical teaching will be duly recognised. Of the three or more independent series of works at present in course of publication to meet the special needs of historical instruction in schools, all, it may fairly be said, go on the principle that error makes the largest, and truth the smallest, demands on the memory, and therefore that even the merest outline of a history which is accurately given will be more easily remembered than a sketch in which blunders may be intermingled with falsehoods. But it is possible to write books which, although scrupulously exact, must from their plan lack the life indispensable for an historical picture. If the narrative of the reign of George II. is to be written in some half-dozen small pages, we cannot hope to make the campaigns of Charles Edward attractive to children by throwing in the incident of the gingerbread brought to him as a dainty by the robbers whose cave he shared after the catastrophe of Culloden. Books on this scale may have their use; but if volumes can be written for boys and girls at school which shall bring before them the men and women of a definite period in the fulness of their vigour, and which may stir them as older readers are stirred by the eloquence and earnestness of Arnold, Milman,

or Macaulay, we can scarcely imagine a greater boon to multitudes of young folk for whom the history-lesson has commonly been a time of torment.

To give them this boon is the special object of the 'Epochs of History,' a series of volumes edited by Mr. E. E. Morris. The volumes which have already appeared, on the 'Thirty Years' War,' on the 'Houses of York and Lancaster,' on the 'Crusades,' on the 'Protestant Revolution,' and on 'Edward III.,' justify the belief that this purpose will be fully answered. The authors have done their work honestly, without any attempt to 'write down to' the comprehension of young readers, while the scale on which the plan of the series is constructed has enabled them to treat their subject free from the fatal restraints of undue compression. In the compass of 222 small pages, Mr. Rawson Gairdner has given us a narrative of the Thirty Years' War, which exhibits with masterly skill and power the phases of the great drama in which the illustrious Gustavus played his part. In his 'Protestant Revolution,' Mr. Seebohm, it may be thought, has given too much space to the work of men who, like Colet, Erasmus, and More, had, after all, not very much to do with the Reformation; but there can be no doubt that in his pages these men, with Luther and his friends or foes, are living beings; and that his readers will obtain from this volume a knowledge of the mighty change which, aiming at first only at reformation, ended in disruption, such as they can get from no other volume of perhaps four times the size. In like manner it may be said of Mr. Cox, that, in dealing with the Crusaders, he is somewhat vehement, whether in praise or blame; but this very fact shows that the painting of the picture has been, with him, a labour of love, and his readers will not on this account feel less interest in the history of the world's great debate. The story of the Wars of the Roses may to some be less stirring, but Mr. Gairdner has undoubtedly taken the true measure of their significance. In the list of contributors of volumes yet to be published we are glad to see the names of the Dean of St. Paul's and Mr. Stubbs; but, although their histories must add to the general value of the series, enough has been done to show that books may be written for the young which may deserve the attention of readers and students of any age.

Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquis of Lansdowne; with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence. By Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE. Volume I. 1737-1766. Macmillan and Co

Lord Shelburne is one of Mr. Disraeli's 'suppressed' historical characters, to whom the right hon. gentleman attributes a larger influence on the course of events than has been exerted by many whose fame is noised abroad throughout the world. If the history of the Prime Minister were not so often as much the creature of his imagination as is his romance, we ought to believe that Lord Shelburne, next to Bolingbroke, was the greatest statesman of the eighteenth century. The opening chapters of 'Sybil' are devoted to his eulogy; and we are introduced to an enlightened free trader, who would have liberated commerce from its fetters nearly a century ago, a statesman who would have avoided nearly all the blunders and calamities which we are assured are traceable to the 'Dutch finance' of King William, and a politician far superior to the younger Pitt, from whom that great minister received all that was best in his conceptions, though he after-

wards allowed his prejudices and the circumstances of his time to corrupt and mislead him to an opposite line. Although we scarcely think historical facts will bear out the conclusions of Mr. Disraeli, it is interesting to examine them in the light of contemporary documents, as we are enabled to do through the volume before us. The 'Chapter of Autobiography' is the *pièce de résistance* of the work, and it confirms some of the Prime Minister's statements regarding Lord Shelburne. We find him writing warmly in favour of Adam Smith's principles, while his estimate of William III. tallies with that of his eulogist. Lord Shelburne tells us that the King's 'ruling passion was war;' and he says it is absurd to grow enthusiastic over his 'supposed love of liberty.' 'I cannot (he adds) trace a single act of even inferior regulation 'that we owe to him, which did not immediately gratify his ambition.' He is more favourable to Queen Mary; but the reign of Queen Anne was, in his opinion, that of the Duke of Marlborough. Sir Robert Walpole was 'out of sight the ablest man of his time, and the most capable;' but he quotes an anecdote in which the 'most capable' man of his time, talking to Mr. Fox about reading, expresses regret that he had neglected the habit—'to such a degree that I cannot now read a page—a warning to all ministers.' Following the autobiography, which unfortunately remains a fragment, we have a series of chapters containing much matter of interest, that serves to illustrate the relations of Lord Shelburne to the leading politicians of his time, especially Lord Bute, Mr. Fox, and the elder Pitt. The last chapter is on 'The Repeal of the Stamp Act,' and it says much for Lord Shelburne's liberality and freedom from prejudice that at that period he took strongly the side of the revolted colonists of America. On all economical questions he was decidedly in advance of his age. We expect much that is yet more interesting in the volumes from Lord Fitzmaurice's pen that are to come. The descriptions of Lord Bute and Mr. Fox (by Lord Shelburne) will be found useful to the historical student; and in the memoranda left by the 'suppressed' statesman, written between 1800 and 1805—the year of his death—there ought to be a good deal of important matter. The secret of the authorship of Junius (which we are told he knew) unhappily died with him. A week before his death he said to Sir Richard Phillips, 'I knew Junius, and I knew all about the writing and production of those letters,' and that if he lived over the summer he would write a pamphlet that would set the question at rest for ever. 'Junius,' he added, 'has *never yet* been publicly named.' The secret was not even communicated to his son, Lord Lansdowne, the grandfather of the present Earl Fitzmaurice.

Isaac Casaubon: 1559–1614. By MARK PATTISON, Rector of Lincoln College. Longmans and Co.

We propose dealing, at length, in an early number, with the personal history and literary achievements of Isaac Casaubon. Meanwhile, we give a cordial welcome to Mr. Pattison's elaborate and instructive book. It has evidently been a labour of love to the writer, and it will undoubtedly attract a large class of educated readers. There are some literary blemishes in it, and one or two repetitions which might have been avoided. There is also more about the mere *surroundings* of Casaubon, and less about himself, than we should have expected and desired; and no adequate account is given of his many most valuable, in some cases even epoch-making, contributions to classical literature. But the book,

nevertheless, contains much curious information that will be welcome to every scholar.

Mr. Pattison divides his work into eleven parts, in which he traces the career of Casaubon from his birth at Geneva in 1559 to his death at London in 1614. The book closes with a chronological list of the writings of Casaubon, but no critical estimate of their importance is attempted. In the compilation of his work Mr. Pattison has had access to ample materials, a considerable proportion of which remains unpublished. Little, however, of importance has been added to our knowledge of Casaubon. In fact, he could scarcely be more fully revealed to us than he has been in the volumes of his 'Ephemerides'—a diary which he kept with the utmost regularity through a long course of years—and by the huge volume of 'Letters,' &c., published by Almeloveen in the beginning of last century. Perhaps the most original parts of Mr. Pattison's work are those in which he gives us vivid glimpses into the condition of the Academy at Geneva, and the Universities of Montpelier, Paris, and Oxford, at the periods of which he treats. There is also a very able 'Characteristic' of Casaubon appended to the chapter which relates his last illness and death. We may afterwards have occasion to criticize some statements which occur in the volume; but in the meantime we beg to commend it heartily to our readers.

Life and Correspondence of Samuel Johnson, D.D., Missionary of the Church of England in Connecticut, and First President of King's College, New York. By E. EDWARDS BEARDSLEY, D.D., Rector of St. Thomas' Church, New Haven. New York: Hard and Houghton; London: Rivingtons.

The biographical details of this volume throw light upon the ecclesiastical history of England and America through the greater part of the eighteenth century. Dr. Johnson was one of the first of the New England youths who became utterly dissatisfied with the Congregational and Presbyterian polity of the colony, and who ventured across the Atlantic with the intention of receiving episcopal ordination and ministerial authority to preach the Gospel of Christ to the descendants of the New England settlers. He was obviously sincere, and a godly, devout, charitable man, whose reverence for the orders and services of the church of his adoption amounted to enthusiasm. His reception in England, in the year 1723, was flattering and stimulating. The great dignitaries of the Church honoured him, and ordained him. It is interesting to read of Johnson's enormous appetency for sermons and communions, and a little tedious to have to travel with him from one church to another on this quest. His observations on any other peculiarities of Old England were meagre in the extreme. One of the most attractive features of the volume consists of a considerable correspondence between the subject of this biography and Dean, afterwards Bishop Berkeley. Johnson became a ready convert to and an advocate of Berkeley's philosophy, and found in it his great safeguard against prevalent unbelief. The particulars of Berkeley's mission to Bermuda are given, as well as of the large-hearted Dean's self-sacrifice and liberality, and of the ultimate failure of the great effort upon which he had spent so much fortune and time.

It is instructive to read of the labours of Whitefield in America, from the standpoint of this stiff and starched Churchman; to look at the 'Dissenting communities' in the colony with the eyes of one who tried honestly to live on pleasant terms with them, but had a faculty of always being

in hot water, and conducting angry correspondence with the sectaries. Much curious information is given with respect to the augmentation of Yale College, to the foundation of colleges at Philadelphia and New York, and to the educational efforts of Johnson as president of the latter. The family history is detailed very fully, and some bright side light is thrown on English politics, by the prolonged, and during Johnson's lifetime, abortive efforts to establish an American episcopate. The dignified modesty and stiff affection, the quaint reserve, and, genuine enthusiasm of Dr. Johnson, his power of answering an opponent, and his persistence in the great purpose of episcopizing America make his memoir an entertaining novelty.

James Everett. A Biography. By RICHARD CHEW. Hodder and Stoughton.

Hardly could a speedy oblivion for Mr. Everett have been provided for more effectually than by a huge sarcophagus like this book. It is really too much that a big octavo volume should be written about any public man, and filled in with chroniclings of the smallest of small beer—what great men Mr. Everett saw, and what great preachers he heard. Mr. Everett was a man of mark and power. He suffered hard things from some of his brethren in the Wesleyan ministry. He cannot perhaps be justified in all his measures of attempted reform; but neither can the methods of those whose conservatisms he opposed. We had occasion, in reviewing Mr. Jackson's recent memoir, to express our strong disapproval of the arbitrariness and intolerance sometimes manifested in it. It was fitting that Mr. Everett should be vindicated, and should be exhibited as the earnest, able, useful man he was; but we cannot commend the undue and eager depreciation apparent in his judgments of his opponents; and we think Mr. Everett and his really noble work would have been seen to much greater advantage had the wearisome twaddle been excised from this volume, which would have reduced it to at least half its size.

The Life of Samuel Lover, R.H.A., Artistic, Literary, and Musical, with Selections from his Unpublished Papers and Correspondence. By BAYLE BERNARD. Two Vols. Henry S. King.

The versatile author of 'Rory O'More' has found an enthusiastic and fluent biographer, who has contrived, in telling the story of the varied accomplishments and successes of his hero, to communicate a goodly amount of varied information, to discuss politics and art, Irish Bulls, and the philosophy of miniature painting, the history of ballad literature and Irish fiction, America before the war, as well as much of the chit-chat of the literary and dramatic circles of Dublin and London. It was very remarkable that one man should develop such unmistakable faculty in three or four different though allied arts. Lover found rest from the pencil, with which he produced almost matchless miniatures, in composing the comic story of the 'Gridiron,' in inditing songs which shook the sides of the Emerald Isle with 'inextinguishable laughter.' After painting Paganini with such dexterity as to win the eulogy of Chantrey and Wilkie, he could turn to romance and music with equal and telling effect. We think if Mr. Bernard had been less diffuse and abundant in his sketches of other writers of prose and poetry, and had devoted his space to a more detailed account of Samuel Lover's own

achievements, the volume would have answered more fairly to the promise of its title-page. One-third of the first volume is occupied with long disquisitions and rather tedious enumerations of the ballad and romance writers of Ireland. A knowledge of this subject on the part of the reader is, moreover, assumed to an extent which is likely to injure the value of the recital. All the well-known wits whom Lover met in London society are catalogued and appraised, and though it is amusing enough to hear what Douglas Jerrold said of Albert Smith and George Robins, it does not appear very clearly what possible connection these and many other references and anecdotes have with Samuel Lover.

Three chapters are devoted to Lover's experiences in America, and are interesting. It is, moreover, very gratifying to hear at the close of this long career, that Mr. Lover had retained throughout life a deeply religious feeling, and cherished at the last the hopes of a devout believer.

The second volume furnishes a great deal of pure and highly-pitched humour. The Irish stories now published for the first time are as racy and foaming with fun as anything which Lover or Harry Lorrequer ever indited. 'Paddy and the Bear' and 'Paddy at Sea' are inimitably droll and witty. The American sharpness is amusingly told in many a fugitive piece. The story of the Yankee, who found that his store of boot-pegs had been forestalled in the market, is not bad.

"Why," says the captain, "to say nawthin of the other chap bein' afore yer, your pegs was all spiled—they was all sopped with the salt water we got in through our leak when we grounded."

"That's the idee I goes on," says the Yankee. "You see, I brought my machine down along with me; so I sharpened my pegs at the other eend, just give 'em another soakin', and I sold 'em all for oats."

The lyrics and letters which follow are full of quiet and pleasant humour, and the author of 'Molly Carew,' 'Widow Machree,' and 'Rory O'More,' becomes more familiarly known by the perusal of these pleasant volumes.

Shelley Memorials; from Authentic Sources. Edited by Lady SHELLEY; with an *Essay on Christianity*. By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Third Edition. Henry S. King and Co.

In lieu of a complete and authentic life of Shelley, from the documents in possession of his family, which has been promised in due time, this third edition of the 'Shelley Memorials' may meanwhile be acceptable. Its original purpose was to rebut some statements of Trelawney, and some assertions in certain forged letters. It contains no addition, save that of the steel portrait of the poet as a frontispiece, which surely exaggerates the fragile, feminine character of the poet's physical conformation. We had thought that the portrait prefixed to Mr. Moxon's collected edition of the poems, of date 1853, went far enough in this direction, and we were inclined to regard it as faithful, more especially as it was said to be taken from 'an original in the possession of Mrs. Shelley.' But the aerial, even spiritual refinement and half-angelic expression of this face far surpasses that. The eyes large and luminous, the brow arched, the mouth slightly open, combine to give a wistful, shy, half-startled air. The whole expression is that of one who lives among abstractions, and

would retreat from the conflict of the world. It is more in keeping with some passages in the essay on Christianity—which is reverent, but pantheistical, and disinclined to admit mystery—where he speaks in defence of Diogenes-like retirement, than it is with some portions of his letters in which he writes passionately of the evils and vices induced by the abuses of power on the part of the privileged, and deals direct blows at individual men. Some of the most interesting episodes in Shelley's biography are hardly touched here, especially the tragic close of Harriett Westbrook's brief and sorrow-shaded life. The most interesting part of the volume to us, we confess, is the account of the struggles of Mary Shelley—Godwin's daughter—after Shelley's death; her brave and independent efforts to educate her children; and her diaries, which are full of longing affection, high purpose, and devout hope of reunion with the lost. The volume, altogether, is written with tact and skill.

The Life of Joseph Mazzini. A Memoir By E. A. V. With two Essays by MAZZINI, entitled "Thoughts on Democracy," and "The Duties of Man." With an Introductory Preface by Mr. TAYLOR. King and Co.

The moral of Mazzini's life, which this writer has undertaken to appraise, may be summed up in the German proverb that 'the best is the enemy of the good.' A nation of idealists, as the Germans once were, whose kingdom, as Jean Paul showed, was the air, not the earth or the sea, have seen at last their mistake. They have seen that ideals spoil actuals, that to dream is not to act but to kill action. Mazzini was a dreamer all his life; a noble dreamer it is true, but still a dreamer. He was a seer of visions which have been very imperfectly realized, because he could not get out of his head that grand abstraction, the people, or, to use the favourite plural form, 'the peoples.' His disgust at kings and kingcraft was so intense that in the reaction his mind lost its balance, and, like another Italian exile, with whom alone he can be matched in austerity and asperity, he went about the world seeing an *Inferno* in kingcraft and a *Paradiso* in democracy. Strangely enough, his and Dante's ideals were the very reverse of each other. Dante, the Ghibelline, praying for the German emperor to come and take Rome, which was sighing for its Cæsar; Dante, who put Cassius and Brutus in the lowest *bolgia* of the *Inferno* for having lifted up their hands against Cæsar, and Mazzini, who almost exalted the dagger of the tyrannicide into the instrument of the world's redemption. 'It is a mad world, my masters,' but there is nothing so mad in it as these dreams or distorted ideals of men of genius. A critical life of Mazzini, full of intelligent sympathy for him and the noble cause for which he staked his life with such purity and steadfastness of purpose, would be a contribution to contemporary history. But we almost despair of it. Mazzini is a character of such intense individuality that he fascinates us; we must love him so as to lose the power of criticising him, or hate him so that we cannot patiently consider his merits. 'I look upon Mazzini as the Jesus Christ of the nineteenth century.' This is the criticism—if such an irreverent comparison is to pass for criticism—of a lady who was one of his enthusiastic admirers. On the other hand, we have only to turn to the columns of the *Times* to see what was thought of him by the average Englishman, who hates ideals, and dislikes, as all prosperous men of the world do, the enthusiasts who outrun the age and leap too

fast forward into the future. In this volume we have Mazzini depicted from the point of view of an ardent admirer. It is a memoir by E. A. V., with two essays by Mazzini, entitled, 'Thoughts on Democracy,' and 'The Duties of Man.' It is dedicated to the working classes of this country, with a short introductory preface by Mr. Taylor, the member for Leicester. We have a sketch of Mazzini's birth and early childhood at Genoa, of his first imprisonment and subsequent exile in 1831, which, owing principally to his own obstinacy as an irreconcilable with constitutional monarchy or Italy, was destined to be life-long. We are not saying anything to accuse Mazzini, but we think it was a mistake, a folly almost amounting to a crime, not to discern that the house of Savoy was loyal to Italy. He had the less excuse for his rabid anti-constitutionalism, as the land of his exile was a country which had learned to reconcile law and liberty, and to shape its ends without rising in revolt against the royal house which it had entrusted with the throne. All through his life Mazzini showed a wise distrust of France, and a dislike of French methods in politics. Yet his mind was Celtic, not Saxon, in some respects—in its ultra-idealism, its dread and dislike of compromises, its invincible aversion to any conciliation between the old and the new. Mazzini would have been a greater man if he had died a few years sooner—on the eve, for instance, of the Austrian war of 1859—or had consented to work for Italy on any terms, and had accepted the house of Savoy as the English people did the house of Brunswick. Victor Emmanuel was, at least, as worthy a King of Italy as George I. was of England. We may understand, from Mazzini's impractical Republicanism, what England would have been if the Ludlows and Harrisons, instead of Somers and William of Orange, had been the conductors of her Revolution. Mazzini's life may thus be divided into two unequal portions: during the longer and nobler portion he was the exile and witness for a great truth—the unity of Italy and the expulsion of the Austrian. But when that had been accomplished, and forgetting that the half is sometimes more than the whole, Mazzini obstinately held on to his extreme Republicanism, and if he did not forfeit the respect of all true Italians he did nothing to advance it. This is the critical lesson from his life which E. A. V. fails to see, and thus misses the opportunity of enforcing an important truth, that 'the best is the enemy of the good.'

Saskatchewan, and the Rocky Mountains. A Diary and Narrative of Travel, Sport, and Adventure during a Journey through the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories in 1859 and 1860. By the EARL of SOUTHESK, K.T., F.R.G.S. With Maps and Illustrations. Edmonston and Douglas.

It is a pity that Lord Southesk so long delayed the publication of these most interesting diaries, some parts of which will appear to have been anticipated by such works as Major Butler's 'Great Lone Land,' and Mr. George Grant's 'Ocean to Ocean.' Lord Southesk was in the field long before either, and there is a whole district of which he made detailed exploration which neither of them touched, giving names to the more prominent points. This region lies between the Columbia River and the Athabasca, and as the country remains substantially unchanged, these diaries still furnish a reliable and faithful description of it. We say faithful; for one of the most noticeable points about the book is the love of exactitude, the modesty and reserve which

have led Lord Southesk to interpolate qualifications, and remarks suggested by after reflection, which sometimes so far conflict with the popular interest derived from a graphic and off-hand style. In such places as the bulk of this book is devoted to describing, men must become sportsmen per force, even if they have no love for sport; and, of course, Lord Southesk, as a good shot, combined sport with the business of finding food for his large party, but nothing could be further from the truth than to say that he yielded himself to 'wanton slaughter.' Over and over again he says, that scores of buffalo bulls could have been shot easily, but that it would have been mere cruelty; that cows were wanted for food, and that only one wounded animal escaped during the whole time. A tone of the truest humanity, indeed, runs through the book, which sometimes leads to what most readers will regard as sentimental, as, for example, when he reproves himself for having shot one or two animals for the sake of the heads—remarks which, we are certain, would not have occurred to one sportsman out of a thousand. He interferes to prevent the Indians from 'hammering the dogs about the head,' and will not permit it. He is abounding in his concern for the horses, and more eager for their welfare than some travellers, in similar circumstances, would have been for the men in their train. As for the Indians,—doubtful characters most of them—he acts to them as a sort of missionary, never failing to teach a good lesson when he can, and distributing the Scriptures and good books. He very narrowly escaped being involved in an Indian war. Altogether, the work is full of quick observation and picturesque description, and what will surprise not a few, is the systematic manner in which Lord Southesk managed, in the midst of the distractions of travel and camp life, to pursue his literary studies. The results we have in an Appendix, such as scholars will hardly expect in a place like this, but which they may well be glad to meet with. We should not omit to say that the book is enriched with some beautifully-executed wood engravings—masterpieces of their kind—and that the publishers have done their part worthily in the production of a really handsome book.

Lewsiana; or, Life in the Outer Hebrides. By W. ANDERSON SMITH, Author of 'Off the Chain.' With Illustrations. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

The Lews, which Mr. Black in his 'Princess of Thule,' has made so interesting and picturesque, has been described as 'a peat floating in the Atlantic.' It is bare and barren, with as yet unredeemed reaches of peat-moss and moor, on which the islanders may well busy themselves, seeing that the population is increasing, so as to raise a prospect of the social difficulties that cumber parts less remote, unless, indeed, the proprietors should generously allow the poor people to 'take-in' larger allotments, so as to raise more food for themselves and their growing families. Meanwhile they struggle on as best they may—a pinched, half-hopeless kind of fight against circumstances. The houses are rude, sometimes hardly weather-proof, with earth floors, the fowls and pigs finding quarter under the same roof with their superior, man, as they do in parts of Ireland. The creels of peats which are heaped up on the fire, so as to subdue the damp in the walls, cause the hens that roost among the rafters to lay so often that the eggs are puny and taste of smoke. The boats all belong to the curers, which renders the fishermen semi-slaves, as it is of course the object of the curers to get as much out of their investments as they can. Mr. Smith writes well and solidly, and shows rather more

than ordinary skill in his descriptions of the lobster fishery, and of the fauna and flora and fishes of the region; but he rather lacks picturesque force, and perhaps, too, human sympathy sufficient to enkindle enthusiasm in the heart of his readers for the island he knows so well and so honestly loves in his own way. Certainly his book is calculated to act as a counter influence to Mr. Black's novel, and to deter the tourist from setting off for the land of Sheila.

Assyrian Discoveries: an Account of Explorations and Discoveries on the Site of Nineveh, during 1873 and 1874. By GEORGE SMITH, of the British Museum. Sampson Low and Co.

As is sufficiently known, Mr. Smith's 'explorations and discoveries' in the East were the results of an enterprise originated, although not maintained to the end, by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. Emulous of the glory won by the *New York Herald*, in connection with the search for Livingstone, the English journal sought to secure similar laurels, by stimulating research in another direction. All honour to it for the impulse; but it would have deserved yet higher praise had it continued to the end the work it was instrumental in starting. As it was, Mr. Smith had to rely upon the not overabundant funds of the British Museum, to enable him to resume his interrupted labours, and to bring them to any kind of satisfactory termination. Much yet remains to be done by researches and excavations to complete the work; for Mr. Smith estimates that £5,000 and three years' labour would be necessary to excavate the site of the library of the palace of Sennacherib, at Konyunjik alone, where there remain (he calculates) to reward the zeal of some future explorer, at least 20,000 fragments buried in the unexcavated portions of the palace. The most valuable fruits of Mr. Smith's Assyrian mission were the Izdubar—a name of a mighty warrior, whom he identifies with the Nimrod of the Bible—and the 'Flood Series of Legends.' The portion of the volume that Mr. Smith has published which is of most importance is the latter part, in which he gives a description of these remarkable legends. Portions of them are familiar, as having appeared in the newspapers at the time of their discovery; but only in the present work has any complete description of them been given. Their value to the Biblical critic, as well as to the antiquarian, is incalculable. Some of them contain remarkable confirmations of the narrative of the early chapters of the Book of Genesis. The account of the Deluge is the most striking of these, the circumstantial details of the narratives being in many portions identical. Mr. Smith has done good service in bringing this extraordinary series of inscriptions to light. It may be doubted, however, if his book will be found of peculiar interest to the general reader. The style is bald and colourless; and it is only when protesting against the shabbiness and treachery of Turkish officials that the writer warms up to life.

An Historical Atlas of Ancient Geography, Biblical and Classical. Compiled under the superintendence of Dr. WILLIAM SMITH and Mr. GROVE. Part V. John Murray.

With this part, this magnificent addition to our geographical cartography is completed. It marks an epoch in works of its class analogous to that which the publication of Dr. William Smith's Dictionaries made in Classical and Biblical literature. Henceforth not only will it be indispensable, but we shall wonder how we did without it.

The present part contains thirteen pages of maps, some of them with four or five maps or plans, exhibiting countries or cities at different periods—six of Italy, for example—a feature of the work most invaluable to the student. Among them are five maps of Ancient Britain, Germania, Thracia, Arabia, India, the Environs of Jerusalem, of Babylon, of Nineveh, Rome, &c.; and, we should add, modern names are put in italics under the ancient names, which is a great convenience. We cannot do better, in commending the work to all students and literary men, than reproduce some of the statements of the preface. It has occupied eighteen years in production, and is the first attempt to give a complete set of maps of the Ancient World on a scale corresponding in size to the best atlases of modern geography. Its size is that of Keith Johnston's 'Royal Atlas of Modern Geography.' Except Britain and India all the classical maps have been prepared by Dr. Charles Müller, the editor of 'Strabo.' The Map of India has been prepared by Colonel Yule, the editor of 'Marco Polo.' It is the result of much original investigation, and contains much new matter differing from preceding authorities. The Biblical Maps have been prepared by Mr. Trelawney Saunders, under the superintendence of Mr. George Grove, and are based not only upon former authorities but upon the recent Ordnance Survey of the Peninsula of Sinai, and the results of the extremely valuable labours of the Palestine Exploration Fund. It is, however, to be regretted that the Maps of Palestine were published prior to the recent numerous identifications of Lieutenant Conder, which have multiplied more than tenfold our knowledge of places in some portions of Palestine. The editors could not of course avail themselves of his discoveries, but it would have been only a graceful recognition to have mentioned them in the preface. The most able engravers in London and Paris have been employed in executing the maps, which in clearness and pictorial beauty surpass all achievements of cartographical art hitherto. The outlines, in shading and colouring, are so perfect, that they are almost landscapes. Illustrative of each map, in addition to lists of places and copious indices, an account of sources and authorities has been prepared. These fill twenty-six pages of the atlas, and are really an important topographical work in themselves. From them we learn the amazing amount of research, toil, and travel expended upon the work. The whole of Europe has been traversed, and its libraries explored: as an instance, we may say that fifty MSS. of Ptolemy's 'Geography' have been collated. Everything that scholarship, art, and letterpress can do, in the elucidation by an Atlas, of Ancient Classical and Biblical History, has here been done. Neither labour nor expense has been spared. As was inevitable some inaccuracies and misjudgments occur, and lynx-eyed critics have not been slow to point them out, but the scholarship and accuracy of the work are so great that these may well be passed over in a general estimate and commendation. In this age of travel and enterprise, when the historian and the antiquarian are digging everywhere, and every year is disclosing to us more fully the Ancient World, even this grand atlas cannot be a final authority. Lieutenant Conder's discoveries have shown us what a single year's labours may achieve; but it will be many years before this great work is superseded; and already so much is known and embodied here that probably it will be a permanent basis for geographical knowledge, needing only revision from time to time, so as to keep it abreast with advancing knowledge. It is a book of learning for the student, and of intense interest for the general reader. It is both a treasure for the library and

a work of art for the drawing-room. The entire work, we should add, has been superintended by Dr. William Smith and Mr. Grove, which means, in both instances, editorial learning, labour, and skill of no ordinary quality.

POLITICS, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Modern Pleas for State Churches Examined. By REV. HENRY WILLIAM PARKINSON. Edited by Rev. THOMAS GREEN. Longmans, Green, and Co.

It is with a feeling of sadness that we have read this book, and thus been taught to realize how great a loss the Free Churches have sustained in the early removal of a champion of their principles, so fair and courteous, yet so able and vigorous, and so well fitted to take a part in the great conflict which is impending. To many it will be a surprise; for though the intimate friends of Mr. Parkinson may have given him credit for the power it reveals, those who knew him chiefly as a racy and popular speaker, rich in humour and effective in reasoning, hardly suspected the existence of the higher qualities which are shown in this very valuable contribution to our ecclesiastical literature. The lucidity of its expositions of principle, the clearness and force of its logic, the keen incisiveness of its answers to the defenders of State Churches, are what anyone who ever heard him would anticipate. But the amount of painstaking research which he has brought to the examination of the questions at issue, the broad and comprehensive manner in which the subject is treated, and the very dignified charity which is preserved throughout, even when dealing with the puerilities or arrogant assumptions that might have provoked a different spirit, will probably be more unexpected. It is a thoroughly good book, which everyone should read who desires to understand the case of the Nonconformists. The title, however, does not describe its character with sufficient precision. It is at once too narrow and too comprehensive: the former, because it is to our own State Church that the argument is chiefly restricted; the latter, because in the opening chapters a wider range is taken, and questions are discussed bearing on the internal government of the Church as well as on its relations to the State. A very interesting and suggestive chapter is devoted to a review of the 'Internal preparation of the Church for Establishment,' in which the connection between the development of sacerdotalism and the rise of State Churches is carefully traced. The point is one to which sufficient prominence has not been given. Without saying that a State Church must necessarily be sacerdotal, we should nevertheless expect that in the nature of things it would produce the priestly spirit, and that independently of the particular creed which is established; and experience has confirmed this idea. There are individual men who escape the taint; but the clergy of a National Church, with these noble exceptions, inevitably develop the exclusive temper and lofty pretensions of the priest. The argument of Mr. Parkinson goes to prove that if a church would preserve her spirituality and her fidelity to the simplicity of the New Testament, she must be free; it is, in fact, as much a defence of Congregational polity as of religious equality. His mode of dealing with the various theories of Establishment, which have been recently propounded, is very masterly. Examining them separately, he shows that there is not one of them which fits in with all the facts of

the case, or in which there is not some leak that is fatal to its security, and then comparing them, he has no difficulty in proving that they contradict each other. As a question of pure reasoning, indeed, the case of the Establishment is gone, as is clearly indicated by the manner in which its defenders are continually shifting their ground, each new attempt being a sign of dissatisfaction with all that has been done before. Mr. Parkinson deals with the subject historically, philosophically, and practically. He demonstrates the baselessness of the theories propounded, he carefully collects the evidence of history, he answers the specious arguments drawn from the alleged benefits of an Establishment. The task of analyzing and exposing the weakness of the case propounded by Mr. Hole, who won the first Peek prize, was not a difficult one, but it has been done with great tact and cleverness. We deeply regret the absence of the chapter on 'Comprehension,' with which Mr. Parkinson had intended to close the volume, and which, perhaps, was necessary to the completeness of his argument. But he has done an important service, and done it thoroughly well, without exhibiting the spirit of a partisan, and with that care which the greatness of the subject demanded; above all with a thoroughness and strength which indicate the depth of his own convictions. The book has, fortunately, found an editor who has done it full justice, and, as far as it was possible to be done, has repaired the serious loss that has been sustained by the absence of the author's own revision.

The Communistic Societies of the United States; from Personal Visit and Observation. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. With Illustrations. Murray.

The United States is the land of experiments in communism; and the variety of societies which have set themselves to solve the same social problem in practical experience proves, at least, that the experiment has been fairly tried. Yet the comparatively slight results that have followed have sufficiently demonstrated that the plan can attain any measure of success only when carried out under exceptional conditions and on a small scale. The author of the work before us professes to have entered upon the inquiry of which this volume is the outcome under an impulse of practical philanthropy. He wished to test the practicability of a condition of life that might provide some outlet for the teeming millions who are doomed to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, in the hope of discovering means of relief from the lot of perpetual hired labour, the prospect of which, he believes, when there is no other possible, must excite universal discontent among the working classes. It may be admitted that within certain limits he has succeeded in solving the problem he set himself. The records of the experiences of different forms of communism which he has brought together prove that such a mode of life is practicable for some; but we think he also makes it plain that they must be exceptional individuals. Communism has never yet been successful on such a scale that it can be said to offer an ideal likely to attract any considerable proportion of the working classes. Isolated experiments, such as those of the Shakers, Economists, Inspirationists, and others, are thus useless as guides to any general solution of the industrial problem. If any considerable proportion of the working classes are to rise above the level of hired labourers it will not be by turning their backs upon society and social relations, but by cultivating independence in and through these. Co-operation and association—in which the late Mr. Mill saw so much hope

for the future—are better fitted for the attainment of this end than retirement from the world; and it is only through the practice of the everyday virtues of frugality and industry that the working classes can hope in time to secure a position among the capitalist class. In the meantime, communistic experiments are fitted to serve as warnings rather than as examples; but there is fortunately little probability of their influence proving misleading to any but a small portion of abnormally-constituted individuals. We cannot attribute to the results of Mr. Nordhoff's inquiries the value he himself does, or hold them likely to be useful in connection with the solution of our social problems. But he has given us a series of readable descriptions of curious social phenomena and modes of life, and his work may be read with interest apart from the moral it may be intended to convey.

Bird Life; being a History of the Bird, its Structure, and Habits, together with Sketches of Fifty Different Species. By Dr. A. E. BREHM. Translated from the German, by H. M. LABOUCHERE, F.Z.S., and W. JESSE, C.M.Z.S. Illustrated with Ten Coloured Plates by J. G. KEULEMANS. John Van Voorst.

If by the man of science be meant only the rigid investigator and the untiring analyst, he may as well be warned off this handsome volume. It makes no contribution to physiological knowledge; it is not a scientific classification of knowledge already possessed; its author could scarcely claim to stand very high amongst ornithological authorities. But if by the man of science be meant the man whose analyses are means to ends, who out of it builds up synthesis, and regards life and habits as the supreme end, then he may be invited to an enjoyment of the writer's popular descriptions and interesting gossip. Dr. Brehm—like Mr. Wood in our own land—is a popular expositor of his branch of science. He knows enough to enable him to be the interpreter of science to those who know but little. He is not always accurate; his editors find it needful now and then to correct or qualify his statements; but he is sufficiently so for his purposes, and he brings together a great mass of useful information and delightful gossip and anecdote about birds and their ways. This he does in a serious, business-like way, altogether unlike Michelet's brilliant French way, in which imagination and sentiment are as important elements as facts. Dr. Brehm sets himself first to describe the bird—or, rather, birds of different species—physiologically; and here he is somewhat dull—not learned or accurate enough for the *savant*, not popular enough for the general reader. But once through this section,—‘The Physical Life of the Bird,’—the book becomes delightful. What he calls, or rather miscalls, ‘spiritual life’ describes the moods and dispositions of birds in a very interesting way. ‘Home and Function’ treats of the distribution of birds, the adaptation of their structure and habits, their importance in the economy of nature, &c. But the romance of the book is in the chapters that follow, treating of the domestic and social life of birds, bird-catching, sportsmen, the naturalist, &c., with a series of descriptive and anecdotal sketches from nature of the habits of fifty or sixty different kinds of birds. The true men of science will enjoy all this as much as ordinary readers, and they are carried at once into that romance of nature of which every science has a domain, and which in bird life is full of poetry and sentiment. We cannot describe or commend Dr. Brehm's work better than by

saying that it is worthy to stand by the side of Mr. Wood's popular books of natural science.

Physiology for Practical Use. By Various Writers. Edited by JAMES HINTON. H. S. King and Co.

This book has many excellencies and some defects, the latter principally arising from the uneven style and unequal value of the different compositions that make it up. The woodcuts, too, look well worn, and some of them have done full service in other medical works. It is an attempt to give, in simple language and for popular use, a sketch of the chief organs of the body and of the most common ills to which flesh is heir, and in purpose and manner reminds us of that remarkable book of a few years back, 'The Chemistry of Common Life.' It is fairly up to the present state of science; it is strongest on the ear, and the cognate specialities of its able editor, and some pains have been taken to give the latest discoveries, although, perhaps, since it has been published, doubts have been thrown upon the positions taken in the chapters on the localization of the functions of the brain. It is, on the whole, well and interestingly written, and is likely to suit those who wish to get a few ideas on the subjects of which it treats without much trouble. It is but fair to add that the devout spirit of the editor is reflected in many of its pages.

The New Chemistry. By JOSIAH P. COOKE, Erving Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard University. Henry S. King and Co.

This volume of the International Series is a course of popular lectures delivered to an intelligent but not a professional audience. The object of the lectures seems to have been to illustrate and enlighten certain elementary phenomena of the science rather than to treat the subject exhaustively. We fail to see what are the features of the science here elucidated which give it a claim to be called 'The New Chemistry.' The law which connects the gaseous volume of a substance with its molecular constitution, now familiar to all students of chemistry, is properly enough made the starting point of the study. This remarkable law is styled the law of Avogadro, though we should be disposed to say that a law which is still obnoxious to many anomalies, and which has derived so much of its confirmation from the truer perception of the constitution of chemical substances gained since 1811, could scarcely be called a law at the time of its enunciation. This law, coupled with other phenomena, is made use of in order to found on it and them a very definite conception of the size and relation of molecules. The lecturer seems to have followed Professor Tyndall in his course of lectures to the same audience, and to have imitated his methods of presentation of the subject very closely. Thus the imagination is largely drawn upon, and the author's conceptions with regard to the intimate constitution of substances are far more definite than strict reasoning will warrant. This method will probably call forth the just criticism of the conservatives of the science, but the volume is decidedly more interesting than if the more strictly scientific method were followed. Apart from the method and manner referred to there is nothing new in this volume, but it is a very readable presentation of the more striking phenomena which have occupied physicists and chemists, explained in a manner very consonant with modern theories.

Heredity. From the French of TH. RIBOT. H. S. King and Co.

This is a translation of a book that may be said to take the place in modern French literature that Galton's 'Hereditary Genius' does in English, and we cannot honestly say that the foreign production compares unfavourably with the native one. Less copious and laboured than Galton's, it excels in logical precision, and goes more fully into the deductions that may be drawn from established facts. To opposing metaphysical theories, idealist or materialist, the author is on the whole fair, pointing out both the strength and weakness of the case for each; and although, towards the close of the book, we see he is not altogether free from what might be called materialistic bias, he shows clearly enough how easily the facts can be made to fit a more spiritual philosophy. After a short *résumé* of what is known as to physiological heredity, quoting facts and statistics from the works of Darwin, Lucas, and Maudsley, the writer asks if similar facts can be found in the psychological domain. To obtain an affirmative answer Monsieur Ribot examines the evidence for the heredity of the five senses; in this same physiological department, of course, the evidences are strong, stronger, we think, than he finds them when he passes on to the higher ground of mind. However, he quotes all the evidence he can find in favour of the heredity of memory and imagination, the latter in the cases of families of poets, painters, and musicians, of intellect in men of science, philosophers, and political economists, and of the sentiments, the passions, and the will. He adds a couple of chapters on the terrible subject of the inheritance of diseases of body and mind, and of criminal tendencies.

The whole of this part of the book is well done, and the writer shows a most praiseworthy desire not to overestimate the value of his facts, but he does not, we think, sufficiently take account of the facts that tell against him; a single case, such as that of James and John Stuart Mill, in which it is quite impossible to say what is due to heredity proper and what to education and circumstances, is remembered and is allowed undue weight, while the thousands of cases in which great men have had mediocre descendants are practically ignored—indeed, the argument sometimes makes us ask what cannot heredity be made to do? A great man has clever children, see here a case of heredity; he has, as is more usual, very commonplace ones, see here a case of reversion to ancestral types. But the author gives enough facts for a fair criticism of his argument, and we think those facts show that heredity has the strongest influence in the lower parts of man's being, in the body and the sensations that are intimately related thereto; but as we ascend the scale and deal with the intellect and the will, the power of hereditary influences, though not absent, is lessened, and the characteristics of the individual gain proportionately. We would heartily commend this book to the careful consideration of our readers.

Lessons in Elementary Mechanics, Introductory to the Study of Physical Science, with numerous examples. By PHILIP MAGNUS, B.Sc., B.A. Longmans, Green, and Co.

These lessons are well arranged. Their peculiarity is that the laws of motion and elements of dynamics, with their postulates, and demonstrations, and results, are treated before the doctrine of equilibrium and of mechanical advantage. As the idea of rest is a resultant of the activity of conflicting forces, and the idea of motion is more capable of

illustration than that of statical repose, we think Mr. Magnus has done well in constructing his 'lessons' for beginners on that principle. The demonstrations are lucid, and the examples abundantly sufficient to prepare a candidate for London matriculation. The book might be used for the purpose of a 'cram,' but it is far too good a book to be thus degraded.

Our Sketching Club: Letters and Studies in Landscape Art.
By the Rev. R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT, M.A., with an
Authorized Reproduction of the Lessons and Woodcuts
of Professor Ruskin's 'Elements of Drawing.' Macmillan
and Co.

Mr. Tyrwhitt has done for landscape drawing what M. Viollet-le-Duc has done for house building: he has disguised the pill of scientific instruction in the jam of a slight fiction adorned with a good deal of vivid and pleasant descriptions, not of nature only, but of sport and agriculture. He tells us how his book grew. Messrs. Roberts, of Boston, requested him to write an elementary book on landscape, to be made palatable by means of descriptive and verbal sketches, and to take the form of transactions of a sketching club. There was also to be some love-making and some fox-hunting. Messrs. Macmillan having seen the first two parts of the work, agreed to publish it in England. Professor Ruskin gave it the imprimatur of his high authority, with leave to use any of the blocks and instructions of his 'Elements of Drawing.' Is further commendation necessary? The book is excellent as a guide to art-study, and amusing as a book of general description. Its literary skill is considerable. The author has successfully combined elements not often found in combination, and provided equally for the young student and the book club.

The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism. By OSCAR SCHMIDT,
Professor in the University of Strasburg. Henry S. King
and Co.

'Ever since mankind has consciously laboured in the field of intellect pre-eminent men have existed, who, reasoning more rapidly than their contemporaries, have outstripped them in the apprehension of great truths and the recognition of important laws. But it is a great temptation to set too high a value on these anticipations, and in all cases in which their intellectual exploits are concerned it will be discovered that, so to speak, they floated in the air, and that it was merely a keener scent and a so-called intuition, resting on unconscious inferences, which exalted the privileged being above his less sharp-sighted neighbour.'

In these remarks, which we have quoted from our author, he has, as we think, answered himself. His thesis is the decay of the old creationist hypothesis, based on the transcendental idea of a *Deus opifex*, and the rise in its room of the new evolution theory of the universe, based on the immanent theory of God as the *anima mundi*. Into the metaphysical or theological bearings of the question we need not enter here, they are discussed in another section of our present number. The author writes as a physiologist, and though, like most Germans, even his physiological views are largely tinged with metaphysics, yet we need not consider them here. It is the Darwinian hypothesis, as such, on which he professes to treat, and to his discussion of it we may confine our remarks.

Darwinism and development!—it is difficult to touch the subject without treading on the still hot ashes of controversies not extinct; but the demands of science are inexorable. It is geology, and especially that branch of it known since Agassiz's time as palæontology, which forces us on to some conclusion as to whether the existing fauna and flora are the descendants or not of extinct but analogous forms of the same. It is this uniformitarian theory of geology, as opposed to the old catastrophic, which leads us on to the conclusion that the existing forms of life are only evolutions from those which are extinct. There is nothing new in all this, nor does Professor Oscar Schmidt contribute anything original to the discussion on Darwinism. His chief merit is that he points out the filiation of ideas on the subject, and the way in which one branch of science opens the door to the other. It was the controversy between the Vulcanists and Neptunists, at the end of the last century, which led to Cuvier's great discoveries of the animals of the tertiary formation in the vicinity of Paris. This, again, led on to Lamarck's generalization of the gradual development of distinct types from a single ancestor; and thus, step by step, the way was prepared for Darwin's theory. It was Malthus on 'Population' which suggested to Darwin the idea of natural selection through the struggle for existence; and so one hypothesis led on to another, until we reach the conclusion which is formulated in the 'Origin of Species.'

These lectures of Professor Oscar Schmidt on the evolution theory were doubtless prepared for, and delivered to his classes in the newly-founded University of Strasburg. They are a sign of the intellectual activity which has already set in there since that ancient German town has been recovered for the Fatherland. Mr. King has done well to introduce them into the International Scientific Series which he is now publishing. It impresses one with the strides which physical science is making in our day, that whereas to Linnæus less than a century ago the axiom of creation from a single pair was self-evident:—'Reason teaches,' he says, 'that at the beginning of things a pair of each particular species was created;' we now reject the idea of a beginning at all, or of the formation of a single pair of each species, or even of creation itself in the old sense of the word. The lesson we have to learn from these revolutions in our scientific conceptions of the beginning of things is that these conceptions are, after all, only pale reflections of the reality itself. We are like the dwellers in Plato's cavern mistaking the shadows on the wall for the substances themselves. We have to fall back on the teaching of the Epistle to the Hebrews. 'By faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God; so that the things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.'

Austin on Jurisprudence. Students' Edition. By ROBERT CAMPBELL. John Murray.

Few books are more incapable of abridgment, as regards their substance, than Mr. Austin's celebrated and standard 'Lectures on Jurisprudence;' and yet few more obviously abound in extraneous matter, which might be omitted without detriment to the main purpose of the work. This abridgment, proceeding as it does on the principle of eliminating what is extraneous, and prepared by the editor of the former work, will be hailed with satisfaction by the student of jurisprudence.

On first perusal the diminution in size of the present volume appears almost magical. We read paragraph after paragraph familiar to us from the larger work; nothing appears omitted. A closer examination only

produces surprise at the extent of abridgment which has been effected by the omission of interjected remarks and small digressions. Mr. Campbell has also exercised his discretion in making a judiciously sparing revision of some parts of the original text; as, for instance, he has summarized, in his short 'Outline' at the end, the somewhat incoherent 'Notes and Fragments.' Again, his total omission of the statement that 'acts' are divisible, as 'acts internal' and 'acts external,' and of the subsequent notice and renunciation of that statement, which are contained in the larger work, is certainly an improvement, and relieves the student from the necessity of learning, and then unlearning, this exploded idea. Although the admirer of Austin may prefer the two volumes of his lectures on account of the glimpses they give of their author's strong political and social views, yet the student of jurisprudence will find this handy volume far more suitable to his purpose.

Laocoon. Translated from the Text of Lessing. With Preface and Notes by the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT PHILLIMORE, D.C.L. Macmillan and Co.

Lessing's 'Laocoon' has long since passed into the rank of works which lie beyond the influence of the periodical critic. Its place is fixed in literature, not only by its inherent merits, but also by its historical connections, and the effects it has produced upon other writers. It is one of the few books which educate the teachers of men in art criticism. Its influence, immense though it was in Germany, has been almost equally great throughout Europe, so that it may be said of it that it has done in the domain of æsthetic culture what Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' did in political economy—opened a new epoch. It has (Sir R. Phillimore says truly) 'leavened not only the teaching and the practice of 'professors of art and practical artists, but, like other great works, it 'has purified the taste and informed the minds of many, who have 'benefited by the streams flowing in various channels from a fountain-head which they have never visited.' In presenting Lessing's great masterpiece in an English garb, Sir R. Phillimore has performed a labour of love; and the learning of the preface and notes, with the gracefulness of the translation, sufficiently testify to his admirable capacity for his task. Any other testimony is unnecessary. The 'common love of Homer,' which leads him to inscribe his work to Mr. Gladstone, has found ample satisfaction in this volume; and, much as he has done to lay students of art-criticism under a debt of obligation that will not be grudgingly acknowledged, Sir R. Phillimore would doubtless say truly that he has found his work itself its own exceeding great reward.

The Logic of Style; being an Introduction to Critical Science.
By WILLIAM RENTON. Longmans and Co.

In this little volume Mr. Renton has broken what may almost be described as virgin soil. He calls it 'An Introduction to Critical Science,' and it is strictly what is described. The writer shows that such a science is possible, and indicates some of the lines on which it must proceed, rather than seriously attempts to construct the science. Even this qualified and much smaller task, however, is both difficult and ambitious, and requires an amount of expository power of which Mr. Renton scarcely seems possessed. He has grasped the idea of style as the vehicle of expression, and is able to indicate the possibility of reducing the conditions of style in this relation to scientific precision.

The thoughtful reader will feel grateful to him for the suggestiveness of his observations on these and other points, but the essential elements of scientific comprehensiveness and clearness are wanting. There is the promise of much, and on entering on the perusal of the book curiosity is stimulated and expectation beats high. The performance unfortunately is not equal to the promise. There is throughout a lack of definiteness and an obscurity in idea, through transparent attempts at over-subtlety. The consequence is, the reader feels himself at every page stopping to ask what the writer really means, and where he is likely to take him. There is a precision in the 'form' of the exposition with which there is little correspondence in the 'matter,' and there is a good deal which tempts the question, '*Cui bono?*' In addition to this, Mr. Renton's own style is far from perfect. It is jerky and uneven, with a good deal of impetuosity; but the force which drives it is spasmodic, so that his sentences drop upon us as if 'shot from a culvereen.' There is also an air of dogmatism which irritates without providing satisfaction; and the reader at length feels tempted to ask where is the justification for the philosophic superiority which seems to be claimed on every page; while the sharp manner in which the sentences are rapped out, and thrown at him, as it were, do not tend to put him on better terms with his instructor.

We use this plainness of speech because we think Mr. Renton has powers of no slight description, which, by careful culture, may be turned to excellent account. He has been over-hasty in rushing into print before he has thought out the subject which has presented itself to him with considerable freshness and force. The consequence is a tendency to deal in merely verbal subtleties, which is trying to the patience of the reader, and a clothing of what are sometimes commonplace remarks in philosophical phraseology, which gives the aspect of scientific precision and comprehensiveness without the reality. If Mr. Renton would secure the ear of the public, he must have more substance and *Inhalt* in those knock-down sentences of his, and his essays will gain if he doffs the dogmatic cloak, and sets himself to instruct and guide without always flourishing his *baton* in his reader's face. His essay gives good promise, but we await the fulfilment.

POETRY, FICTION, AND BELLES LETTRES.

The Old Manor House, and other Poems. By ADA CAMBRIDGE, Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Miss Cambridge is well known as the author of some hymns of such purity, fervour, and music, as have given them a place in most hymn-books. Though a large section of this volume consists of hymns, there is not one that has the unity of thought and adequate final expression that would lead us to rank it with the best of her earlier efforts—and one of them is in form offensively colloquial and free in phrasing. Instead, however, we have love-poems, and poems on domestic themes, which, in spite of occasional roughnesses of metre, are admirable. The theme of the 'Old Manor House' partly reminds us of that of 'Locksly Hall,' but the treatment is wholly dissimilar; and the expedient of following the hero in his wanderings in search of relief and escape from the sense of disappointment, affords ample room for the exercise of the author's descriptive powers. The great want of the poem is a

proper climax. Some of the shorter pieces are almost perfect in their way, as, for example, 'Awake.' Miss Cambridge's genius is essentially lyrical; and within a limited range she touches most naturally the quiet, domestic sentiments, and she can give truthful utterance to certain phases of love, but strong passion masters her rather than the reverse. She is, however, on the whole true, she instinctively knows the limits of her genius, and most often respects it; and that itself is one half of art.

The Tower of Babel. A Poetical Drama. By ALFRED AUSTIN.
William Blackwood and Sons.

If a poet travels so completely into the land of myth and allegory as to lay the scenes of his drama in the land of Shinar while the Tower of Babel was rising in mad defiance of heaven, and to blend the loves of supernatural and angelic dwellers in the ether to the daughters of men, with modern science and nineteenth century philosophy, the fastidious will not be much satisfied with the composite performance. Here is, however, some strong and daring speculation, while a world of curious suggestion is involved in the dedication 'To all pure descendants of Afrael and Noëma.' The process of the intermingling of the angelic power and earthly intelligence, the rise of passion in the ethereal visitor, the feeling of illicit affection which surprises the lawful wife and earthly mother into rapturous longing for her angelic visitant, transgresses the limits of reasonable allegory, but the fire and the dash of the verse hurry the reader forward. The destruction of the Tower by lightning—a catastrophe in which the lover-spirit seems to take some part, and in which the husband of Noëma falls a blackened corpse—is finely told; but the poem as a whole does not please us. The lyrical portions are much below the character of the rest of the work, while the angelic singer from whose lips they issue ought to have ensured for them very special effort of thought, music, and diction.

In Memoriam. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Henry S. King and Co.

This volume completes the cabinet edition of Tennyson's works, which, more extensive editions notwithstanding, must be regarded as the most useful as well as elegant yet published—as certainly it is the most complete. It presents the 'Idylls of the King' in their orderly and permanent arrangement—and contains several new poems. If we had to choose from among the manifold editions of the Laureate's works, we should unhesitatingly choose this.

The Poetical Works of John Milton: with Introductions and Notes. By DAVID MASSON, M.A., LL.D. Two Vols. Macmillan and Co.

In these two volumes of the Golden Treasury series the publishers have supplied us with an edition of Milton's poetical works which, for thorough scholarship, scrupulous accuracy, skilful and learned annotation, and portable elegance, are worthy companions to the Globe Shakespeare. All that can be done for our two supreme national poets has been done in these editions. We have texts as accurate as they are likely to be, and we have all the lights upon the text that learned research and critical sagacity are likely to furnish. Dr. Masson's name must henceforth be inseparably associated with Milton as English literature

will know him. His 'Golden Treasury' edition is in its annotations an abbreviation of the superb Cambridge edition published contemporaneously with it, and which we noticed in our last number. To most readers these reduced annotations will be sufficient for all literary purposes, and the two volumes will henceforth be the standard popular edition of the poet's works. A new memoir, however, has been prepared for this edition, so as to make it complete. This also, which extends over seventy pages, will be abundantly sufficient for ordinary information. Of course, it is founded upon Professor Masson's greater biography, which, when completed, will be the classical record of the poet and his times. We heartily thank Dr. Masson for his noble labours in the elucidation of Milton's life and works.

Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse. Being Materials for a History of Opinion on Shakespeare and his Works, culled from Writers of the first Century after his Rise. For the Editor: Trübner and Co.

The name of Mr. C. M. Ingleby is put on the cover of this book but is omitted from the title-page. Its construction and character are sufficiently described by the title. Beginning with the earliest known biblical (as distinguished from documentary) allusions to Shakespeare in 1592, when Robert Green is supposed to have referred to him as 'The upstart crow,' it ends with 1693, which includes Dryden's 'Epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller,' which was written in that year. This century is divided by the author into four periods, the first extending to 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death; the second to the outbreak of the Civil War, in 1642; the third to the Restoration, in 1660; the fourth to 1693, which the author designates the period of 'the rise of criticism.' This century he deems the growing period of Shakespeare's fame, after which he became a classic. There is scope for almost interminable criticism on the passages quoted, and on their real or supposed allusions to Shakespeare. Something of this Mr. Ingleby has attempted in elucidations and notes appended to each period, which, of course, are convincing in various degrees. Pepy's criticisms will serve as well as any to indicate the amusing judgments which his immediate critics bestowed upon the great dramatist—'Mar. 1, 1661. To the opera, and there saw "Romeo and Juliet" the first time it was ever acted [but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw people do]. September 29, 1662. To the King's Theatre, where we saw "Midsummer's Night's Dream," which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.' So "Twelfth Night" 'is but a silly play.' 'The much cried-up play of "Henry the Eighth" is so simple a thing made up of a great many patches, that besides the shows and processions in it there is nothing in the world good, or well done.' "Othello, Moor of Venice," seems a mean thing compared with "The Adventures of Five Houres." "The Merry Wives of Windsor" did not please me at all, in no part of it.' "The Tempest" has no great wit, but yet above ordinary plays." So much for the literary judgment of our ancestors. The author is an enthusiast, and his sanguine interest sometimes sways his judgment. He has, however, compiled a most interesting catena of contemporary and early allusions to Shakespeare, in which we may see how his genius produced its first impressions.

***Shakespeare: A Critical Study of His Mind and Art.* By EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D. Henry S. King and Co.**

This is an endeavour to elicit from the works of the world's worthiest poet some knowledge of the intellectual and moral development of the author, and to determine in some measure, by internal evidence, the succession if not the chronology of the dramas of Shakespeare. The work is genial, appreciative, and well toned, glowing with admiration of the humanity of the Stratford singer, full of passionate enthusiasm for his genius, and notable for its sustained excellence of phrase, and adequate acquaintance with the literature of the subject. Dr. Dowden belongs to the new school of Shakespeare critics who, apparently, despair of learning how he comported himself as a youth in the Midlands, as a poet in the metropolis, and as a tithe-farmer in the country town of his birth; and, turning disappointedly from the scanty record of the outward incidents of his biography, seek to search into the secrets of his inner life, in the hope of thus solving the sphinx-like enigma which Shakespeare's life presents to the student. He regards 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Hamlet' as types of the poet's emotional and intellectual nature, and his life as a passage from the stir and passion of the one to the keenly-balanced vibrations of the other. His criticisms of the main plays of the respective periods of the social comedy, the historic drama, the intense tragedy, and the calm closing years of his accumulated power in all the forms of the drama, are marked by subtlety and insight. Though the professor of English literature in the University of Dublin has wisely studied the best German critics, and properly profited by the perusal of their writings, he has been able to hold the balance steady between English common sense and Teutonic culture and ideativeness. This is a ripe, good book, which all students of English literature should value and enjoy. There are minor points—such as his notions on the relations of Shakespeare to Puritanism—in which we think Dr. Dowden wrong, but on the whole the work is healthy, skilful, and interpretative.

***Sketches of Old Times and Distant Places.* By JOHN SINCLAIR, M.A. Oxford, F.R.S. Edinburgh, Archdeacon of Middlesex, and Vicar of Kensington. John Murray.**

'Doctor's orders' are not always so fruitful of benefit to the public as they have been in Archdeacon Sinclair's case. In 1868, when he was advised to 'suspend his usual occupations,' he carried with him to Lowestoft a bundle of papers, which he then began to arrange, and which have grown into the volume now before us. In the course of his long and useful life, he has been exceptionally fortunate in meeting with great men and 'originals.' And his benevolent and active-minded father, Sir John Sinclair, had been the same before him, so that in collecting anecdotes and reminiscences, he was only, so to say, adding to the family capital, the cream of which we now have here. Added to quick observation and a retentive memory, Archdeacon Sinclair possessed real appreciation of character, and the tact of curtailment. Next to Dean Ramsay's unique book, we should rank this volume. Sir Walter Scott, David Hume, Rev. Archibald Alison (author of the work on 'Taste,' and father of the historian), Dr. Chalmers, Marshal Macdonald, Sir William Hamilton, Lord Erskine, and several others, are here vividly presented to us, and fresh light is frequently cast on their lives in the most attractive way. It seems easy to tell an anecdote; hardly

anything is more difficult than to do it well. All depends on duly accenting the characteristic point; and this implies sympathy, humour, naturalness, and good taste, a combination not very common after all. Archdeacon Sinclair sets down his anecdotes well, and certainly much would have been lost to the public if he had adhered to his first idea of issuing the book only to friends. The anecdotes are so good that we must give one or two:—

‘Soon after William, first Earl of Dudley, had succeeded to the title of Dudley and Ward, a lady asked Lord Castlereagh how he accounted for the custom of speaking to himself into which he had fallen. “*It is only Dudley speaking to Ward,*” was his ready answer to her inquiry.’

‘When Sheridan was once on the hustings, an ugly fellow, raised on the shoulders of the mob, addressed him, “Unless you mend your ways I shall withdraw my countenance from you.” “I am glad to hear it,” replied Sheridan, “*for an uglier countenance I never saw.*”’

‘Before Sir Walter Scott acknowledged himself to be the author of the “Waveley Novels,” my sister Catherine said to him—“If you tell me which of these novels you prefer, I shall tell you in return which of them has the preference given it by Miss Edgworth.” Sir Walter agreed, and she told him Miss Edgworth had said—“There is a freshness and originality about the first novel, which, in my opinion, gives it a decided superiority over all the rest.” “Well, Miss Sinclair,” said Sir Walter, “I, for my part, enjoyed the Antiquary more than any other. There are touches of pathos in it which much affected me; and I had many a hearty laugh at the expense of the Antiquary himself.” “Yes,” rejoined my sister, “the author of these novels, whoever he may be, is always *laughing at somebody*, and in the case of the Antiquary, the person he is laughing at is evidently *himself*.”’

Which expression aptly points to that self-quizzical element, of which we have on another page spoken, as significant of Scottish humour. Archdeacon Sinclair, however, should have spoken more mildly of the Nonconformist position towards national education in those earlier days of the conflict, when he had so soon to acknowledge the truth of Dr. Chalmers’ weighty words on that topic.

The ‘Distant Places’ dealt with are the Orkney Isles, and the United States; but perhaps the best part of the volume, after all, is the sketch of Sergeant Brummage, who was a true hero. The book is simply delightful reading, and will be prized in many a circle.

The Great Musical Composers and their Works. By SARAH TYTLER, Author of ‘Modern Painters and their Works,’ &c. &c. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Miss Tytler has in this volume done young students of music a substantial service. In short, well-compressed narratives, she communicates to them not only the main facts in the lives of the greatest composers, but contrives, by means of anecdote and presentment of characteristic traits, to show what manner of men they were, so that an intelligent interest in music cannot fail to be stimulated. She does not pretend to add anything new, or to criticise the music with critical exactness; but, for her purpose, this was hardly necessary. She can distinguish between the true musical genius—devoted, faithful, industrious, as in Mendelssohn or Handel, and the gifted but erratic, dissolute, shifty Rossini, who might have done so much for music, but

who only introduced easy expedients. In one or two of the dates she is not correct, and now and then we could wish that she wrote in a simpler, less involved style; but her intention is excellent, and is, on the whole, well carried out. We should add that the publishers have not failed in their part towards producing a handsome volume.

Sorrow and Song: Studies of Literary Struggle. By HENRY CURWEN. Two Volumes. H. S. King and Co.

The critic has some little difficulty with works such as this. If he applies to them the ordinary tests he is pretty sure to be regarded as unsympathetic and insensitive, while if he judges them from the point of view of their authors, his own conscience must tell him he is guilty of folly excusable only to youth and inexperience. Youth and inexperience, in fact, are alone privileged to write monodies on the woes of genius without check from common sense; and, without any knowledge of the past of the author of '*Sorrow and Song*,' we must candidly say that if he is neither young nor inexperienced, we do not think he will contribute towards fashioning or furthering a healthy tone in matters literary. We are aware that any suggestion of this sort at once disqualifies us, in the eyes of writers like Mr. Curwen, for occupying the critic's chair; but we must discharge our function all the same, and assert our decided opinion that the woes of men of genius are, as a rule, of their own creation, and are not due so much to the fact of their having genius, as to their want or possession of other qualities, whose absence or presence would wreck the life of the veriest clodhopper, and render it miserable and wretched. It is sheer nonsense to talk of Poe as if his sorrows were due to anything but his own morbid vanity and depraved appetites, for which himself (if ever man was) was wholly responsible. If Henry Murger was wretched, he made himself so; and the same sentence would apply nearly all through the category. We say this with the more regret, because, in these half-dozen biographical essays, Mr. Curwen has given us a readable and thoroughly likeable work, which, but for the unhealthy tone of the preface, would deserve to be heartily commended. His types of suffering in the literary career are selected from a wide field, and are aptly and happily chosen, so as to offer as much diversified illustration of his thesis or theory as possible. Two out of the six—Novalis and Poe—might, nevertheless, have yielded their places to others. Of Novalis Mr. Curwen has (barring translations) nothing new to tell us, and the story of Poe has really been worn threadbare. If we were to enter upon minute criticism of the first, we might object to Fichte and Friedrich Schlegel being dovetailed together as the 'master-minds of young Germany,' and to the attribution to Fichte of a doctrine regarding Nature which was Schelling's; but we have not space for detailed remark. We are a little surprised to find Mr. Curwen speaking—in his essay on Poe—of that poet's celebrated theory of the composition of '*The Raven*' given in one of his essays, and probably an invention, as 'almost unknown here.' In the other five essays the author is on ground which has not been so often trodden, and his labours will not be found unprofitable. The biographies of Murger, Petöfi, de Balzac, and Chénier, are full of pathos, and stir the fount of tears; and though we might not draw from them the same lesson as Mr. Curwen, we bid him hearty welcome in a field of literary labour to which he has been attracted by special sympathy.

German Poets. A series of Memoirs and Translations. By JOSEPH GOSTWICK. With Portraits by C. JÄGER.

Gallery of German Composers. By Prof. CARL JÄGER. With Biographical and Critical Notices. By EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D. Fred. Bruckman.

These are two well-executed and elegant volumes, the letterpress of which has apparently been prepared for the illustration of the portraits. The latter are photographs of full-page size, executed chiefly from paintings, and are of very remarkable excellence; nothing in photographic book-illustration is more effective than their artistic tone and finish. The gallery constituted by the whole is a very attractive one, and will be an addition of genuine value to drawing-room literature. The first of the volumes includes Klopstock, Wieland, Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul, Körner, Chamisso, Rückert, Uhland, and Heine. The second, J. S. Bach, Handel, Gluck, Joseph Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Meyerbeer, and Wagner. Most persons will be glad to make themselves familiar with the effigies of these illustrious men. Of course, we should have had far more satisfaction in photographs from life, but, alas! most of these great men passed away before the era of photography, and we must be contented with such impressions of them as the idealizing of the portrait-painter can convey.

The biographical sketches are well executed. They are necessarily brief, and critical estimates have but a small place in them. The literary sketches are the fullest and most critical. Some of them, Mr. Gostwick tells us, are taken from his 'Outlines of German Literature.' They are accompanied by illustrative translations, which, on the whole, are successfully rendered into English poetry. Dr. Rimbault's sketches are those of an accomplished and appreciative musician. We are glad to possess these elegant and charming volumes.

English Portraits. By C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE, of the French Academy. Selected and Translated from the 'Causeries du Lundi,' with an Introductory Chapter on Sainte-Beuve's Life and Writings. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Sainte-Beuve's influence has made itself felt in a very indirect and unacknowledged manner in English literature, in spite of Mr. Matthew Arnold's references to him, and gratitude has been frankly expressed. Above all French writers, he trusted to method—it was matter of conscience with him—and this method was directed only by literary *curiosities*, which acknowledged neither end nor aim apart from the idea of literary perfection. Now, this is an element which is, perhaps, much wanted in English literature, and in English criticism especially; but, as life touches so many other interests besides that of complete literary expression, it may very easily be carried too far. We think that Sainte-Beuve did carry it too far, and sacrificed spontaneity; so that the value of his gift for us in England is much reduced, because of the limited purpose his work bears, in spite of the variety and excellent choice of its topics. He is too little inclined to disturb his literary judgment by admitting *any* considerations of a social or moral nature, and in these respects he is a most 'excellent eclectic.' It may be English prejudice which is reflected in Johnson's compendious

condemnation of the bad morals of Chesterfield's Letters; but that prejudice cannot but be offended by the light, easy, graceful French way in which Sainte-Beuve *smiles* both at the condemnation and the *peccadilloes*. He tells us that Chesterfield united the best of both nations; but if, according to M. Taine, England is nothing if not moral, then Chesterfield hardly reflected its best in that sphere. The sketch of Sainte-Beuve given here is careful, discriminating, and sufficiently full to interest us in the man. The analysis of his qualities is hardly so successful, because the writer, while endeavouring to eschew the *tone* of the apologist, yet seems to feel vaguely that he has to contend with some form of prejudice. The translation, though generally excellent, slips into awkward constructions here and there; but the subjects have been chosen with great judgment, as they show clearly the success of Sainte-Beuve's method, in the equal, luminous, dispassionate, and exhaustive way in which he can gather up in little the traits of widely-contrasted characters, and exhibit their more recondite tendencies and secret motives. Alongside of Chesterfield we have William Cowper, whose religious gloom and despair are dealt with as delicately as could be the case, when approached merely from the point of intellectual curiosity; Benjamin Franklin, an admirable study; Edward Gibbon; and Alexander Pope; while the first place is given to a sketch of Mary Queen of Scots, every way a wonderful piece of restoration, a miniature fresh, clear, and with faithful blending of light and shade. 'What she has lost in the order of fact, of actual events,' he says, 'she has gained in imagination, the realm of the ideal, and has never wanted defenders, cavaliers,' which is a faithful summary of the whole matter. This volume will do much to make familiar to English readers the style and temper of one of the most consummate literary artists France has produced, and we have to thank the translator for his careful work.

Fragments of Thought: being Wayside Thoughts and Fireside Scraps. By THOMAS BOWDEN GREEN. Henry S. King and Co.

Mr. Green has erred by being indiscriminating. There is no wearier field to plod through than the newly-furrowed one. He has assiduously turned over his field, but he has, to some extent, sold the seed that should have been retained for a fresh sowing. In a word, about one-fourth of this volume is admirable—fresh, suggestive, striking—the bulk is sheer common-place. It is with thoughts—*pensées*—as with poems, they must be perfectly rounded and polished by the frequent action of the mind. Mr. Green is clearly a thoughtful and a widely read man—indeed, his reading is too fresh upon him for the purposes of this book, which thereby degenerates into a kind of common-place book. But we are convinced that he is capable of good work of a more connected kind, and we shall hope to see our anticipations in this respect realized.

The Story of Valentine and His Brother. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. In Three Vols. Blackwood and Sons.

This work—like several of the most notable of Mrs. Oliphant's former novels, 'Innocent' and 'The Minister's Wife' in particular—may be looked at from two points of view. It may be regarded as a study of abnormal or exceptional development, or as an ordinary novel. Regarded in the former point of view it is more ambitious than successful; and, on the principle of disposing of unfavourable comments first, we shall devote a sentence or two to the consideration of it in this

light. Valentine's mother is the wife of the Honourable Richard Ross, son of a Scotch peer, Lord Eskside. She is a gipsy tramp, and all the devotion of her husband, and the care and attention of his mother, fail to wean her from her wild craving for the free life she has lived from youth, and she runs away from them. As Richard Ross is presented to us—a precise, dilettante aristocrat—it is difficult to conceive of him ever linking his life with that of so unpromising a partner. But so it is, according to Mrs. Oliphant, and we know that odd things have happened in this way. But after the gipsy wife has found the restraints of polite life intolerable, and has disappeared, Mrs. Oliphant does not follow out the interior interests which are suggested, and which we cannot help feeling must have attracted her, if they did not even draw her at first to the theme. All the time that it is clearly her intention to make the story turn on this poor woman's struggle with herself to 'render right,' in a vague and imperfect way, to the Eskside people, and to her twin-boys whom she has carried off with her, she does not succeed in analyzing, nor does she even attempt to analyze, the conflict in the poor woman's nature. Yet the real tragedy of the novel, as we can foresee from the first, must lie here. She contents herself with results, and eschews what is more difficult, and what the assumptions fairly promise. One stormy night a little boy is thrust in at the castle door at Scotcraig. From something in his expression Lady Eskside at once takes to him, has him recognized by her son and her husband, and he is educated as the heir. This is Valentine. Meanwhile, the mother has vanished into darkness again, Mrs. Oliphant's chapters knowing her not. Valentine, under the care of his grandmother, soon gets rid of all marks of his tramp life, is simply a high-spirited little gentleman, who leads his tutor a sad life, and gets little Violet at the Hewan into scrapes. By and by he goes to Eton. There one day his boat is upturned, and a fair-haired gipsy fellow helps him to pull it up. Valentine is strangely drawn to this lad, and offers to help him. Work is procured for him among the boats, and he and his mother settle in a cottage on the river-side—her delight being to sit and watch Valentine's boat going up and down day by day. She has recognized him, and he is her one tie to the place, though she keeps her secret. Hereafter, there is some effort to make us understand the heart of this woman; but other interests are now so pressing, and the rush of incident is so great, that we may regard it as an attempt and nothing more. It may be, however, that the elements of pain would, in Mrs. Oliphant's view, have been oppressive if unrelieved by the gathering action of the story. It is, in a higher point of view, however, a mistake to choose a theme so essentially psychological in conception, and to defer the attempt to treat it so till such an interest is wholly absorbed in the incidents that determine the crisis. It is in that case a problem stated, not solved; a work undertaken, but still undone.

As a story and a study of Scottish life, 'Valentine and his Brother' is simply a masterpiece. The pawky wit and 'Leeberalism' of Jean Moffatt, who appreciates the advantage of 'no havin' a vote, as then 'ye can keep in wi' your pairty, and no quarrel wi' your opponents,' is very characteristic. Mrs. Oliphant knows the lower Scotch orders thoroughly, and paints them well. The Edinburgh Advocate, who had a remote hope of heiring the Eskside title and property, and made himself a kind of spy at the Hewan, is painted with real power; and in his daughter's love story and the defeat of his schemes we see the irony of Providence on ambitious strivings. The sketch of a meeting of Richard

Ross and Valentine—father and son—in Italy is done with much delicacy, truth, and skill; and the scene where Richard enters the cottage on the riverside at Oxford, to find his wife nursing their son, Valentine, in fever, is one instance among many of the effective use of a strong situation. The picture of the death of 'Richard's wife' is one of the most pathetic passages in the book. There is some fun in the account of the county election, dashed as it is with tragic colours derived from character. We have rarely read anything finer than the manner in which the character of the healthy, kindly, but dignified old Lady Eskside is developed. We may characterize the story as one of singular power on the side of plot and invention, rare skill is shown in devising situations and using them, and in faithfully developing wide varieties of character, in which process, humour, fancy, satire, and knowledge of the world play their several parts. As a story, we are not sure that Mrs. Oliphant has ever written anything better.

Gerald and his Friend the Doctor: a Record of the Experiences of Certain Young Men. By the Rev. HENRY SOLLY, Author of 'Gonzaga: a Dramatic Tale of Florence,' &c. In Two Vols. Chapman and Hall.

It is now a good many years—we hardly like to think how many—since a novel 'Brother and Sister' came into our hands. It had some power, the writer worked to his points with no little skill; but the social *motif* raised more questions than his art sufficed to answer, even in the way of satisfying the imagination; and the result was a painful impression of miscalculated medium. 'Gerald and his Friend the Doctor' has evidently been written by one who had read and studied that book. It runs in the same line, and errs still more in the same way—because it lacks the artistic power of the other. Mr. Solly has good intentions: we respect his earnestness and admire him for his frank plain-speaking on certain topics; but we demur to this mode of embodying them. It is evident that his dramatic machinery is not disinterested; that it exists simply to let him say certain things. Now, however lofty the intent, and however necessary the reform that may be aimed at, fiction we hold is abused when it is wholly subordinated to set purposes of this kind, and the injury that may be done to the young by the plain speaking, may wholly counterbalance the good results accruing to the more mature in the deepening of their convictions. Of course, we acquit Mr. Solly of blame, and give him credit for the most elevated of aims in the matter; to do good, we believe, is his only purpose. But his book is a failure, whether considered as a social essay or as a fiction. There are good passages, excellent bits of criticism, and fair turns of dialogue here and there; but most often it is colourless, wants decision and direct grasp. Leila Featherstone is fairly well done, and certainly Jessie Shalford has a touch of reality, which becomes pathetic without need of sentimental dressing-up. We have read the book faithfully with some enjoyment, shaded by regret and by a vague sense of wasted power.

Sketches of Life among my ain Folk. By the Author of 'Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk.' Edmonston and Douglas.

Charles Lamb was wont to taunt the Scotch that, whereas they fancied their peculiarities should be universally interesting, they maintained that nobody but themselves could understand their dialect! Here is a book

which at first look seems such as would have given Charles Lamb new ground for his taunts. You look down the page, and so much seems unfamiliar that you shake your head hopelessly, and are about to throw it aside. It suddenly strikes you at last, however, that the bulk of the odd words are caused by the use of 'ee' instead of 'u,' as 'eese' for 'use.' This is the chief note of the Aberdeen dialect, and is, indeed, the key wherewith to unlock at least the outer door, and let you in so that you can listen with some understanding to the talk going on inside. Here we have evidence of observation the sharpest, a quiet, skilful way of gathering traits and forming them into typical individuals without loss of *vraisemblance*, such as we have seldom met with. The author has a pawky, quiet humour which often stands him in good stead, and which yields itself to a rough unpretending pathos here and there. Nothing could well be finer than some of the touches in 'Mary Williamson's wee Maggie.' We have read these racy sketches of life in the North with real pleasure.

This Work-a-Day World. By HOLME LEE. Three Vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Holme Lee has taught us to anticipate her work with high expectations, and to test it by elevated standards. We note, therefore, with a little surprise, one or two indications of carelessness in style, such as we do not often meet with in the writing of one of our best female novelists.

The story is a very careful study of still life; not, therefore, to be epitomized or described in a criticism. It is a delineation of governess experiences, so realistic both in its conditions and incidents as to almost compel the conclusion that it is drawn from life. Only, Winifred Hesketh is gifted above most of her class; and clearly might have provided for herself as a successful authoress, but for the somewhat perverse prejudices of her mother, and the not very creditable supercession of her brother and his wife. Nothing occurs that is not an every-day experience. There are, in Winny's circle, marriage and giving in marriage, friendships, deaths, and social gossip; but there is no plot, no epical development, with a finale of poetical justice. Winny is singed by the fiery darts of Cupid, but nothing comes of it, or can, but a kind of sentiment of friendship, and an idealism of what might have been, apparently intended to put into her character a certain element of deep rich feeling, which helps to perfect it. She is left as hundreds in life are left, nothing exactly finished, unravelled threads hanging down, and about to take another situation somewhere; but left with the feeling that her finely attempted character will ensure a life of dignified respect and of kindly affections.

The book is a thoroughly good one, wrought out with great skill and acute perception. Like Mrs. Gaskell's 'Wives and Daughters,' it is a wise and wholesome lesson of common life.

Lady Hetty: a Story of Scottish and Australian Life. Three Vols. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

In spite of some looseness of construction—of which a vagueness respecting the fate of the two chief characters is an important item—and a tendency to fire off loose reflections about many things, instead of concentrating force upon the personages of the drama, this is a work of considerable freshness and power. The author is wise in one thing: he confines himself to what he knows familiarly. His descriptions of the ongoings in a remote Scotch parish, circling as they really did,

and, to a great extent still do, round the double centre of the kirk and the minister, and the aristocracy, are masterly—relieved as they are by that pawky sort of self-quizzing (we cannot otherwise name it), which is so essential a part of the Scottish character, and of Scottish humour of the purest kind; and in it this author is perhaps the most perfect writer since Galt. Henry Francis possibly reflects some of his own experiences, and he has met Mr. Garsegreen—who is treated with a poetic justice, which is grimmer than even the author's hardly-disguised dislike of Rachel Carvie, the Bible-woman—and, it may be, has had to resist temptations to such accommodations as made Mr. Garsegreen at last the minister of the parish. If we were inclined to find fault with the author's treatment of any character, it would be with that of Rachel Carvie, whose portraiture is somewhat hard and unsympathetic. In spite of her selfishness, her grovelling greed, we say to ourselves, 'Poor Rachel,' which is, after all, a kind of protest against the author's method, for clearly he does not mean so to affect us. Yet is it not aggravating that she could so easily get rid of the 'lichter pairt o' the pack'—the *tracks*, as that quaint character, David Groats, called them—while she came home 'as heavy at nicht as she gaed oot i' the 'mornin' wi' the Bibles,'—for which, of course, people had to pay? We have a glimpse of 'society' in Lord Layton, Mr. Argall, M.P., and the rest, whose inrush into the dull parish periodically brightens it; and here we have such a mixture of observation, satire, and humour, as we find in few novels nowadays. We should not omit to say, too, that the descriptions of Australian life and scenery are well done, and that the transference of the scene to that remote region is sufficiently justified, no less than is the advent of David Groats there, whose talks with little Jeremiah, with his endless disquisitions on the British Constitution, form, perhaps, the most amusing episodes in the story. This author has knowledge of character, fancy, humour, power of satire, and a nimble pen. He only needs to keep his eye more open to what we may call the *tricks* of novel writing, to gain such attention as this one, by reason of its pressure of purely intellectual conceptions upon the thread of the story, will, we somewhat fear, rather fail to secure. But it is a good beginning, and as nothing is better for an artist than to begin by solid work, so with a story-teller it is better even to throw away a few good things at first, than to be conventional and thin.

Out of the World. By MARY HEALY. Three Vols. Sampson Low and Co.

Miss Healy's new novel proves that 'Lakeville' was no adventitious success. She has changed the entire scenery and conditions of her story. Instead of Chicago and American life she has chosen a remote village in the Pyrenees, and the delineation of French character and manners of a peculiar type, viz., that of a decayed household of the old *noblesse*; and her success is a great advance even upon 'Lakeville.' Not only is the style of her new novel one of higher finish and more easy power, but her delineation of character is more delicate and masterly. There is scarcely a needless sentence in the book, and every touch adds something to the portraiture. The conditions are singularly complex—the relations of Annie and Paul, when Annie discovers that she has been sent to the old chateau 'on approval,' and Paul that he is expected to come home to marry her, and both are resentful and inimical to the last degree; and yet out of this false position the growth of a genuine

affection is to be gradually and naturally evolved. The skill of the writer, indeed, is specially exercised in evolving right out of most perplexing wrong, as in the marriage of Albert, the reconciliation with Madame Freval, and several minor complications. If, however, in every instance the solutions were not so perfectly natural, the feeling that the situation had been devised for exhibiting the skill of the writer would be very unpleasant. Equally clever is the individual portraiture, from Annie's father to Gipsy Mila—from the haughty old marquise to peasant Jeanne. Perhaps the greatest success in the book is the fine conception and delineation of Jeannie with her repressed affection, and unsuspected, and indeed almost unconscious, genius. The work solicits subtle and admiring criticism in almost every page. It is a novel of a high order, which, with special emphasis, we would, for many reasons, commend to those who delight in good fiction.

For Sceptre and Crown : a Romance of the Present Time.
Translated from the German of GREGOR SAMAROW. Two
Vols. Henry S. King and Co.

For a criticism on Herr Meding's book, we must refer to our notice of the original German work (*British Quarterly*, No. cxvi., p. 595). It is a representation of the great events of the war of 1866, and, as the confidential friend and Prime Minister of George V. of Hanover, the author had special opportunities of knowledge, of which he has not been very reticent. This gives the work a value far above its merits as a historical romance; for as such it is very dull. The incidents connected with the treacherous annexation of Hanover are told with force and passion. Its imaginative accessories are of a very melodramatic character, and therefore very heavy. Its political character has given it an immense popularity in Germany, and to mere novel-readers it is like being in Madame Tussaud's; kings and political potentates elbow each other on every page, and introduce us to very high company. The translation is very fairly executed; but if it does not mar the historical vividness, neither does it relieve the fictitious prosiness. It is a book to be read—with skipping.

Lisette's Venture. By Mrs. RUSSELL GRAY. Two Vols.
Henry S. King and Co.

There is nothing evil in this story, and it never rises above the tamest level of commonplace. Two young ladies are in love. One of them is rich, and has set her cap at a young curate, whom her vain mother thinks below her in social position. The other is poor, and pretty, and sharp. Her lover is the nephew and heir of a grand eccentric old dame, who dotes upon him, and has rather wished to divert his attachment from the poor heroine to the rich heiress. The girls are fond of one another, and 'Lisette Audrey's venture' is the unladylike plot to see and win the old aunt by visiting her in the capacity of lady's maid to her rich friend. The venture is clumsily managed and poorly executed, and, of course, the nephew arrives at an awkward moment; but it comes right at last, and the curate becomes a rector, and the rector's uncle becomes a bishop, and that 'makes all the difference' in the estimate of the silly mother, and the reader is glad to leave the whole group to their very moderate ideas of life and love, and to the enjoyment of domestic bliss. The character of the aunt is naïvely drawn, and the simplicity, weakness and goodness of the writer are conspicuous throughout.

Govinda Sámanta ; or, the History of a Bengal Ráiyat. By the
Rev. LAL BEHAN DAY, Chinsurah, Bengal. Two Vols.
Macmillan and Co.

The author of this very interesting book gives us no intimation concerning himself; we are therefore left to such inferences as his name and the prefix to it may suggest. He is a well-informed man, familiar with English literature which, however, he quotes so as to suggest special and recent acquisition. Of much more importance is his evident familiarity with Bengal peasant life, which it is the object of his book to describe. The thread of the story is of the slightest; it has no organic construction—his characters merely serve as pegs for description, or for characteristic incident. We are introduced more intimately to the habits, experiences, and feelings of rural Bengal than in any work with which we are acquainted. The relationships, aims, strivings, hopes, and hardships of the family are fully put before us, together with social manners and customs: the relations of the natives, too, to their zemindars, to indigo planters, with their religious notions and habits; their endurance of pestilence, famine, oppression, &c. The style is lively, the knowledge great, and the interest well sustained. It has given us more vivid impressions than much more elaborate works.

Jilted ; or, My Uncle's Scheme. Three Vols. Sampson Low and Co.

We may commend this novel as a well-written and lively autobiography of a young man, the son of a retired major, who has lived in France until he reaches manhood, and then comes over to England to enter the bank of one uncle in a provincial town, with a view of becoming a partner in it, and of marrying the daughter of another uncle, according to the secret scheme of the former. The banker, however, has a daughter with whom the hero perversely falls in love, and who does not discourage his advances. He goes to visit the other uncle, strong in his passion, whose daughter has practised pistol shooting; and meeting him carrying his carpet-bag in the park she demands that he shall stand still to have a pistol-bullet sever the end of his moustache. She treats him with studied scorn and rudeness, to save herself as it ultimately proves, from being married by arrangement. When she finds that he is in love with her cousin, she asks forgiveness, and becomes so dangerously at ease, that incipient feelings of warm attachment spring up. The banker's daughter elopes with her father's managing clerk, to the relief of our hero, as to his own surprise he discovers. The uncle's scheme is finally accomplished, and he marries the cousin destined for him. The excellency of the book is its admirable descriptions both of places, character, and circumstance. One defect is that the two English uncles are so ridiculously alike in disposition and goodness, that they might have been twins. The cousins are well discriminated, and, notwithstanding a *soupçon* of Thackerayism, embodied in a mythical Eugénie, the story is a good and pleasant one.

My Own People : a Family Chronicle. By Mrs. GERALD VESEY.
Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

There is only one bad point in Mrs. Vesey's story, and that is the start, which is, unfortunately, common-place. But when once we have made acquaintance with the young ladies of the house and their 'forbears,'

and forget for the moment about old Deborah, the book becomes not only interesting, but highly artistic. Some of the stories are really admirable, full of incident, suggestion, and pathos, and carry a good lesson, though they do not obtrude it. The story of the return of the French wife of the son who had married against his father's will, with her little boy, and the picture of the circumstances under which the old squire succumbs, are done with quiet, unostentatious art, and the episode of Rose Salterre and the doctor is also well told. Deborah's love-affair, too, is marked by genuine power, and John, her lover, is a thoroughly original character. Throughout we see the presence of a cultivated mind, strengthened by considerable knowledge of the world, and no small instinct for art. We feel convinced that Mrs. Vesey only needs practice in plot, and in some points of technique, to produce really good and sustained work in fiction. In these simple stories there are touches that remind us of our best authors, and it is not too much to say that they contain as much thought and true perception of character as are to be found in half-a-dozen ordinary three volume novels. We hope to meet with Mrs. Vesey again before very long.

West Riding Sketches. By JAMES BURNLEY (SAUNTERER).
Hodder and Stoughton.

This volume, by the author of 'Phases of Bradford Life,' is very amusing, and contains a good deal of curious information. The life of the great manufacturing towns and remote villages of Yorkshire is portrayed with considerable vivacity of touch, and not a little humour. The description of a visit to Saltaire is likely to induce many to make a pilgrimage to the Arcadia of the loom and spindle. The zest with which Mr. Burnley climbs the fell and penetrates the picturesque and lonely dales beyond the reach of iron roads, makes him a good guide to the glories of Craven.

Forty Years of American Life. By T. L. NICHOLS, M.D.
Second Edition. Longmans.

Dr. Nichols did not sympathize with the North in the war, and in disgust left his country. He says that 'free speech was precarious. If 'a newspaper doubted that the South could be conquered in ninety days, 'it was excluded from the mails.' From this it will be inferred that his interests lay in the newspapers. He was born in New Hampshire, in 1815; studied medicine, but never practised it; roved among the States, seeing much, for he always kept his eyes open; was assistant to Bennett on the *New York Herald* for some time, and thus, like Ulysses—

'Much has he seen and known, cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments.'

And so, with a pleasant *soupeçon* of biography, he tells us of the famous men of the States both in literature and politics, of manners and customs, of amusements and professions, of the Presidents of the States, of religion and morality, and so on, never forgetting his anecdotes and choice morsels of chit-chat. We enjoy Dr. Nichols, but we are not sure that we could always quote him with safety. He is very frank and straightforward; but he has his prejudices, and can give facts a colouring. His book, however, is most readable, and well deserves the honour it has secured of a second edition, in which he has taken care to introduce several improvements.

Holden with Cords. By W. M. L. JAY. James Nisbet and Co.

We have rarely read a minor novel—if one-volume stories may be so designated—which deserves higher or more unqualified commendation than this. Its intellectual and artistic qualities are distinct and good; the style is vigorous, incisive, and rapid; the right thing is said, and said well, without surplusage—just the right amount of reflection and sentiment for a setting of the incidents. The characters one and all are strongly individualized and clearly cut—like a cameo. Major Bergan, strong-willed, upright, passionate, and dissipated; Maumer Rue, the old negro nurse, faithful, tender, weird; Dick Causton, sputtering proverbs in half-a-dozen languages; Dr. Remy, the villain of the piece, very cleverly put on the stage in the introduction, and delineated with remarkable power of artistic and moral perception; Astra Lyte and her pendant Carice Bergan, finely discriminated and contrasted; the father of the latter, Godfrey Bergan; and the hero, Bergan Arling—there is not a character that is not well drawn, nor a touch that is not careful. The moral and religious sentiment of the story is skilfully held in solution, and while not obtruded, it is felt like an atmosphere in every page, while the working out of the plot is subtle, and although melodramatic, not unnatural. Our readers will thank us if our recommendation induces them to peruse this fresh and clever story of American life.

Cap and Bells. By MARGARET C. HELMORE. Three Vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Miss Helmore overcrowds her story with minor incidents, without having a main story prominent enough to subordinate them. The eddies are as much as the current, and simply confuse the reader. We cannot retain the details of fashionable visiting, conversation, and flirting. Fritz, Donald, Colonel Hawkins, and Constance, are fairly delineated but cross purposes play too important a part. Fritz has hard measure dealt to him. The plot is extravagant, and we do not feel very eager about its development. It is a story that may be laid aside for awhile, and easily forgotten. It is, however, well and smartly written.

Brigadier Frederic: a Story of an Alsacian Exile. From the French of MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. Smith, Elder and Co.

MM. Erckmann-Chatrian are intensely Frenchmen, and their bitter resentment of the German conquest of Alsace is not to be wondered at. Nevertheless, it is not the less unjust. France provoked the war; France has set the most flagrant examples of lawless annexation that Europe has seen; France annexed iniquitously the very territories that Germany has resumed; France for the last half century has never concealed her purpose to annex the left bank of the Rhine whenever opportunity served—the France that is not of the monarchy, the empire, or the republic, but the France of the people. Half a dozen wrongs committed by France do not make Germany right; but surely it is pitiable to see France so whimpering and vindictive, and to hear her appealing to lofty principles of justice and patriotism when that has come upon her which she has ruthlessly inflicted upon others a score of times. Besides, the peace of Europe imperatively required some material disability to be inflicted upon its most persistent and restless disturber. She has contrived to produce the impression that she can be restrained

from conquest only by disability. We are compelled to conclude that in her own defence, and in the interests of Europe, Germany was right. None the less do we sympathize with the Alsacians, and so far with MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's picturesque and charming story, which is simply a pathetic study of the sufferings of the conquered.

Clarice Adair. By Mrs. RANDOLPH. Three Vols. Sampson Low and Co.

A novel of fashionable life, in which we obtain an easy introduction to the highest circles of the English aristocracy, and to the wealthiest of the plutocracy. We cannot say that the experience is pleasant. There is, we hope, more simplicity of life and character, and certainly better English spoken in aristocratic circles than Mrs. Randolph supposes. We do not think that the life of the upper ten thousand is more fast, or that the girls in it are louder than in lower circles. Any well-to-do tradesman's son can find easy means of being vicious if he likes, and coarse notions and villainous actions come of human nature.

The story is cleverly told, the characters are well delineated, and orthodox practical justice is done, but we have not been greatly edified or pleased by its perusal.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, AND PHILOLOGY.

Problems of Life and Mind. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES.
First Series. *The Foundations of a Creed.* Vol. II.
Trübner and Co.

In this second volume Mr. Lewes advances another step in the work he has set for himself—to lay the foundations, namely, of a system of philosophy which, while explaining or interpreting knowledge, shall thereby supply rules for action. We saw, in our notice of the first volume, how comprehensive was his plan, and how he hoped through its fulfilment to supersede the philosophical systems of which we have hitherto been able to boast. Striking into a new track, he expected, by setting bounds to the pursuit of 'phantoms,' as exemplified in the metaphysics of the past, to assign to speculation its legitimate limits, but to attain certainty within these. The error of metaphysicians had been—he said—that they sought to soar to regions impervious to human knowledge; to sustain their lofty flight where the atmosphere, which is the condition of possible movement (to adopt Kant's metaphor), was not. Mr. Lewes set himself to eliminate the 'metempirical' element, as to which knowledge was impossible, and excluded many of the problems heretofore regarded as within the peculiar sphere of philosophical inquiry. It has been said that in doing this, while at the same time professing to solve the problems of metaphysics, he simply evaded the whole question at issue. This is true so far as philosophy includes the 'supra-sensible,' with the problems and difficulties it involves. Questions of the 'why' and 'wherefore' of existence, all that in its nature is ultimate in inquiry, are by his method expressly proscribed. But he did not, therefore, like the disciples of the ordinary philosophies of sensation or experience, dispense altogether with metaphysics. Starting from experience—the experience of feeling,

which Mr. Lewes admits is the only authoritative ultimate—he claimed to be able to resolve the nature of the real in the sphere of the knowable. Refusing to seek explanations of either of the two constituent factors of our knowledge—the objective and the subjective—in the one or the other *per se*, asserting that the known and the knowable are constituted by their conjunction, he endeavoured to trace reality—the only real with which we have to do—in the co-operation of the ideal and the real. Hence his system is designated by him Reasoned Realism, and hence also he attributed to the subjective element in our knowledge an importance and functions which had not hitherto been imagined by the sensational school. With the realist he accepts the fact of the existence of the objective world, but with the idealist he alleges that the world we have to do with is the real as idealized in feeling by thought. The ideal order we thus attain to represents the real order under the forms of abstraction, and truth consists in ideal relations which do not exist except to thought. Metaphysics—Mr. Lewes asserts—has, in his hands, adopted the method of science. While Comte specified the conditions of the Positive method, Mr. Lewes professes to have reduced it to the mental laws which are the ideal forms under which knowledge attains certitude.

The first volume stated the problem which had to be dealt with, and showed the manner or method in which the author would proceed, in general terms. In laying the 'Foundations of a Creed,' Mr. Lewes sought to apply to the phenomena of mind the ultimate abstractions which are the results of the generalizations of science; the method which he is convinced alone determines successful inquiry in any department. He employs deduction as much as the most speculative philosopher, while induction is made subservient to his purposes the same as in physical philosophy; but the results thereby attained are only accepted after verification, the employment of which is the distinctive characteristic of his Positive method. What these results are were generally foreshadowed in the first volume, and are now more particularly detailed in the second. The second problem, with the consideration of which this volume opens, is 'The Principles of Certitude,'—a problem which is resolved by the help of the fundamental principles that obtain acceptance from all logicians. With Professor Jevons, Mr. Lewes regards the principle of equivalence—the term he prefers to identity—as the principle of deduction, and shows that the test of knowledge is the discovery of identity amid diversity. In the third problem, 'From the Known to the Unknown,' we have criticism of the usual logical forms of thought. This chapter completes the survey of the nature of knowledge, its limitations, certitude, and methods, and therefore deals with psychological facts as well as logical laws. To Mr. Lewes, reasoning is extended experience, and his varied knowledge and training as a physiologist render him good service in this as in other parts of his inquiry. The error of the subjective method he asserts to be that it proceeds deductively without verification; but we cannot think he is in this part successful in his reply to the objection of his critics—that he evades the issue by dismissing 'the illusion of metempirics.' Under Problem IV. we have the application of the Positive method to the explication of our ideas of matter and force; and the same thing is attempted, under the next section, for force and cause; while Problem VI.—of a more general description—treats of 'The Absolute in the Correlation of Motion and Feeling.'

The most remarkable characteristic of Mr. Lewes' procedure, in all these problems, is his identification of the two sides—the ideal and the real, the subjective and the objective,—in accordance with his fundamental principle of knowledge, and in harmony with the results of his method. In dealing with the problem of cause and effect, for example, he cuts the knot he cannot unloose by the bold averment that these are not different, as has hitherto been thought, but are the same thing viewed under different aspects; that the effect is the resultant of its components, the product of its factors, and that as things are known in their qualities, causes are known in their effects. On the same principle, Mr. Lewes finds that motion and feeling are identical—they are but the twofold aspect of the same thing, and to deal with them separately is to regard them as they do not exist. In general, therefore, and in accordance with his fundamental principles, Mr. Lewes holds that we do know things in themselves, though things may be in many diverse ways besides those in which we know them. That fact does not interfere with the reality of what we do know. Another position of Mr. Lewes is, that the categories which are the forms of thought, and determine the ideal relations we know, are evolved in the evolution of the organism through its relations to the medium.

It will thus be seen that to Mr. Lewes feeling or sensation is the ultimate, and indeed the only real. For although he ascribes reality to the ideal order, constituted through the interaction of the objective and the subjective, its results can be accepted only if they are verifiable through reduction to the terms of experience. Not only so, these very ideal relations are due to the evolution from sensation, through long ages, of the thought which nevertheless alone renders them possible. Mr. Lewes ought, consequently, to be able to show that there is nothing in thought which did not pre-exist in sense, and that feeling and thought are identical. Without such a demonstration his whole laboured construction of Reasoned Realism is an edifice of illusion. Now we think it would not be difficult to show that feeling and thought are so little identical that they are contrary the one to the other, and that sensation by itself could never have rendered possible even the simplest experience. To do that is a task beyond what can be attempted here; but in noticing a work that claims to lay the foundations of a creed, and build up a scheme of philosophy, it may not have been profitless, in indicating its nature, at the same time to point out the fundamental fallacy which we are convinced must invalidate it in both references.

John Knox and the Church of England: His Work in her Pulpit, and his Influence upon her Liturgy, Articles, and Parties. A Monograph Founded upon several Important Papers of Knox never before Published. By PETER LORIMER, D.D., &c. H. S. King and Co.

Considering that we have already such an excellent biography of the great Scottish Reformer as the work of Dr. McCrie, and that so much light has been thrown on both his life and writings by the researches of Mr. Laing, the editor of 'Knox's Collected Works,' it may well be asked what need there is for a new biographical chapter in elucidation of a section of Knox's career? The answer to this question is supplied by the fact that Professor Lorimer has had access to fresh material, which is here for the first time made public. In examining a set of manuscripts in illustration of the history of the Elizabethan Puritans,

he discovered four new Knox Papers, which, though only copies of the originals, were obviously genuine, and shed valuable light on the English chapter of the Reformer's life. Dr. Lorimer has, therefore, printed these four documents, consisting of an Address by Knox to his Congregation at Berwick-on-Tweed; a Memorial to the Privy Council on the Attitude to be Observed at the Lord's Supper; a Paper on the Ceremonial of the Lord's Supper by Knox, at Berwick; and, lastly, a Letter addressed to the Reformer by some person unknown. Besides printing these MSS., with appropriate illustrative notes and explanations, Professor Lorimer thought the opportunity was suitable for a 'Monograph' on the English portion of Knox's life. The narrative extends over the ten years of the Reformer's work in England, and among Englishmen out of England, 'the effect of which is to exhibit all the new facts *in situ* 'where they can be best appreciated and understood.' The form of a 'monograph' was selected, in preference to a history, as allowing to the author greater freedom in the use of Knox's own writings than would have been permissible in a regular historical narrative. The connection of John Knox with England was closer, and the source of larger influence than is commonly supposed. He came to England in 1549, when he was in his forty-fifth year, and was immediately employed as a preacher by Cranmer and the Privy Council of Edward VI., in the northern counties, in furtherance of the work of the Reformation. Compelled to withdraw from England after the accession of Queen Mary, he spent some years among the English Protestant exiles on the Continent, but varied his work by a visit to Scotland, extending over the year 1555-56. While ministering to the English Protestants in Frankfurt and Geneva, he was in close correspondence with some of the most eminent English Churchmen of the period; and the influence he exerted was the means of infusing a 'Knoxian' element into English Church life. It need hardly be said that the Scottish Reformer was a Protestant of what, later, was termed the Puritan order, as at that time was the Protestantism of the Helvetic, or Zwinglian type, as distinguished from the Lutheran or German. 'Knox (says Dr. Lorimer) was a Reformer of the Swiss school long before he was personally acquainted with Calvin. His theology was formed upon the model of Zwingli, Ecolampadius, and Bullinger; not upon that of Luther and Melancthon.' It will be seen from what has been said that Professor Lorimer has made an important contribution to ecclesiastical history. He is successful in throwing much light on the history of King Edward's Second Prayer Book and his Forty-two Articles, and it is curious that the documents which enable him to do this should have been discovered at a period of ecclesiastical agitation regarding the topics which they illustrate. In presenting a portrait of Knox as he is revealed by his own writings, with special reference to the development of the Reformation in England, the author hopes he may have done something to explode old prejudices in the English mind regarding one of the noblest historical figures of whom our island can boast. By making manifest the nature of his English work, a livelier interest in John Knox may be excited in the English mind. It is a remarkable circumstance—proved by the evidence collected in this volume—that the Lord's Supper was first administered in England in the Puritan and Presbyterian form by the hand of John Knox, as early as 1549 or 1550. Further, this form of service was established in Berwick by a recognized minister of the Church of England, acting under the implied authority of the Government, ten years before it could be introduced, with a

similar official recognition, into the National Church of Knox's own native country.

The Image of Christ as Presented in Scripture. An Inquiry Concerning the Person and Work of the Redeemer. By J. J. VAN OOSTERZEE, D.D. Translated from the Dutch by MAURICE J. EVANS, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Dr. Oosterzee has already published two volumes on the 'Christology of the Old and New Testaments,' and in this work he seeks to combine the various Scriptural references to our Lord into one full portraiture. His work naturally falls into three divisions—I. The Son of God before His Incarnation; under which His Divine Nature, His Relations to the Creation, to Humanity, and to the People of Israel come to be considered; II. Christ in the Flesh; His Incarnation, Earthly Appearing, Humiliation, and Exaltation; III. The God-Man in glory; i.e., in heaven, in the human heart, in the world, and in the future. The ground is traversed with adequate scholarship, with a liberal orthodoxy of view and feeling which, while it holds to ideas such as the endless misery of the lost, is tolerant towards those who cannot receive them, and with a deep and reverential religiousness. The aspects of the work are continually presented to the gainsayers and sceptics of our day. The book is a living book, and touches living questions. It is full of faith, rising sometimes to enthusiasm. It is eloquent, sometimes falling into rhetorical declamation. It is vigorous and suggestive, and will be useful, not only in passing controversies, but in suggestions of the Divine and transcendent aspects of our Lord's character and work.

Christianity and Science. A Series of Lectures delivered in New York, in 1874, on the Ely Foundation of the Union Theological Seminary. By ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

We rejoice very heartily in the delivery of these lectures by Professor Peabody. The Union Theological Seminary, as is well known, is an orthodox Calvinistic Presbyterian institution, of which Dr. Adams is the Principal; and Professor Peabody is nominally a Unitarian professor in the Unitarian University of Boston. It is a gratifying indication that this nominal difference of theological schools has not prevented the proffer and the acceptance of this lectureship. It is, moreover, one indication of the movement—of which we shall probably hear more—which is dividing American Unitarianism into two schools, and leading by common affinities the more evangelical section into practical fellowship, interchange of pulpits, &c., with orthodox Congregationalism and Presbyterianism. This is a great step in advance, and will probably be fruitful in results. Dr. Peabody has been long known for his reverent acceptance of the supernatural, for his devout recognition of the Christ, and for his fervent sympathies with evangelical life and worship. We are not qualified to define his position more accurately, or to designate him Arian or Sabellian, or by any other term that might probably be as far wrong as right in its suggestion. Readers of these lectures will soon feel how reverent and fervent his religious spirit is, and they will not wonder that they found acceptance with the professors and alumni of an institution over which Dr. Adams presides. Only very keen and sus-

picious critics could detect any shortcoming; the references to our Lord are full of reverence and love. The lectures traverse the domain of evidence, now the battle-ground between scepticism and faith. In nervous, simple, and eloquent language, the lecturer vindicates the Gospel records, and with much skill and cogency arrays the evidence. The way in which the chain of evidence for the substantial integrity of the Gospels is traced back from Origen to John is very able. The chapter on the character and teaching of Christ fully recognizes His unique relation to the Father, and declares Him to be 'the image in human form of the omnipresent and eternal God.' Other lectures discuss miracles, the resurrection of Christ, the alleged deficiencies of the Christian system, its renovating power in human society, institutions, &c. The book is sustained quietly and strongly on a high level of thought and argument, and is equally able and interesting.

The Lost and Hostile Gospels: an Essay on the Toledoth Jeschu, and the Petrine and Pauline Gospels of the First Three Centuries, of which Fragments Remain. By the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A. Williams and Norgate.

The versatility and research of Mr. Baring-Gould are almost equal to his confidence. The calmness with which he asserts conclusions concerning the most debated literary questions are a poor counterbalance to opinions which contradict the judgment of the Church, unsettle the New Testament Canon, and throw an air of boundless distrust around the evangelic histories. Still there is here a certain conservative element at work, as in other of the author's works. While the destructive criticism which he borrows abundantly from Tübingen takes much, it still leaves, as he thinks, 'incomparable value' to the Canonic Gospels; he has not lost the 'Blessed Lord' from view, and the supernatural Christ and the great ideas of the New Testament are yet with him the keys of the kingdom of heaven and solutions of the mysteries of life. It would be difficult to put into a small compass an idea of the multiform contents of this little volume. Suffice it to say that its author endorses the hypothesis of the utterly Jewish character of the Palestine and Petrine Church, its antagonism to Paul, who is none other than the 'vain man' denounced by James; and while the author vindicates the character and motives of Paul from the antinomianism, condemned by himself as well as by 'the three apostles,' yet he thinks that there is no question but that the followers of Paul deserved the condemnation pronounced upon them for their abuse of the doctrines of grace and faith. The followers of Paul were those alone denominated '*Christian*' in the first instance, the Palestinian believers being indistinguishable from Essenic and Johannine sects. There were two classes of these, however, fed with analogous traditions of the Christ, which ultimately assumed the form of the '*Gospel of the Hebrews*,' and the Clementine and Ebionite Gospel. The explanation of 'the silence of Josephus,' of Philo, and the Mishna, touching Jesus or Christianity, is found in the thoroughly Jewish character of the piety, worship, and character of the primitive Palestinian Church, affording no greater departure from customary orthodoxy than that furnished by the much belauded Essenic community. Mr. Baring-Gould does not go so far as De Quincey's bizarre hypothesis, but he closely approaches it, with more respect for the character of Josephus. The Pauline Christianity he considers to have been so thoroughly anti-Hebrew and Hellenistic as not to come

within the scope of the Jewish historian ! He thinks that Philo, not Paul, is the real source of the sentiments of Seneca and Epictetus, which so nearly approximate Pauline teaching. With these broad differences it is not wonderful that 'Gospels' which were originated in different communities and churches should have been severally preferred by them, and that the ultimate selection of the canonical 'four' arose from the influence upon the whole church of the healing hand of John.

The Jewish traditions preserved in the two *Toledoth Jeschu* are very cleverly dissected, and shown to be hopelessly untrustworthy, revealing their late origin, their malignant hatred, and their sufferings at the hands of dominant Christians, as well as gross confusion and ignorance of their own authentic history.

We will not attempt to exhibit Mr. Baring-Gould's hypothetical reconstruction of the Synoptic Gospels. It is not so very far removed (certainly in principle) from the theory of Herbert Marsh, though it approximates more in detail to that of Mr. Smith, of Jordan-hill, by giving such high antiquity and value to Mark's Gospel, accepting to the full the references of Papias to Mark as a virtual account of our second gospel. The Gospel of the Hebrews is very carefully handled, and a variety of the uncanonical 'sayings,' are somewhat doubtfully referred to it, and supposed to be the main informant of Justin Martyr. In many respects, this volume confirms the arguments of the author of 'Supernatural Religion.' In many others it puts a perfectly new colour on the same literary conclusions. Much very curious information is brought together with reference to the 'Lost Gospels,' the ultimate lessons of which seem to create a strong belief in a vast mass of floating tradition from scores of independent sources, many of which go back to the childhood of Jesus and the days of His flesh ; and all, for the most part, revealing the presence in our world of the same Divine and wondrous Being. Out of the mass, of which only fragments have been preserved, THE GOSPELS, each with its well-defined motive, originated. Mr. Baring-Gould adopts the views of Baur and Ritzschl, rather than those of Volckmar or Davidson, with reference to the priority of the Gospel of Marcion to that of our third gospel, though he seems to think that Luke was its author. We have no further space to develop the principle, or reply to the arguments of the writer. The spirit of the volume is evident from words like these :—

'The poor stuff that has passed current too long among us as Biblical criticism, is altogether unworthy of English scholars and theologians.' 'It may be that we are dazzled, bewildered by the light and rush of new ideas exploding around us on every side ; but for all that a cellar is no safe retreat. The new lights that break in on us are not always the lanterns of burglars.' With this we heartily agree, but if not burglars, many are firework makers, and their coruscations are not the best illuminations for these dark nights.

An Outline Study of Man ; or, the Body and Mind in One System ; with Illustrative Diagrams. By MARK HOPKINS, D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is the substance of lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute, United States, and elsewhere, in which the author rapidly runs over the whole ground occupied by philosophy of the mind, logic, and ethics. Dr. Hopkins begins with the most ultimate conception of simple 'being,'

and advances to inorganic and organized matter, to vegetable and animal life, then to body and mind. Step by step he reaches the highest development of the whole man, with all his energies of intellect, sensibility, and will. The author's system of classification turns on the principle that the broader and more extensive category is the *condition* on which the next becomes possible in reality and thought. The inorganic is the condition of the organic, the vegetable of the animal, the body is the condition of the mind, the intellect of the sensibility, and both of the will, and so on. He is careful to urge that these conditions are not causes, but merely antecedents in thought to higher and yet higher developments. At stage after stage new elements are introduced; and the peculiarity of the treatment is the ingenious method in which illustrative diagrams are used to assist the memory and exhibit the architectonic nature of the entire view. We cannot discuss here the admirable criticisms of both Hamilton and Mill. There is clear indication of acquaintance with the current literature of the whole question, although few references are made to previous philosophical discussion. The author agrees with Hamilton, in 'natural realism,' 'believing in the 'immediate and simultaneous apprehension of two things—of self and the 'world'—but he differs from him as to the function of sensation, arguing that nothing but the muscular sense—which by furnishing resistance to the will, and by acting from within outward, supplies the intellect with ideas—can give the immediate apprehension of the external world. The other senses are *signs* illustrating and deciphering that which is primarily conditioned by this fundamental sense. Having developed the forms, processes, and products of the intellect and sensibility, and found the will conditioned by them, he proceeds to the processes and products of this further combination, and approaches the region of personality with its deep problems of choice and volition, of desire and reprobation, culminating in worship, religious ideas, and service. The volume is an admirable introduction to the study of philosophy.

The Privilege of Peter and the Claims of the Roman Church Confronted with the Scriptures, the Councils, and the Testimony of the Popes themselves. By ROBERT C. JENKINS, M.A.
Henry S. King and Co.

The arrogant claims of the Church of Rome are producing the wonted effects of such assumptions. Throughout its history, every assault upon true Christianity, whether from the side of superstition or from the side of rationalism, has had for its most notable result the calling into existence of unanswerable apologetics; the great polemical bulwarks of the Church have almost without exception had this origin. The Vatican decrees are faring badly, and must, we should imagine, begin to appear to their counsellors—if not to the amiable and fanatical old Pope himself—the greatest blunder that Rome has yet made. In our own country, as in Germany, the argument has gone against them with almost deadly effect. Dr. Newman may be classed with Mr. Gladstone as having utterly discredited them; for to thoughtful men Dr. Newman's defence is more damaging than even Mr. Gladstone's assault. Canon Jenkins, in his ecclesiastical lore and polemical adroitness—the former especially—is inferior to no champion in the field. Cardinal Manning is an ignominy by his side. This little volume traces first the historical relations of English law and thought to the claim of the Papacy arising out of the so-called 'Privileges of Peter,' of which the doctrine of infallibility is but the

consummation. It will be difficult for Romanists to refute the author's formidable array of facts, proving that neither recognition of national law nor authority of Scripture supports it. Next, it is shown that the Church itself refused to recognize the claim so long as it had freedom to speak; and further, that 'the Popes of almost every age have repudiated 'the fatal gift which Pius IX. has so rashly extorted from the credulity 'of his followers in the nineteenth century.' Wiclif's words only express the ancient position of both Church and law courts: 'As it was 'expedient that the personal presence of Christ should be removed from 'us, it cannot be necessary that the personal presence of a Pope, claiming to represent Christ, should be left with us instead.' Canon Jenkins's book will be found an erudite armoury of weapons for whoever may be called to take part in this great controversy.

Voices of the Prophets. Twelve Lectures preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn, in the Years 1870-74, on the Foundation of Bishop Warburton. By EDWIN HAMILTON GIFFORD, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

This is a very vigorous and reverent contribution to the literature of prophecy. Works like Dr. Payne Smith's, instead of exhausting their theme, only incite to fresh studies of it, and suggest fresh aspects of it. Dr. Gifford lays the basis of his argument in a vindication of the possibility and reality of the supernatural. As against Professor Baden Powell's reassertion of Hume's objection, that no testimony can reach to the proof of a supernatural cause of any event however strange, he adduces the character of the alleged resurrection of Lazarus, which suffices to prove that, if it really did occur, an eye-witness would have had conclusive proof that it was due to a supernatural cause; thus showing that a miracle is not essentially incapable of proof. As against the doctrine of the immutability of natural law, he adduces the important admissions of Professor Huxley and Dr. Tyndall. He then sketches the history of Hebrew prophecy, and shows how inseparably it was intertwined with the life and convictions of the Hebrew people. Next he discusses the subtle and difficult question of the connection between true prophecy and the character of the prophet, maintaining that prophecy is the fruit of a living union between the Divine Spirit and the spirit of man. Analogous to this is the argument that Hebrew prophecy grew out of the religious life of the patriarchs. Then Messianic prophecy is discussed, in which discussion the unity of Isaiah's prophecies and the Messianic reference of the 53rd chapter are vigorously, and, we think, successfully maintained. Dr. Gifford has read widely, and freely acknowledges his indebtedness to Ewald and others from whom he differs greatly in his conclusions. The lectures are vigorous, able, and succinct, and are a definite contribution to the great controversy of our day concerning the supernatural.

Studies of the Divine Master. By THOMAS GRIFFITH, A.M. Prebendary of St. Paul's. Henry S. King and Co.

Mr. Griffith's book is avowedly a book of outlines rather than one of carefully-finished picture. Taking the Gospel of Mark for his basis, and employing the letters of Paul and the Gospels of Matthew and Luke for illustration and for supplementary information, he presents us with a series of studies, chronologically arranged and organically con-

nected, of the chief events in our Lord's history, and the chief aspects of His character. These, again, are little more than crayons, wrought in the reflective mode of the preacher. Sometimes they are meagre, and they lack interest of imagination; but they are based on a thorough and extensive scholarship, which gathers information and sanction from all sources. Mr. Griffith, indeed, is somewhat subdued to his reading, for although he does not want vigour, he clearly feels more confident in the authority of others than in his own reading. We could dispense with three-fourths of his references, for sustained and independent thinking of his own. His arrangement is a little fanciful. The periods of the day—night, dawn, sunrise, forenoon, noonday, sunset, and after-glow—are the symbols of his chronological arrangement. His theology is evangelical, and his feeling reverent. His book adds nothing to the elucidation of the great history, but as a rapid commentary on the chief incidents of our Lord's history, founded upon thorough and scholarly study, and arranged with lucidity and vigour we may very heartily commend it.

The Pilgrim's Progress, as originally published by John Bunyan.
Being a Facsimile Reproduction of the First Edition.
Elliot Stock.

This book will have interest to many besides bibliophiles. There is scarcely a child in the kingdom who can read it, who will not be interested in seeing how the first copy of 'The Pilgrim' looked—what kind of paper it was printed upon, and what kind of type was used, and what were the first engravings that illustrated it; although these latter were not added, we believe, until the second edition.

The publisher and printer have done their best to gratify this feeling. They have, by special type and paper, produced a facsimile of the unique copy of the first edition of the first part, with all its peculiarities of spelling and typical arrangement. A few months earlier, and this would have excited great interest at the Bedford Bunyan Festival. This first edition was issued by 'Nath. Ponder, at the Peacock, in the Poultry, near Cornhill, 1678.' On a fly-leaf of a copy of Part II. in the British Museum is written, 'I appoint Mr. Nathanael Ponder, and no other, to print this work. JOHN BUNYAN.' The peculiarities of spelling and type are very great. Italics are profusely used, capitals are employed in a very wanton way, and obsolete letters occur. Quaint marginal comments, often omitted by modern editors, are frequent, e.g., 'Christian snibbeth his Fellow,' 'O how Talkative,' 'Leviathan's sturdiness,' 'Hopeful swaggers.'

The second edition was considerably expanded, and it is interesting, by comparison with this, to see how the author's conceptions grew; which has an important bearing upon the question of the authorship. The volume is one of equal literary and popular interest. Its very binding, we should add, might well pass for old sheep's skin.

The Chronology of the Bible, &c. By ERNEST DE BUNSEN. With a Preface by A. H. SAYCE, M.A. Longmans, Green, and Co.

The decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions has furnished a reliable basis for restoring and establishing the chronology of the past. The lists of the Eponymes enable us to fix the dates of the most important events in Assyrian history with absolute precision. One of the im-

mediate results has been to destroy the implicit faith hitherto placed in Old Testament chronology. It is undeniable that between the Biblical and cuneiform chronology there are manifold and serious differences, and it is only natural that there should be serious efforts made to reconcile the two. The work before us is another attempt (and certainly not the last) at accomplishing this task. All such attempts, if intended as a rational ground for arriving at a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, must be made with enlightened caution, and with freedom from prejudice of the subject in dispute. Few, if any, of the attempts that have hitherto been made possess such grounds of confidence. Most of the writers on the subject have set out with the avowed object of establishing the correctness of Old Testament chronology. Several methods (or rather shifts) have been adopted for making the Biblical chronology square with the Assyrian, both by English and German chronologists, but none have been altogether successful. They have been nothing more than plausible hypotheses, in which the specific and unmistakable meaning of Biblical documents has been set aside for the sake of securing this external conformity. We are afraid we must include the work of De Bunsen in the list of such productions, with the additional disadvantage, that the cuneiform inscriptions on many important points are decidedly against his conclusions; *e.g.*, when he assumes the existence of a special Assyrian monarch called Phul against the evidence of the inscriptions, and without deriving any benefit in solving the difficulty. Perhaps the utmost that can be accomplished is to show why and how the Biblical writers have fallen into what must be accepted as chronological errors. Of this we have a striking illustration in the case mentioned by Mr. Sayce in the preface, where it is clearly shown that the Biblical writer placed the invasion of Sennacherib in 711 B.C., the fourteenth year of the reign of Hezekiah, instead of in 701 B.C., and that the mistake is owing to the fact that the composer of the national chronicles confounded the invasion of the Assyrian king Sargon, 711 B.C., with the expedition of Sennacherib, 701 B.C. We cheerfully admit that the volume contains a vast amount of interesting and original matter, and that the author has arrived at a series of remarkable synchronisms. Entirely new theories are advanced in regard to many events, *e.g.*, the age of Ezra and the Feast of Purim, and the possible presence of Peter in Rome in the ninth year after the Crucifixion. But the conclusions connected with the great events in the life of Christ will, we think, excite the most general attention. Here the author follows the statements of Irenæus, and regards the death of Jesus as having taken place in his forty-ninth year. His birth is placed fourteen years before the Christian era, and the wisdom which astonished the Jewish doctors in a boy of twelve years of age is regarded as acquired in the schools of Alexandria during the stay in Egypt!

The Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, being the Baird Lecture for 1873. By ROBERT JAMIESON, D.D. Blackwood and Sons.

Dr. Jamieson's lectures on 'The Inspiration of Holy Scripture' are expository of a position thoroughly assumed, and profoundly and reverently accepted. They furnish hearty believers in the divine original, supreme authority, and plenary inspiration of Holy Scripture, with a handbook of the customary arguments. These are presented in a singularly lucid and agreeable form. The style is free from all roughness, and is pure and dignified throughout. The volume ought not to be

placed in the hands of those who have read Ewald, Colenso, Kalisch, Keim, or Renan, &c., or of those who have lost their hold upon the historical validity and supernatural authorship of the Holy Scriptures. In the estimate of much current speculation, the argument would frequently break down. The mere presentation of it in this form would provoke antagonism, and would be seen to assume what it was needful to establish. Yet we have seldom seen a more charming and sensible exposition of the assumed fact of a Divine literature. In the fifth and sixth lectures, where theories of inspiration are discussed, Dr. Baird almost endorses Coleridge's sarcastic condemnation of 'the spiritual ventriloquism' of the verbal theory, and declares that it 'is opposed to the constitution of the human mind.' His 'grand and only principle is that inspiration was 'universal, the inspiring power being communicated to all the writers of 'the Bible in common, vouchsafed in exact proportion to the necessity 'of the circumstances.' Hence, practically, 'degrees of inspiration' are conceded in every instance, preserving the divine penmen from error. Some of the objections to the perfect accuracy of the Old Testament history are briefly touched upon, and here and there well met.

The New Testament of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. A New Translation, on the Basis of the Authorized Version, from a Critically Revised Greek Text, newly arranged in Paragraphs; with Analysis, Copious References, and Illustrations from Original Authorities, New Chronological and Analytical Harmony of the Four Gospels; Notes and Dissertations. By JOHN BROWN McCLELLAN, M.A., Vicar of Bottisham, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In Two Vols. Vol. I. The Four Gospels; with the Chronological and Analytical Harmony. Macmillan and Co.

We have purposely presented at full length the title page of this important volume, as it relieves us from the necessity of further enumeration of the multitudinous character of the work before us, and is a sufficient explanation of the difficulty imposed on any reviewer who should presume, in a few lines or pages, to offer an estimate of what is obviously the result of the labour of a lifetime.

Long before the 'Revision Committee' was formed, the author must have been far advanced in his colossal undertaking, and he has attempted to do single-handed what has usually been considered the work of an entire group of specialists. Thus, in few words, he has essayed to review the whole question of the Text of the New Testament, and though he has not collated MSS. with his own hand, and is content with the materials which the great critical editors have accumulated for him, yet he professes to have weighed, and sorted, and reconsidered every letter of these immense stores of erudition. He has come to diametrically opposite conclusions from Tregelles, Tischendorf, Alford, Westcott, and Hort, and other recensionists, thinking meanly of what are called 'the best MSS.,' and trusting to the consensus of *cursives* and versions, and to 'internal evidence.' For the sake of the text he has made independent study of every ancient version and all the accessible MSS. of these versions. The labours of Mr. McClellan have only then commenced, because with a view to amend and correct the Authorized Version of the New Testament, he professes to

have reviewed the entire range of Greek literature down to the fourth century, A.D. He has verified all the classical quotations of Wettstein, Kypke, and a host of other scholars; he has devoted himself to the whole question of interpretation as understood by successive Fathers, and translators, and essayists, and commentators, down to the present hour, and has taken account of every work bearing in an adverse sense upon the authenticity of the Gospels. He boldly and justly claims unique preparation for his great work.

The already cited title-page assures us of the *apparatus criticus* which accompanies the revised version. The references to other Scripture, and to innumerable sources of illustration, certainly remind the reader of the learning of such critics as Bentley, such scholars as Trigland, Danz, Scaliger, Suicer, and the affluence of such encyclopædists as Fritzsche or Winer among the Germans, as Gresswell or Davidson among English students. Efforts are made to furnish the reader with well-digested information about MSS., versions, critical editions, harmonies of the Gospels, &c. &c. Most elaborate dissertations on some hundred and fifty different questions occur either in the appendix or the notes. *E.g.*, the genealogies of Christ, in which all theories commonly held, including those of Grotius and Lord Hervey, are disputed and rejected as unsatisfactory. The dates of our Lord's birth, of the Last Supper, and the Resurrection of our Lord, with many other allied topics, are discussed at great length; and though the whole is characterized by the utmost compression consistent with clearness, the volume swells to (xciii. and 763) 856 pages.

It is obviously unfair to the writer of such a volume, to the compiler of such an encyclopædia, to the first-hand investigator in such a field, and on such a vast scale, to indulge in criticism or suggestion. The author has, however, adopted a style of self-assertion which is singularly unlike that which characterizes some of our greatest scholars. Bishop Ellicott, Professor Lightfoot, Drs. Tregelles and Alford laboriously toiled in these same regions, uttering scarcely a syllable of self-laudation, or any admiration of their own exhausting and prolonged toil. The independence and personal views of the present author may be some justification of a style which will bring down upon him some adverse criticism.

Thus he appears to us to entertain very confident if not misleading opinions as to the transcendent excellence of the Textus Receptus. He condemns the principles on which Lachmann, Tregelles, and Tischendorf and others have reconstituted the text, but he uses strong words, even abusive terms, which appear to us utterly uncalled for, to denote modern dependence upon the Sinaitic and Vatican MSS. There is no sufficient grappling with the principle of modern recensionists, and little occurs beyond a reprobation of what he calls the 'Egyptian' bondage, from which he preaches a new Exodus. This is taking advantage of a term of obloquy, to repudiate the Alexandrine group of MSS. He speaks of his list of erroneous and corrupt readings found in \aleph and B, and adopted by the chief modern editors (with, of course, the exception of Dr. Scrivener) as a 'mathematical' proof of the invalidity of these MSS. But he has done little more than enumerate sundry now well-known readings, and cry '*Fie!* for shame.' In not a few of these, as we have recently endeavoured to show at some length, the internal evidence, as well as the other testimonies, pronounce strongly in favour of the reading of \aleph and B. The whole question is assumed by Mr. McClellan when he tells us that these MSS., though admitted by him

to be the oldest in existence, are hopelessly corrupt. The worship of the *Textus Receptus*, notwithstanding the extraordinary value it may undoubtedly claim, is a very curious phenomenon on the part of such a learned, industrious, independent, and scholarly editor as Mr. McClellan. We feel, moreover, that he has hampered his scholarship, and entangled himself in serious perplexities by his enthusiastic adherence to the theory of plenary and verbal inspiration of the four Gospels, and he has to reconcile it with facts, by a dissertation on the use of the words *εἰπεῖν λέγειν, λαλεῖν, &c. &c.*, in which he aims to show that when Jesus is said to 'speak' or 'say' certain things, the words that follow do not pretend to be His reported speech, but only accurately clothe and express His thought.

It is difficult for us to give examples either of Mr. McClellan's 'translation' or 'harmony.' A few specimens of such a vast undertaking would be like a brick from a great edifice, and could give no more accurate idea of the laborious workmanship from which it would be an excerpt. Still, a few 'words' may offer a hint of his method of mending the vocabulary:—'Centurion,' is replaced by 'Captain;' 'Band,' by 'Regiment;' 'Hell-fire,' by the 'Burning Valley;' 'Publicans,' by 'Tax-gatherers;' 'Daily,' in the Lord's Prayer, by 'Needful;' 'Penny,' by 'Shilling.' He has not altered the translation of 'devils,' or introduced *Hades* into the text for 'hell.' 'Advocate' is the substitute for 'Comforter,' and 'Fatherless' for 'Comfortless,' in John xiv.

As he does not accept the *εὐδοκίας* of the Vatican MSS. and of other authorities for Luke ii. 14, he translates 'Good pleasure among men,' which is sufficiently ambiguous.

Though we may often differ in details from the results arrived at by this learned author, we heartily acknowledge that his work must be allowed to be a remarkable monument of zeal and literary devotion to one of the grandest of all themes, that it furnishes the student with a thesaurus of first-hand investigations into the text and its meaning, that it manfully grapples with many difficult questions, and often throws unexpected light upon the sacred text. It should be remembered that it did not come within the scope and object of the writer to meet such difficulties as those suggested by the anonymous author of 'Supernatural Religion,' and that the volume breathes throughout the spirit of most loyal veneration and love for the Word of God and its glorious theme.

Sermons preached in St. James's Chapel, York-street, London.

Second Series. By the Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.,
Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen. Henry S. King
and Co.

Mr. Brooke is pre-eminently a practical preacher. He is more concerned with impressions than convictions, though he seeks to make the one subserve the other. He does not affect a stringent logical result, and would not always, perhaps, be careful to defend himself on the score of abstract consistency. He prefers the teaching of poets to that of theologians; at all events, as has been very well said, he would admit that he has really learned more from the one than from the other. Some of these sermons are good examples of their own particular style. They deal directly with some of the vices of the age. He speaks plainly, for instance, of the French plays, and the crowds they drew from high society. So he treats a score of other matters, frankly,

directly, honestly. Yet he never descends to mere colloquialism, or sacrifices personal dignity in the doing of it. Throughout there is evidence of large culture, which balances and carries off the air of freedom which occasionally makes itself felt. As a whole, we do not rate this volume quite so high as the former one; but two or three of the sermons are more striking. Notably is this true of those on the 'Victims of Fate' and the 'Shipwrecks of Fate,' which touch topics special to the time. The first sermon in the volume—'The Changed Aspect of Christian Theology'—is, however, the most valuable, and the most perfectly thought out. In it Mr. Brooke makes claim for a larger-hearted theology, one which will do something to harmonize the wide ideas that have through various agencies, recent poetry among the rest, come to connect the idea of *Man* with the eternal nature of God; and in the course of the sermon he says much which has our sympathy, only he does not face the question—Why it comes that there lies so deep in man's nature the need for a theology? Considering the time which Mr. Brooke has given to the study of Wordsworth and the poets, we wonder at his very incorrect citations. Surely this is a very bad version of Wordsworth's fine lines from the 'Ode to Duty':—

'Eternal Lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything *more* fair
Than is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the *immortal* heavens, through thee,
are fresh and strong.'

The word 'immortal' here instead of 'most ancient,' alters the meaning entirely.

Law and God. By W. PAGE ROBERTS, M.A., Vicar of Eye, Suffolk. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This small volume of sermons treats on a few themes which may be said to lie at the foundation of all religion. The preacher, in handling these elementary topics, desires the reader 'not to conclude that 'because he only treats of primitive strata that he is an unbeliever in 'later formations.' This remark is only fair to himself and to those who would criticise these sermons from some other standpoint than that of the writer. They have received high praise from the press; the *Spectator*, if we remember right, classing them among the most original and able sermons of the day. We do not go as far as this; we may say of them, in general, that they are sermons of the type of the late Mr. Robertson of Brighton. They have a certain family likeness with his, and while much more than echoes, we may distinctly trace in them the same veins of thought and the same free and unconventional handling of sacred subjects. To illustrate our meaning we cannot do better than refer to the sermon on the text, 'Our God is a consuming fire.' Mr. Roberts begins by stating that 'this verse, like several others, has been used as alarming conclusions for sermons on the misery of those who are hopelessly cast away. To produce what is called revival, the quenchless fires of torment have been displayed and described to frighten men into the love of God; and then, when human imagination and presumption have

' reached their limit, the Bible has been summoned to seal the revelation, ' and the stern conclusion has been "Our God is a consuming fire." In opposition to the careless uncritical use of texts, the preacher goes on to point out its true meaning and its connection with the context. He shows that ' God is a consuming fire of all untruths, temporary expedients, and ' provisional definitions, and veils and coverings of spiritual and material ' ritualism; the bodily ritual of forms and garments, and the spiritual ' ritual of imperfect doctrines and ideas—all these He will consume and ' is evermore consuming, but that which cannot be shaken must remain.' This is a true exegesis, and there is much more of this kind in this modest little volume. They are the sermons of a quiet, thoughtful, earnest preacher who has revolted from the excessive doctrinalism of the two leading parties in the Church and is striking out a middle course of his own. More than this we cannot say of them; perhaps higher merit than this, or the pretension to originality, Mr. Roberts himself would be the first to disclaim.

Scripture Proverbs—Illustrated, Annotated, and Applied. By FRANCIS JACOX. Hodder and Stoughton.

There are two or three writers upon whom we have exhausted both our epithets and our ingenuity. Mr. Jacox is one of them. His books are as like each other in general characteristics as forests and gardens and mountains are; unfailing and charming in their diversity and freshness, they are so much alike in the characteristics which present themselves to the reviewer, especially where he has to compress the salient features of a book into a sentence, that it must suffice to refer our readers to almost any number of this Review for the last three or four years. We will only say, therefore, that the present volume consists of a nearer approach to sermons than any that have preceded it. But sermons—why, bless us, any one of them has wealth enough of anecdotal and literary illustration to make a reputation. Open where one will, one finds some good anecdote or quotation, or illustrative reference, and all so pertinent, that they seem a natural growth. If this be not genius, what is? Here are fifty-two of these compositions. One wonders whether Mr. Jacox ever preached them, and if so, what his hearers thought. Certainly they would not sleep. Whatever they might be as sermons, they are delightful reading.

Minutes of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, while engaged in preparing their Directory for Church Government, Confession of Faith, and Catechism (November, 1644, to March, 1649), from Transcripts of the Originals, procured by a Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Edited for the Committee by the Rev. ALEXANDER F. MITCHELL, D.D., and the Rev. JOHN STRUTHERS, LL.D. William Blackwood and Sons.

Few documents connected with the theological and ecclesiastical history of England are more interesting than the records of the sittings of the Westminster Assembly, contained in three folio MS. volumes preserved in Dr. Williams' library, now located in its new building in Grafton-street, which are supposed to have come into Dr. Williams'

possession from Dr. William Bates' library. Of these the present volume is a transcript. The MS. is almost entirely in the handwriting of Adoniram Byfield. In addition to the formal business minutes, notes of the debates appear to have been taken, and are here given. The only departure from literal transcription seems to be the modernized spelling in which, after some hesitation, it was at length resolved the minutes should be printed.

The Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland have done good service in publishing this interesting document, from which the Church historian will glean much that is interesting. Its publication a little earlier would have saved Dr. Stoughton a good deal of laborious deciphering of crabbed handwriting and obscure contractions. Here is a curious entry, June 17, 1645—'That the members of 'the Assembly do not bring any new books or other books into the 'Assembly to read privately during the sitting of the Assembly.' Dr. Mitchell contributes a long and carefully written introduction on the Character of the Assembly's Doctrinal Standards.

A Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, &c. By JOHN PETER LANGE, D.D. Translated, &c., by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. Vol. VII. of the Old Testament. *The Book of Job*, a rhythmical version, with Introduction and Annotations. By Prof. TAYLOR LEWIS, LL.D. *A Commentary.* By OTTO ZÖCKLER, D.D. Translated from the German, with additions by Prof. L. J. EVANS, D.D., together with a general introduction to the Poetical Books. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

The Two Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians. By CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH KLING. Translated from the Second Revised Edition by DANIEL W. POOR, D.D., Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

The general introduction to the poetical books of Holy Scripture is from the pen of Dr. Schaff, and though written *currente calamo* is very pleasant and instructive. There is a brief characterisation of the poetical fragments of the entire Bible; special attention is given to the Books of Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Canticles. Mr. Taylor Lewis then proceeds to a laborious and valuable exhibition of 'The Theism of the Book of Job,' under this broad title introducing the whole question of the Biblical theology of the future life. There is a fine healthy criticism of the entire theory of the future, and of the comparative silence of the Old Testament on the theme, together with fair deductions from the spiritual elevation and communion with 'the Eternal' with which the sacred minstrelsy abounds. This is followed by a careful and scholarly exhibition of the great theological purpose of the Book of Job. We wish Mr. Lewis had grappled with the views of Mr. Froude in his celebrated essay, or with those propounded in Kuenen's 'History of Israel.' He does provide material with which to deal with both, though the treatise is more hermeneutical than critical. 'Job' is treated as a dramatic poem, but 'subjectively true' in detail, the supernatural element accompanying it indicating objective historical facts. Mr. Lewis then introduces a rhythmic version of the

entire book, with notes, and he appends 'Dissertations on the most difficult passages of the poem.' This is all introductory to the voluminous work of Otto Zöckler, D.D., in which 'the Book of Job is theologically and homiletically expounded.' Dr. Zöckler discusses the date, and refers it to the age which produced the Solomonic literature. He discusses the relation of Job to the phraseology and theology of Isaiah and Amos, and sees so many indications of the period of Hezekiah, that he is disposed to place it at that epoch. He vindicates the integrity of the poem, including the prologue and epilogue, together with Elihu's speeches; he gives a careful analysis of the entire contents, and recites the abundant literature of the whole subject. Then follows the Commentary. We can confidently say that here is more material than in the *magna moralia* of Gregory the Great, or in the thirteen volumes of Caryl on Job; and that the scholarship, the extent of the researches, and the genuine interpretation effected render the work far more valuable than the celebrated productions of either the Pope or the Puritan.

The second volume is the sixth of Lange's 'New Testament Commentary on the Holy Scriptures,' which is being translated, with additions, under the superintendence of Dr. Philip Schaff. Though it has been published for some years, it has never passed, until the present time, under our notice. It corresponds with the remaining volumes of this most valuable series in the exhaustive character of its treatment. The 'introduction,' as we have observed on previous occasions, is not equal in character or value to the exegetical and doctrinal portions of the work, and leaves many questions of prime interest untouched; but Dr. Kling, who was at once learned and evangelical, has successfully dealt with the numerous problems which a discussion of these epistles demanded from him. His translation has interwoven into the text the opinions of Hodge, Alford, Stanley, and other American and English commentators on these epistles, and thrown the whole into the form of a thoroughly English work. He has not scrupled to give the sense rather than the precise idiom of the original. This method has its advantages, but is open to some objection. Both writer and translator lay emphasis on the premillennial advent of our Lord, and on the vast period that is to intervene between the first and second resurrection. The volume is enriched by doctrinal, ethical, homiletical, and practical comments on each paragraph.

The True Text of the Old Testament; with some Remarks on the Language of the Jews. By the Rev. JAMES BRODIE, A.M. Johnstone and Hunter.

Mr. Brodie presents evidence to show that there is some plausibility in the hypothesis that the Septuagint version of the Old Testament represents an older and truer text of the Hebrew canonical scripture than that furnished by the Masoretic text. Unlike a recent author who utterly condemns the Septuagint and its influence upon the ancient and modern versions, he seems to think that the deviations from the Hebrew text are to be accounted for only by the presence of authentic copy. He takes no account of the numerous proofs afforded of helpless and obvious misunderstanding of the text on the part of some of the translators. He thinks that the adoption of the Septuagint chronology would solve most of our difficulties, and that a version of our translation should

be under the tutelage of the Septuagint rather than of the great light thrown by the study of cognate languages upon the Hebrew text.

It is somewhat curious to find this advice coupled with an attempt to disprove the existence of the Aramaic vernacular of the time of our Lord, and an endeavour to refute the conclusion of Diodati, Hug, and Dr. Alexander Roberts, on the language spoken by our Lord and His apostles. We do not think he fairly deals with the arguments of Dr. Roberts, who never (as our author affirms) asserts that Greek was the *only* tongue spoken in Palestine. On the contrary, he throughout his most subtle and cumulative argument maintains that the Jews were *bilingual*, and that at the time of our Lord this peculiarity was far more displayed in Galilee of the Gentiles than in Jerusalem. The careful treatment of this interesting question by Dr. Roberts has not received adequate recognition or examination by modern scholars, and we do not think that Mr. Brodie is equal to the task of refuting his ingenious speculation. His acquaintance with the literature of this and other matters discussed in the present volume is singularly slender.

The Dirge of Coheleth in Ecclesiastes xii. discussed and literally Interpreted. By the Rev. C. TAYLOR, M.A., Fellow and Divinity Lecturer, St. John's College, Cambridge. Williams and Norgate.

This brief but learned treatise quite demolishes in our opinion the anatomical rendering of the celebrated dirge on death in Ecclesiastes xii. The author does full justice to the interpretation which he rejects, and which has been sustained by the high scholarship of Umbreit and Ginsberg; but we think he shows that the literal rendering of the passage is all that is required to bring out the rich dramatic representation of the changes effected by the death of the head of a household. Great use is made by Mr. Taylor of cognate dialects, of Oriental poetry, and of Biblical usage. The volume is an interesting specimen of careful and exhaustive exegesis.

A Commentary on Ecclesiastes. By Rev. T. PELHAM DALE, M.A. Rivingtons.

It is no small advantage to know an author's standpoint. Of this, happily, we are able to inform the reader on the authority of the author. The distinctive feature of this commentary is the great attention and weight assigned to the translation of the LXX. On this point, Mr. Dale adopts a view which on the surface of it is improbable, viz., that the Greek version is an interlinear translation, made with the idea that those who used it had the Hebrew text before them; that it was an early instance of Locke's interlinear translations. He protests against the strange renderings of the Greek version being dismissed as palpable errors, and regards it as a very good translation; the translators always endeavouring to give the best possible rendering of the passage before them. He, moreover, believes that the 'meaning compounded of the meanings of the LXX.'s rendering, to use a mathematical simile, will give us often the precise shade of signification of the Hebrew of which we are in search. This commentary abounds in exemplifications of this principle. The author informs us that he has devoted all his Hebrew and Greek studies to the investigation of the meaning of this one book in the sacred canon. A *homo unius libri*, as he styles himself, is a *rara avis* in these days, and

one is quite curious to see the result of a 'microscopic attention to the 'grammar of the writer and a minute and careful analysis of every form 'and expression he uses.' And we gladly acknowledge that the work is one of more than average value and interest. Mr. Dale is always thoughtful, and frequently independent. The candour and modesty with which he puts forth his views completely disarm criticism. It is the modesty of knowledge, and not of ignorance. He lays claim to nothing absolutely new, and lays no special stress upon any grammatical point, except the difference in meaning between the contracted and uncontracted form of the relative, which have generally been regarded the same. He leaves the Solomonic authorship of the book an open question, although evidently inclined to that opinion, and as we think in the face of irresistible evidence, arising from the general character of the book and the peculiarities of the language. He makes the design of Koheleth to work out and exemplify the concluding aphorism of the whole, 'Fear God, and keep His commandments.' The chief faults of the volume before us arise from the same source as its excellencies, viz., that, being a man of one book, the author's knowledge of Hebrew is not sufficiently comprehensive, and he has given too little evidence of acquaintance with the labours of modern grammarians. He also lays far too much stress and reliance on the Septuagint version—a translation so full of mistakes cannot be of much real weight in critical matters. In his own translation of the original he has aimed at expressing too much, and the result is an excessive literalness, and often a false emphasis. Mr. Dale, however, has entered heartily and patiently into his subject, and treated it with great care and discrimination. Our thanks are but poor pay for the patient toil he has bestowed upon this difficult book; and although he has bestowed so many years of intelligent thought upon so small a portion of the Hebrew Scriptures, we assure him they have not been wasted. The useful lessons and the fresh light are an ample recompense for all the labour.

Ecclesiastes: a Contribution to its Interpretation; an Exegetical Analysis, and a Translation; with Notes. By THOMAS TYLER, M.A., Prizeman in Hebrew and New Testament Greek of the University of London, Author of 'Jehovah, the Redeemer God,' &c. Williams and Norgate.

All Biblical scholars admit that the Book of Ecclesiastes is beset with difficulties; nor can it be said that any interpreter has fully succeeded in removing them. Its authorship, its date, and the general tone and spirit of its teaching have elicited different and conflicting opinions. And it is probable that no amount of investigation or accuracy of research and scholarship will lead to general agreement on these points. The older and traditional view that Solomon was the author of the book is now generally relinquished; and the opinion held by the most eminent scholars is, that it is a case of personated authorship. Mr. Tyler, after a critical examination of the Hebrew term, rendered 'preacher,' seems inclined to think that it is the personification of an ideal assembly of Jewish philosophers. The unity and the discrepancies pervading the Book he conceives both tend to confirm this view. Its date he fixes at about 200 years B.C., the tone and character of its teachings conducting him to this opinion. Its doctrines or philosophical theories he traces to the blended influence of Stoicism and Epicureanism, which had found

their way into Judæa. But although with great ability and scholarship Mr. Tyler contends for this view of the teachings of the Book, we are more disposed to accept that of Bleek, who assigns them a higher and purer range than the philosophy of Greece ever reached. Still, the author's opinion merits earnest and thoughtful consideration, and his book as a whole may be regarded as a useful contribution to theological science. His introduction takes up all questions bearing on the authorship, character, and design of the Book; his exegetical analysis is, on his own ground, an admirable example of luminous exegesis; and his translation, although not in all cases an improvement on the authorized version, is, together with its notes, the fruit of ripe and accurate scholarship, and will prove a valuable aid to those who desire to bestow a careful and critical examination on the Book of Ecclesiastes.

Critical and Exegetical Handbook to the Epistle to the Romans.

By HEINRICH AUGUST WILHELM MEYER, Th.D. Translated from the Fifth Edition of the German by the Rev. JOHN C. MOORE, B.A., and the Rev. EDWIN JOHNSON, B.A.; the Translation Revised and Edited by WILLIAM P. DICKSON, D.D. Vol. II. *The Gospel of St. John*, Translated from the Fifth Edition of the German by the Rev. WILLIAM URWICK, M.A.; the Translation Revised and Edited by G. FREDERICK CROMBIE, D.D. Vol. I.

The latter work received Dr. Meyer's careful revision at the close of the year 1868, and embodies, in a careful and learned introduction, his criticisms on the latest results of the Johannine Controversy. Dr. Meyer, whose liberal sympathies are open to all advances of scientific truth, and whose fidelity to conviction ensures their fullest consideration, gives in his renewed and established confidence to the apostolic authorship of the Fourth Gospel. How this can be designated traditional or prejudiced belief it is not easy to see, in the light of the fact that Renan has, from an ultra-theological standpoint, come to the same conclusion. Consummate scholarship and something like exegetical genius unite in Dr. Meyer in a degree to which it would be difficult to find a parallel. When a man can write as follows concerning the conclusions of Baur and others, which are absolutely destructive of his own, his candour and truth-loving are well nigh perfect: 'Should they succeed in demonstrating that the declaration of the Gospel's apostolic birth as written by all the Christian centuries is erroneous, we would have to do honour to the truth, which in that case, also, though painful at first, could not fail to prove itself that which maketh free.'

The Epistle to the Hebrews: a Justification of its National Title and Character, and an Exposition of Controverted Passages in conformity therewith. The Donnellan Lectures, preached before the University of Dublin in the years 1871 and 1872. By JOHN LEECH, M.A., T.C.D. Rivingtons.

It cannot be questioned that grave, if not insuperable difficulties, attach to several passages of the Epistle to the Hebrews, on the supposition generally accepted, that it was addressed to the believing portion of the Jewish people. Almost all commentators have striven to remove

these difficulties, and to bring them into harmony with the common conception of the design of the Epistle. Still the solutions seemed forced, and not altogether satisfactory. The question then arises, is there any more excellent way by which the things hard to be understood might be relieved or explained? Mr. Leech thinks he has discovered that way; nor can it be questioned that his view relieves certain difficulties, and gives fitness and adaptation to the general tone of the Epistle. He regards the Epistle as addressed to the Jewish people as a whole, and its exhortations, warnings, and covenanted privileges as having reference to them as a nation. Without endorsing this view as altogether satisfactory, we cannot but admit that Mr. Leech evinces considerable critical skill, and no ordinary force of reasoning in working it out. Moreover, his uniform fairness and dispassionate tone are worthy of all commendation, and cannot fail to secure for his lectures acceptance as an honest and enlightened attempt to elucidate Divine truth.

Expository Lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews. First Series. Chapters I.—VII. By ADOLPH SAPHIR. John F. Shaw and Co.

Being pulpit expositions, these lectures are of course popular rather than scholastic. Mr. Saphir, however, has evidently read up for his subject, if not at original sources, yet in such translations as are accessible to English students. The rich and somewhat unctuous evangelical style of Mr. Saphir has, of course, very full expression here, but his treatment is intelligent, and is well under critical control. The lectures are likely to be useful, especially in these days of pretentious priestism; for the parallel between Jewish priestism and the claims of the pseudo-Christian priests of our own day scarcely need be pointed out.

A Popular Commentary on the New Testament. By D. D. WHEDON, D.D. of the American Methodist Church. The Gospels. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a very sensible commentary, replete with sound information, undisturbed by the angry tempest of doubtful and reckless criticism with which the Gospels have been assailed. Dr. Whedon has illustrated his pages with woodcuts and coloured maps, and has made the reader of his commentary aware of all the light which modern travel and geographical research have thrown on the Evangelic history. He has not burdened his pages with the signs of literary research, but his views, while strongly conservative, are expressed with candour and breadth. He gives no quarter to Restorationists, or Destructionists, or Baptists, or Romanists, and he loses no opportunity of maintaining his theological position. He presumes his reader to be perfectly innocent of any complicity with modern German criticism. Scarcely any information is supplied on the question of the authorship or authenticity of the Gospels. Nevertheless, the class especially addressed in this popular commentary will not be disappointed.

The Imitation of Christ. Four Books. Translated from the Latin. By W. BENHAM, B.D., Vicar of Margate. Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Benham, in his Preface, discusses the authorship of the 'De Imitatione.' He maintains that it was in existence in the thirteenth

century, which is fatal to the claim of Thomas Kempis, who was born in 1380, and to that of John Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, who died in 1429. That it was the work of a John Gerson he holds to be demonstrated. Bellarmine, Mabillon, and the Benedictines, as well as one of the oldest of the MSS., attribute the work to him. Mr. Benham concludes that he was John Gerson, Abbot of Vercelli. Notwithstanding the evidence which has convinced Mr. Benham, we still think with the Sorbonne and with Mr. Hallam, that the presumption is with Thomas von Kempen. We must, however, for details of the evidence, refer our readers to Hallam's admirable summary in his 'List of Extracts.' Even Mr. Benham's publication retains A Kempis' name on the title page. Mr. Benham has thought a new translation from the Latin necessary. It reads smoothly, and gives the sense accurately, although occasionally it passes into paraphrase. The publishers have embodied it in an ornamental little volume, with bordered pages, after the manner of the 'Dame of Death.'

The Historic Origin of the Bible: a Handbook of Principal Facts from the best recent authorities, German and English.

By EDWIN CONE BESSELL, A.M. With an Introduction by Professor ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D.D., of Union Theological Seminary, New York. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Co.

The history of any great literary work—its origin, its transmission, its versions, the critical tests to which it has been subjected—is fraught with special interest to every scholar and student of the past. No record of dynasties or genealogies of kings tells so much of real progress and of the vitality of truth as the pedigree of a book. And of no book is this so supremely true as of the Bible. Its historic origin and transmission are not only blended with the most important questions of the past, but clearly demonstrate its superhuman character. To trace the pedigree of the Bible, then, and to recount the vicissitudes through which it has passed, in coming down to us through so many ages, is one of the most vital and important tasks to which a writer can address himself. It demands scholarship, critical skill, insight, and patient research. The perusal of this admirable volume will convince every reader that its author is eminently distinguished by these qualifications. With great clearness and felicity of arrangement he traces the history of the English Bible, from the earliest Saxon translations down to our present authorized version; and treats with sufficient fulness, and with the accuracy of true scholarship, of the written text, the ancient versions, and the canon of the New Testament; also of the language, manuscripts, versions, and general textual history of the Old Testament, together with its canon and the origin of its separate books. In addition, the volume is enriched with some valuable appendices, in which the leading opinions respecting revision are given, and the character and claims of the Apocryphal books are discussed. As a whole, Mr. Bessell's treatise is one of the best and most complete we have met with on the subject. It embraces more than any single volume which treats of the important questions discussed, and will be found a most valuable addition to the library of every theological student and scholar.

God in Consciousness: The Immovable Foundation of Supernatural Religion. By JOSEPH MORRIS, Minister of Brunswick Chapel, Bristol. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a remarkable and suggestive pamphlet. The author shows how it is possible to find in *consciousness* such a vision of God that we know Him to BE, as surely as we know our own *ego*; thus, we ourselves are evidence of the presence and character of God. A considerable portion of the argument flows into verse, at once strong and tender, and if the style is rhapsodical it reveals very clearly the intensity of a powerful thinker, and the dazzling effect produced upon a sensitive spirit by the awful intimate presence of the Most High. The author guards his specialty from pantheistic inferences, and displays an eager loyalty to Christ. The full merits of the method and the argument are partially concealed by the brevity and the passionate rhetoric of the treatment; but some worried souls may and will find peace in it.

History of the Conflict between Religion and Science. By J. W. DRAPER, M.D., Professor of the University of New York. Henry S. King and Co.

Dr. Draper has already made his mark on this subject by his history of European civilization, in which, following the lines of Buckle and Lecky, he has traced out the history of civilization as the revolt of the human intellect against the authority of the Church. That the history of ten centuries is little else than this conflict is not to be denied. From the tenth to the sixteenth century the conflict went on with various issues, and it has ended at last, as we should hope, in the emancipation of the intellect from the swaddling-bands of Church authority. But we take the part for the whole if we suppose that pure science, or the knowledge of nature, as such, will produce civilization. It is a condition of progress, we admit, and an inseparable one; but there is such a thing as social science, in which knowledge, as such, plays only a subordinate part, and this is the element which Mr. Draper overlooks. A much juster thinker, and certainly not one prejudiced on our side, Mr. John Morley, has observed this. In his remarks on the Encyclopedists, in a recent number of the *Fortnightly*, he observes, that 'the mere scientists' were weak in their revolt against authority, for this reason—that they 'had grasped the scientific idea, but they lacked the social idea. This function,' he adds, 'so immeasurably more important than the mere discovery of any number of physical relations, it was the glory of the Church to have discharged with as much success as the conditions permitted. We are told, indeed, by writers ignorant alike of human history and human nature, that only physical science can improve the social condition of man. The common sense of the world always rejects this gross fallacy. The acquiescence for so many centuries in the power of the great directing organization of Western Europe, notwithstanding its intellectual inadequateness, was the decisive expression of this rejection.'

Mr. Morley has here hit the blot in such treatises as those of Buckle, Lecky, and Draper. They all represent the negative side of modern progress—its revolt, on intellectual grounds, from Church authority. But the positive side finds no expression in their theory of progress.

Whether a new Church can be formed on the idea of Humanity alone, as the Comtist dreams, we forbear to inquire; and perhaps Mr. Morley himself would be unwilling to follow M. Comte in his scheme of a Church of the future; but it is certain that no mere system of knowledge can produce results, moral and social, such as those on which our ideas of modern progress are built up. This is the weak element in Mr. Draper's book. His book is an eloquent indictment against the Church of Rome, in which all Protestants will agree. But when he tells us that 'Ignorance is the mother of devotion,' and that 'Knowledge is power,' we suspect that he is using fine phrases which, like base money, he has not rung on the counter. We have no space to expose the fallacy that 'knowledge is power.' Happily, for Bacon's credit, he said nothing of the kind, but something very different; and yet Dr. Draper uses it as if it were a kind of 'prerogative instance' of the modern Organum.

Still, with these drawbacks, the book is one of remarkable merit. It may be read from cover to cover. His sketch of the contributions to science of the Alexandrian and Arab philosophers, from the third to the tenth centuries, is a remarkable chapter. As a history of the corruptions of religion, and the crimes committed in her sacred name, it is a work which no Christian can fail to read without a painful interest. If it deepens our detestation of mere Church authority, and teaches us to call no man master but One, it will have served its purpose. It is only a weak class of Christians who will call the tendency of such a book sceptical. To our mind it only confirms our faith in the truth of prophecy, that the history of mediæval Christianity is the history of that apostacy, or falling away from the faith and revelation of the Man of Sin, which Paul told the Thessalonians should take place.

Natural Science, Religious Creeds, and Scripture Truth. By
DANIEL REID. William Blackwood and Sons.

The author of this treatise gives abundant proof of being a diligent as well as profound student of the Scriptures. The reader, indeed, will often be unable to follow him in his speculations, and yet will seldom fail to be engaged and interested by his reasoning. Mr. Reid traverses Creeds with a freedom not too common among avowed defenders of Christian doctrine, and that will hardly escape censure. At the same time, he is conservative enough to have a good word for them, as 'defensive outposts of the great citadel of Scripture Truth.' His attitude towards Natural Science is respectful, tolerant, and favourable to the highest efforts of scientific inquiry, while utterly doubtful of scientific theories reaching far into the greater mysteries of cosmical life and history. The burden of his lesson is that the inspired writings supply light on the origin of the material frame of Nature, and on the great problems of the Divine purpose and government which Science cannot give, and that the more ambitious speculators on scientific data would do well to bow more before this altar of truth than they do. Of Mr. Reid's own contributions on this path to the harmony of Scriptural intimations with the results of scientific research, we cannot enter upon any criticism. A simple enumeration of some of the more striking points would exceed our space. But we rise from a perusal of the book with the reflection that if a lay student of the Holy Scriptures can do so much as this, it is the last thing to be supposed that their powerful influences, whether on Faith or Reason, are by any means exhausted.

Science and Scripture ; or, the Work of Redemption in its Relation to the Universe. By Rev. JAMES BRODIE. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

This is the work of a devout and earnest man, who has felt the shock which a just appreciation of the magnitude and splendour of the cosmos imparts when these are contrasted with the apparent insignificance of man. The perplexity thus occasioned was enhanced to the writer by the statements of Holy Scripture, which represented the creation and redemption of man as the final cause of all material things. Mr. Brodie has attempted to reveal the process by which he has reached a perfect satisfaction and repose of mind. The volume deals with—I. The nature and character of God as revealed (a) in creation, (b) as made known by the records of the past, and (c) as revealed in His Word. This is followed by—II. A treatment of the design of God in the work undertaken for man; and reviews, in a cursory fashion, the Biblical theology of Old and New Testament. In the third place, the author discusses a special theory of his own for reconciling the supposed science of the first few chapters of Genesis with the facts of the case. The book is well meant, and extremely modest and temperate in tone; but it does not grapple with the great difficulties of the problem in a way likely to satisfy those who have felt, from the standpoint of modern physics, the incidence of the doubt to which Mr. Brodie refers.

Pastoral Theology : a Treatise on the Office and Duties of the Christian Pastor. By the late PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, D.D. With a Biographical Sketch by Rev. JAMES DODS, Dunbar. Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark.

Dr. Fairbairn had completed the preparation of this work for the press before his death in August last. It is a course of lectures which, as Theological Professor in the Free Church College in Glasgow, he had repeatedly delivered to his students. It, therefore, has undergone that exceptionally careful and minute revision which such frequent repetition enables. It will be remembered that a year or two ago Dr. Fairbairn published a very valuable work on 'The Pastoral Epistles,' also the fruit of his professorial prelections. This work may be regarded as a sequel to that. It traces the usual course of such prelections, and discusses all that pertains to the nature and the duties of the pastoral office. The usual directions about pastoral visiting, catechising, &c., after the Scottish Presbyterian tradition, are given—with perhaps a little more rigidity than many English pastors would think expedient; but Dr. Fairbairn concedes a discretionary liberty which is, perhaps, sufficient. The volume is old-fashioned, and somewhat provincial; it hardly realizes the different conditions of our English Church life, and especially of the life of our large cities, but it contains wise and useful counsels.

Catholic Reform : Letters, Fragments, Discourses. By FATHER HYACINTHE. Translated by Madame HYACINTHE. With Preface by ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, Dean of Westminster. Macmillan and Co.

Dean Stanley has prefixed to this volume a paper on the 'Old Catholics' first read at Sion College, afterwards printed in the *Contem-*

porary Review, and which is provocative of much criticism. It amusingly illustrates the Dean's marvellous power of seeing what he wishes to see, and his equally marvellous inability to see more than the angle of anything. The principle maintained in it is that the chief duty of a dissident from a church is to remain in it, and to convert it; that all existing Nonconformists ought, therefore, to be within the pale of the Establishment; that all churches have their Ultramontanes and Old Catholics; and that there is advantage in their co-existence together.

The miscellaneous contents of the substance of the volume are very interesting; they throw fresh light upon the movements which have led to the present position of the Old Catholics, and upon the noble character of Père Hyacinthe himself. The correspondence with Archbishop Darboy exhibits his character in a very favourable light. He was one of the most strenuous opponents of the Vatican dogma. This is not the place for discussing the position and prospects of the Old Catholics. We heartily wish them success, but our desires are stronger than our faith. If they succeed, it will be the first time that a half-way and hesitating movement has succeeded. The timid and tender feeling towards the Church of Rome which Dr. Döllinger and Père Hyacinthe avow, and which Dean Stanley commends, would have rendered Luther's great work an abortion. He who attempts to ride two horses at once generally comes to the ground. The Old Catholic movement will, we fear, be little more than old Eli's 'Nay, nay, my sons.' Churches so thoroughly superstitious and rotten as the Church of Rome demand reformers of a more muscular type. Between Protestantism and Romanism, apostolical succession, sacramentarian grace, and absolute authority on the one hand, and spiritual validity, spiritual influences, and spiritual freedom on the other, there is no middle term—the palpable hesitancy and feebleness of the movement is the natural result of attempting one. Only the fire of the Lord can consume such evil, and its process is gathering, rapid and thorough.

The Genesis of the New England Churches. By LEONARD BACON.
With Illustrations. New York: Harper Brothers.

Dr. Bacon is perhaps the highest authority in Congregational history and antiquities in the United States. Almost instinctively his brethren turn to him for information, and the most competent of them would hesitate before differing from his conclusions. He himself gracefully acknowledges his obligations to the only man who can pretend to stand near his throne—Dr. H. M. Dexter, whose forthcoming work on the Pilgrim Fathers we are expecting with much interest. We scarcely see, however, the *motif* of this book—it pretends to no original investigation, it adds nothing new to the oft-told story, and it tells it in only a very fragmentary way.

A preliminary historical sketch of some two hundred pages connects the Church at Scrooby with the apostolic churches; and from this point, passing over to the Separatists at Amsterdam, John Robinson and the sojourn at Leyden, the Voyage of the *Mayflower*, and the Landing of the Pilgrims, Dr. Bacon at length enters upon the history of the New English churches, of the genesis of which, from A.D. 1621 to A.D. 1629, he gives us an account. The chief points of the narrative are the state of things at Plymouth immediately subsequent to the landing, and the bitter sorrows of the Pilgrims during the first two or three years. They were in constant danger of famine, and of destruction from the Indians, and they

suffered much from false brethren; Weston, especially, whose selfish and abortive attempt to plant a colony in Massachusetts is described, as is also the successful resistance of the colonists to attempts on the part of the King's government to nationalize and episcopalize them. With an account of the formation of the first American-born church at Salem the book closes. It is little more than a sketch. We could have spared the introductory chapters for a little more detail of the new Congregationalism. But perhaps Dr. Bacon was unwilling to preoccupy ground which Dr. Dexter will more amply describe. When his volume is published we may give to both a more extended review.

The Legends of the Old Testament Traced to their Apparent Primitive Sources. By THOMAS LUMISDEN STRANGE, late a Judge of the High Court of Madras. Trübner and Co.

This is a continuation of the work entitled 'The Bible: is it the Word of God?' and if that were possible is written in a more contemptuous and malicious tone. The object of the present treatise is to exalt the Aryan faith and morals and literature, at the expense of the Hebrew. The author has defended one position in which we quite agree with him, viz.,—that deep down in the lowest stratum of Oriental faith, behind its nature worship and its polytheism, there is evidence of belief in One, Supreme, Eternal, and Righteous, if not Personal and Living God, and he has presented some of the well-known passages from the Vedas and Epics in proof of the enlightenment of those who produced them. There is something like a philosopher's appreciation of the great underlying tendencies which issued in the production of certain phases of the ancient Sanscrit literature. He shows, however, much more of the partisan, when he contends for the pre-Buddhistic origin of the Epic poetry; but when he comes to the Bible, he drops the armour and the weapons he had been adroitly wielding, and makes brave use of the tomahawk. The sketch of the history of the Hebrew people is one continuous abuse of the most uncompromising kind. It is amusing and affecting to see a judge of the Court of Madras driving in such a furious passion of invective through the well-trodden field, and raising such a cloud of dust. Here are all the old missiles, and a few new ones hurled at the character, the significance, the antiquity, the veracity of the narratives. He condescends from the literature which he treats as having really arisen after the time of Ezra, to pick out the stones for his catapult, and to prove what a mean, little, dirty plagiarism the whole affair was. But if the narratives were fashioned in the way Mr. Strange and his brother critics suppose, it is purely absurd to bring charges against the great heroes and legislators on the faith of these documents. If they are not contemporaneous histories, but clumsy fictions, then not only do the miracles disappear, but the moral imperfections also; not only the grand claims, but the little inconsistencies. Thus, e.g., Moses is charged, for the sake of detraction, with introducing serpent worship on the ground of the narrative of the Book of Numbers. But if the whole story was invented after the exile, we know nothing about Moses, the story has no historical basis, and the intention of the late writer is the only guide we can have to his meaning; and we are perfectly certain it was not the intention of the late fabulist to represent Moses as a serpent worshipper! So with a hundred other disparaging remarks and reckless charges.

There is a great show of trying to trace the origin of the Elohist

narrative of the Creation to Aryan myths and speculations. There is failure, however, to bring from any quarter a parallel to the Mosaic narrative, which does not evince the enormous difference in tone, spirit, and teaching, between it and all the other forms of this sublime tradition. The lame effort to fasten bi-sexual form upon the Hebrew Deity is an instance of the determination to try and bring the venerable documents into contempt; and the pragmatic literalism which Mr. Strange attributes to all those who hold the Bible to be the Word of God, is part of the plan of the present assault. Mr. Strange overdoes his part, in his extreme eagerness to trample down and curse. There is blank unthinkable contradiction in terms in a book such as he describes the Bible to be, as having had the career which is one of the most patent facts in the history of the world.

Church Memorials and Characteristics. Being a Church History of the First Six Centuries. By the late WILLIAM ROBERTS. Edited by his Son. Rivingtons.

The first six centuries of the Christian era have naturally attracted in a peculiar measure the attention of the students of theology and Church history. Apart from the larger histories, there are numerous smaller works on different sections of the early centuries, or, like the volume before us, on the whole of the period, from the first to the seventh. Such books are, doubtless, of value to students, for whom they are mainly designed; and Mr. Roberts's volume is offered to the public as 'of special service to the clergy, and to those who are preparing for the clerical office.' Of course in estimating its value, very much must depend upon the point of view from which the work has been written. In this respect Mr. Roberts's history is eminently satisfactory. The statement of his son, who edits it, that 'its views are based upon purely Scriptural principles,' is true, while the style in which it is written is clear and fluent, uniting vigour with considerable gracefulness. Mr. Roberts had no sympathy with those who seek the ideal of the Christian Church in the first two centuries, for he says that 'at no epoch in Church history has our holy faith been assailed by an array of heresies more numerous and various, or more vitally subversive of the whole evangelical record' than during their course. He therefore denies the legitimacy of reverting to this period as the 'pure age of antiquity,' and declares it to be 'the dotage of credulous, or the craft of designing men,' to look to the Fathers of the Church, even in the first stage of its progress, as 'our unerring guides and directors.' The intelligent reader will be able to judge of the author's standpoint from this extract. It need only be further said that he writes as one who has made a special study of the period; and his competence as a scholar and a critic will be acknowledged even by those who may find occasion to differ from some of the conclusions he draws regarding, and the descriptions he gives of the character and achievements of the Fathers of whom he treats. It may, indeed, be doubted whether he has not performed supererogatory work in preparing such a book at all; but, on the whole, the work has been carefully done, and may be accepted by the younger student as an accurate guide.

Ancient Classics for English Readers. Edited by the Rev. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A. With Greek Anthology. By LORD NEAVES.

This completes a series of twenty volumes—which, perhaps, will do

more to inform readers ignorant of Greek and Latin, concerning the literature of these languages, than all the translations ever made—in the hands of accomplished scholars, who have availed themselves of the master pieces of translations. The editor has avoided the general heaviness and exotic character of mere translations on the one hand, and the unsatisfactory remoteness of mere analyses or summaries on the other. There is translation enough to establish a personal acquaintance with the writer, and analysis and summary to condense, indicate, and connect, where only translations would be tedious. The volumes, as a whole, are wonderful achievements of compressed information and lucid arrangement. We can hardly exaggerate the practical value that we put upon the synoptical account of the great writers of Greece and Rome, which these cheap and popular, and yet scholarly volumes supply.

The Scottish Philosophy: Biographical, Expository, Critical, from Hutchison to Hamilton. By JAMES MCCOSH, LL.D., D.D., President of the College of New Jersey, Princeton. Macmillan and Co.

The writer declares that this work has been a labour of love, a testimony of regard for his country and his country's philosophy. He esteems 'the sober philosophy' of Scotland as a corrective of the materialistic psychology of modern times, and has arranged the matter for which he has searched so diligently in chronological order, that being, for the most part, the order of its evolution. It is rather a novel method of dealing with the great problems with which the volume is concerned. We cannot refrain the remark that the treatment would have been more useful to the student of philosophy, if Dr. McCosh had furnished more obvious classification, and had indicated a little more clearly the various subdivisions into which the Scottish school—if it ever was a school, except at one brief period of its history—arranges itself. If Francis Hutcheson, David Hume, Lord Brougham, Thomas Chalmers, James Mill, and William Hamilton can be referred, in any true sense, to the same philosophical school, then Luther, Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, Herder, Jean Paul Richter, and Schopenhauer may be grouped as a school of German philosophers. Still, Dr. McCosh discusses numerous points of resemblance in method and doctrine among the Scottish philosophers, which have been of immeasurable service to the cause of truth. The value of 'consciousness,' as a great organon of knowledge and a prime informant of human intelligence, both with reference to itself and its own contents, can scarcely be over stated. The extent to which the long catalogue of these worthies accepted the guidance of induction in dealing with the 'phenomena of consciousness,' has been carefully pointed out by our author. The volume has this advantage, that it is not the history of a vain and fruitless search after truth. Dr. McCosh does not treat philosophy as an *ignis fatuus*, and portray, like some historians of these speculations, a long shadowy procession of hopeless or hoodwinked victims of a grim delusion. He holds that much has been indubitably won which can never be lost again, that the world is indebted to Scotland for wise caution, for steady perseverance, for healthy criticism, and for fruitful suggestion. In fulfilling his task, our author has not scrupled to criticise as well as expound the views of each writer, and that with obvious leaning to his own well-known philosophical system. His book is not a mere digest of opinions, but a continuous argument. The biographical sketches are

singularly interesting. Some of his heroes have been fairly disinterred from forgotten graves, others bear the best and greatest names in modern philosophy. Very careful outlines are given in both cases of their lives and work. In no other volume would it be easy to obtain any account of the career or the ideas of such men as Gershom Carmichael or George Turnbull, and throughout the volume Dr. McCosh reveals the enormous extent of his research in regions difficult of access, and on themes trying the patience. Our author claims for Shaftesbury, rather than for Locke, the first great impulse and germinal suggestiveness which produced the 'common sense' philosophy; and while criticising the term, shows in what particulars, if the term had been used consistently, the 'faculty' or the 'criterion' of 'common sense' might have been available. The biographies of Hutcheson, of Andrew Baxter, of David Hume, and of many others, provide entertaining interlude to graver discussion, and the author moves with rapid and masterly strides from one great field of meditation to another, until he reaches Reid, Stewart, Brown, and Hamilton. He does not agree with any of them, but does them ample justice. One of the most interesting chapters is that devoted to Sir W. Hamilton, whose character, learning, powers, achievements, and defects are contrasted with those of Brown. He differs from Hamilton. with respect to his classification of the powers of the mind, as to his use of the term consciousness, and his doctrines of causation, of relativity of knowledge, and of the infinite; but he does not repeat his own admirable discussion either of the philosophy of J. Stuart Mill or Auguste Comte. We shall give a fair estimate of the author's power by quoting his comparison of Brown and Hamilton:—

'They differed even in their natural disposition. The one was amiable, gentle, somewhat effeminate, and not much addicted to criticism; the other was manly, intrepid, resolute. . . . and abounding in critical strictures, even of those whom he most admires. . . . If we lose the meaning of the one, it is in a blaze of light, in a cloud of words, or in repeated repetitions. The quickest thinkers are not always sure that they understand the other, because of the brevity of his style and compression of his matter; and his admirers are found poring over his notes, as the ancients did over the responses of their oracles. . . . The one never coins a new technical word. . . . the other delights to stamp his thoughts with a nomenclature of his own, derived from the Scholastics or the Germans, or fashioned out of the Greek tongue. The one delights to show how superior he is to Reid, to Stewart, to the Schoolmen, to the Stagyrte; the other rejoices to prove his superior learning, by claiming for old forgotten philosophers the doctrines attributed to modern authors, and by demonstrating how much we owe to the scholastic ages and to Aristotle. Both departed so far from the true Scottish School, that the one went over to France for refinement and sentiment, the other to Germany for abstraction and erudition. If Brown is a mixture of Scottish and French schools, Hamilton is a union of the schools of Reid and Kant.' 'Brown had no sense of the merits of Kant, and did his best, along with Stewart, to keep him unknown for an age in Scotland. Hamilton was smitten with a deep admiration of the great German metaphysician, helped to introduce him to the knowledge of Scottish thinkers, was caught in his logical network, and was never able thoroughly to extricate himself.'

The volume is a valuable addition to the history of philosophical opinion, and is stored with the results of unique research.

The Methods of Ethics. By HENRY SIDGWICK, M.A., Lecturer and Late Fellow of Trinity Coll., Cambridge. Macmillan and Co.

Under this ambiguous title Mr. Sidgwick has put forth a treatise on the science of ethics. It is not so much constructive as critical—hence the author describes it as ‘The Methods’—since it professes to be chiefly an examination, from first to last, not of the practical results of ethics, but of the methods themselves by which those results are reached. There are two stages only in ethical science, and the first is soon left behind for the second. In the first stage men decide on the motive for right conduct, which is either religious, arising from the fear of God; or selfish, from regard to self-interest; or sentimental, from regard to utility, or the greatest happiness of the greatest number. When once the motive is laid down, the science of ethics passes from the constructive to the critical stage. ‘He hath showed thee, O man, what is right, and what the Lord doth require of thee, &c.’ In this word of the prophet we have all that can be said of ethics in its earlier or constructive stage. Those who reject the class of motives suggested by the prophet have to invent another set for themselves. They have to set up either utility or self-respect as the standard, and work out an ethical code of their own on these lines. Mr. Sidgwick correctly enough observes that ‘there will be as many different methods of ethics as there are different views of the ends which men ought to seek.’ It is singular, then, that having set up the true career of ethics, he should have passed by (purposely, we presume, because it touched on theology) the only ethical standard which religious men would recognize, ‘Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.’ As soon as the standard of duty is left out of view, duty descends to a dry codification of what should and what should not be done. To enumerate our duties is, in this sense, like ploughing the sand, and he who attempts it will be found out, like Ulysses feigning madness. We have only to lay the young Telemachus in the line of the furrow to show that it is no true ploughing.

Mr. Sidgwick passes by the highest motive of all—the imitation of God—and leaves us only Perfection; or, Excellence and Happiness, the Stoical and the Epicurean methods; to which he adds a third, which he calls the Intuitive or Independent system of ethics, in which, according to Kant and Butler, duty carries with it its own sanction—it is the Categorical Imperative. He discusses, with much ability and fairness, these three methods of ethics, and assigns them their several merits; but the obstinate fact remains (which for philosophers to ignore is at least unphilosophical) that in the motive of a divine sanction—no matter how obtained, whether by Conscience or Revelation, or by the action of both together—in the case of the immense majority of mankind, ethics absolutely disappears.

This is why the science of ethics is little else than critical. Its constructive stage is soon reached. It may be described as a conduct conformable to the will of God; and those who reject that standard have to set up another for themselves, as the schools in Greece did. This lands us at once into the critical stage; and the history of ethics is little else than an endless round of controversy between Eudæmonists and Deontologists (to use a modern barbarism), making bricks without straw and thrashing chaff without corn. It is a barren dispute, as those who remember Mr. Mill’s revival of Utilitarianism and the long list of

opponents he has called out will remember. It is the standard of duty which makes duty what it is, and ethics can no more support itself without such a standard than the vine or the hop can grow without a pole to twine round. This explains the languid interest felt in all discussions on pure ethics, as such; and where others have failed, we cannot say that Mr. Sidgwick has succeeded. He has added another volume of criticism on a subject which is exhaustless, because it goes round in a circle; but he has added nothing to what Butler, the moralist of conscience, has laid down in his immortal sermons on human nature. It is the law within, accusing and excusing, which makes our conception of right. All other theories of virtue are, from the nature of the case, self-contradictory.

Geschichte der Neuern Philosophie. Von KUNO FISCHER.
Sechster Band. Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph Schelling.
Erstes Buch. Schelling's Leben und Schriften. Heidelberg: Bassermann. London: Asher and Co.

Kuno Fischer's great work, 'The History of Modern Philosophy,' has reached its sixth volume. This is wholly devoted to Schelling, and as it treats mainly of the life and writings of the philosopher, it will be found of interest to both the general reader and the student of philosophy. In the next volume, or, strictly speaking, the second part of the sixth volume, we shall have the philosophical doctrines of Schelling, which will not, probably, attract so many readers as the instalment now before us. Although the life of Schelling cannot be said to have been an eventful one, it is full of life and colour in the biographical pages of Kuno Fischer. The philosopher of the Romantic school—as, with only partial accuracy, he has been called—was in the beginning of the century the most notable figure in the thought-life of Germany. Unlike his contemporary, Hegel, who was all logic and analysis, Schelling's mind was bathed in poetry, and his tendency to mysticism, coupled with his intellectual breadth and strength, made him a centre of profound interest and attraction at the time of Germany's greatest intellectual activity. The personal friend of Goethe and Schiller, the teacher—though the junior in years—of Hegel, the youthful and enthusiastic disciple of Fichte—whose system he interpreted in a brilliant treatise when only nineteen years of age—the intimate of the Schlegels, Novalis, and other luminaries of the period, his lines in early life were cast in pleasant places in Jena. His lectures on the 'Philosophy of Nature,' drew around him men from all parts of Germany and even from foreign countries, and for a time he was the recognized leader of German thought. When the sceptre passed from his hand into that of Hegel, Schelling did not willingly abdicate his sovereignty. But the supremacy of the Hegelian system wrought on him a great change. From being a voluminous writer for the public he sank suddenly into silence. During the long period he was at Munich he made no sign. For thirty years, indeed, the silence continued almost unbroken, and it was not till long after the death of Hegel that he came again before the public. We are satisfied that the cause of the silence was not, as Hegelians are fond of alleging, jealousy of the thinker by whom he had been acknowledged in the Jena period as master, but who had come to supplant him. We do not deny that Schelling's sensitiveness, shown in his constant accusations against Hegel, in his prelections to his students and in his private correspondence and conversations, of robbing him of

'his ideas,' were sometimes undignified, and by their reiteration became childish. But his retirement was due to other causes. He had 'burnt his fingers' by premature publication. He found that 'his ideas' required more careful maturing than in his early career he had been always able to give them. Moreover he found cause, as years and experience grew, to change his 'stand-point.' The eager champion of a mystic and poetic Pantheism more and more came to see that the facts of life and experience cannot be satisfactorily explained by any principles but those of Christian Theism. He devoted himself in his studious retirement at Würzburg and Munich to the work of thinking out another philosophy; and, thereby, he was prepared for a 'mission' very different from that of his early life. When the Hegelian school, after the master's death, openly broke with Christianity, and through the writings of a Strauss, a Baur, and a Feuerbach, did despite to natural as well as revealed religion, Schelling stepped forward as the champion of both. At the earnest solicitation of the King of Prussia he removed from Munich to Berlin, and there, by his lectures on the Philosophy of Mythology, and the Philosophy of Revelation, disclosed his new system, which produced a deep impression in Germany. Such men as Neander, Bunsen, and Humboldt gladly sat at his feet; and although the aged philosopher was exposed to obloquy and hostility from the enemies of Christianity, he lived his last years in the Prussian capital in peace, surrounded by friends, loaded with honours, and esteemed by many of the best men of Germany as a veritable philosophical patriarch. He died in 1854, in his eightieth year, and this is the first full biography of him that has been published. Kuno Fischer has admirably done the work, in a spirit of sympathy and catholicity, although from an independent critical point of view.

The Elements of the Psychology of Cognition. By ROBERT JARDINE, B.D., D.Sc. Macmillan and Co.

The writer belongs to the best side of the Scottish school of philosophy; and endeavours, by means of the inductive method, to deduce all the laws of mind from the observation of mental consciousness. He occupies, therefore, a middle position between the *à priori* school on the one hand, and the phenomenal school on the other. Mr. Jardine expressly states that one principal object in preparing the book, was to show the inadequacy and unsatisfactoriness of a prevailing system of psychology, which may be indicated by the word phenomenalism.

The work is intended for those at an early stage in their philosophical studies, and is therefore written in as clear and simple language as possible. After indicating the sources and arrangement of the subject, the author deals with knowledge in the different forms indicated by the terms *presentative*, *representative*, and *elaborative*. One chapter is devoted to a concise history of the different theories of perception, accompanied with a sound and careful criticism of each. As specimens of very clear and satisfactory analysis, we would refer our readers to the author's exposition of the rise of self-consciousness and of the idea of extension. With regard to the former, he shows, against Mill and others, that the idea of self is not that of the sum of the series of sensations which constitute our general consciousness, but that there is necessarily implied an opposition between *self* and the sensations of which self is conscious. Mill and his school, while holding that all mental phenomena are unextended, and, consequently, cannot give the idea of extension, maintain that the latter is the product of muscular sensation differing in intensity

and duration; and therefore fall, according to Mr. Jardine, into the absurdity of deducing the notion of extension from that of sensations succeeding one another in time. The author also rejects the *à priori* theory of extension, on the ground that it regards the difficulty as inexplicable. He himself holds that the co-existence of different sensations at the same point of time implies their mutual externality, and therefore involve the idea of extension or space; that all the sensations involve the idea of *outness*, for we necessarily localize our sensations, i.e., attribute to them some point in space. Some sensations, moreover, as, e.g., of touch and sight, are not simply localized in a point, but are diffused over a surface, and in these cases a simple object of consciousness gives extension. Sensations have, consequently, two sides or relations,—the one inward, becomes the object of consciousness, the other outward, is localized in the organism; and these objectified localized sensations are the *non-ego* with which we are first acquainted. He holds, therefore, space as well as time to be a *form* of our sensations.

We recommend this work for the simplicity and clearness of its style and the soundness of its conclusions, rather than on the ground of its originality. It contains a very successful exposition of well-known views; which is scarcely less important than the origination of new ones; and as such it will prove of essential service to the student of philosophy. We heartily wish we had a work of equal clearness and ability on the other departments of mind. Would that writers allowed the cognition faculties to become fallow ground for a season, and betook themselves to the treatment of the emotions and volitions.

The Physics and Philosophy of the Senses; or, the Mental and the Physical in their Mutual Relation. By R. S. WYLD, F.R.S.E. H. S. King and Co.

The author of this volume has long followed the line of inquiry which its treatment illustrates. Twenty-two years ago he published 'The Philosophy of the Senses,' and more recently a small volume entitled 'The World Dynamical,' in which two works the ideas followed out more consecutively, and illustrated with greater knowledge and more amplitude of detail in the work before us, were first presented. In the one the writer treated of the vexed question of sense-perception, and in the other he sought to establish the theory that matter is a combination of centres of force, and that as force or power is inconceivable except in relation to mind, the universe of matter is unthinkable except in that connection. We do not think Mr. Wyld has, by his subsequent labours, succeeded in casting much additional light on the fundamental questions of the relation of the human mind to the world of sense, and the nature of that world itself. What he has done in the larger and more ambitious volume before us is to expand his subject under a more systematic and methodical treatment. Of course in dealing with the purely sensuous portion he is able to offer a fuller presentation of it in its physiological references. During the last twenty years valuable results have been attained in this department of inquiry that cannot be neglected by any one who examines into the philosophy of perception. Some of the results of modern science are directly antagonistic to the theories of the Scottish school of philosophy as presented by Sir William Hamilton, with which Mr. Wyld, as a Scotchman, has a natural affinity. In the present volume he exposes not a few blunders and misconceptions on the part of the leaders of the Scotch school—Reid, Stewart,

and Hamilton. His investigations and studies in this sphere have seemingly been more comprehensive than in the metaphysical department. Mr. Wyld proposes a new theory of vision, which he is of opinion solves some of the difficulties that have perplexed the inquirer in former times. We are not able to conclude that his theory will be found tenable, and we doubt if his labours in this region must not be pronounced futile. When the author passes from the physical part of his subject to offer an historical sketch of leading philosophical opinions and speculations, we find him partial and defective. Why, commencing with Plato and referring to the Neo-Platonists, then passing from mediæval to modern philosophy, and sketching the views of Descartes and some of his successors, he should end with Kant, we are unable to understand. Moreover, the chapters on the 'Sage of Königsberg' is far from being satisfactory, and indicates imperfect study of his works, if not incapacity to appreciate the speculative results of modern German thought. It is in the sixth and last part of the volume that Mr. Wyld properly enters on 'The Philosophy of the Senses.' This consists of under 100 pages, the first thirty-five of which are devoted to a discussion of the views of the Scottish school on perception. Only in the last sixty pages do we find any attempt to establish the fundamental position on which the author's theory rests. These pages are not, however, so much argumentative as illustrative. There is not really, in the whole work, any serious attempt to do more than establish the probability of the author's theory. The book is a careful and commendable essay on the nature of matter and the relations of matter and mind, but the most indulgent reader will scarcely feel, on closing it, that he has gained much fresh light, or new philosophical knowledge.

The Chinese Classics translated into English, with Preliminary Essays and Explanatory Notes. Revised and reproduced from the Author's Work, containing the Original Text, &c. By JAMES LEGGE, D.D., LL.D. Vol. II. *The Life and Works of Mencius.* Trübner and Co.

Dr. Legge is proceeding with his great task, on two distinct though related lines. He is approaching the completion of his *Editio princeps* of the Chinese classics. Already eight imperial octavo volumes have been issued, and we have endeavoured at intervals to make our readers acquainted with the extraordinary merits of this vast undertaking. To the student of philosophy, of ethics, of comparative religion, of Chinese poetry and history, they will be of great and permanent value; but to the European sinologue and the Christian missionary in China they are indispensable, from their wealth of philological material, the *apparatus criticus* they supply not only in the way of translation and learned explanatory notes, but in the appendices, the lexicographic indices, and the presentation of the most celebrated texts of early, and sometimes hostile critics of the great classics.

In the present series of portable volumes the learned author has, with his own hand, prepared for the purely English reader the results of his researches. The second of the series is now before us, and it seems that the translation of the works of Mencius has undergone careful revision. The alterations are obvious enough on even cursory perusal and comparison. We do not doubt that they are improvements. At all events, they have rendered more perspicuous some passages which we have

marked. Let not any thoughtful reader be deterred from the study of this volume by any fear of the remoteness of the theme, or the dryness of the detail. We can promise a rich enjoyment to those who undertake the study of the prolegomena. These contain an account of the slow and gradual process by which these seven [or eleven] books were admitted into the classical canon; a most masterly accumulation of the various hints in the writings of Mencius which throw light on his personal history and character; a sketch of his ethical system, and a careful exhibition of the respects in which Mencius and Bishop Butler may be seen to have held coincident views on the constitution of human nature; and an effective presentation of the opposing Chinese theories of selfishness and 'universal love' which Mencius set himself to combat. Dr. Legge shows much greater admiration of the character and manhood of Mencius than he did of those of Confucius. Although a contemporary of Aristotle, Plato, Zeno, and Demosthenes, our author avers Mencius 'can look them in the face. He does not need to hide a diminished head.'

The few incidents recorded of the training he received from his mother are full of interest. The self-consciousness of the philosopher, and his sense of the importance of his advice to the kings who consulted him, are well illustrated. The reproach brought against his willingness to receive lofty distinctions and rewards is allowed by our author, but is contrasted with the grand simplicity of his personal tastes and pleasures. The audacity with which he propounded 'that the people are the most important element in a country, the spirits of the land and the grain are the next, the ruler is the lightest,' and the clear announcement that the '*vox populi, vox Dei est*,' are most noticeable, and quite sufficient to account for his lack of court influence, and the lengthened period during which his weighty words were left in the shade. He appears to have advocated 'national education,' and means for promoting material prosperity of peoples, with a view to their moral advancement, and in many ways to have forestalled ideas of later reformers and Western philosophers. We must pause, heartily commending this work to the English reader and to the Christian missionary. The dreary lack of appeal to the religious side of human nature, so conspicuous in both Confucius and Mencius, is one explanation of the extraordinary influence which the metaphysic and superstition of Buddhism has acquired over the people. Their ideal of virtue leaves God and heaven out of view. Hence, there is no sense of sin against God, and little need of redemption recognized in these philosophies.

Kant's Theory of Ethics or Practical Philosophy. Translated by T. K. ABBOTT, M.A. Longmans and Co.

A Treatise on the Nature of Man, regarded as a Triune; with an Outline of a Philosophy of Life. By T. B. WOODWARD. Hodder and Stoughton.

Kant stands to modern in the same relation which Plato did to ancient philosophy. His idealizing and spiritual speculation is like that of Plato, opposed to the experiential and materializing tendencies of his age. And as Plato was the culmination of the pre-Socratic, and the source and key to the post-Platonic thought, so Kant is the product of the scepticism of his predecessors, and the founder of that intuitive, idealistic thought, the influence of which is almost as wide as civilization. His works form the

best prolegomena to the study of that band of illustrious thinkers, including Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Hamilton, and Mansel. The disciples of the old Platonic academy, and of the Neo-platonic schools of Alexandria have been surpassed in intellectual greatness by the followers of Kant.

Like all great thinkers who have profoundly influenced the history of human thought, every part of his philosophy has been subjected to the severest criticism. Serious objections have been raised against his ethical, as well as his ontological speculations. Many have professed to detect a contradiction underlying his fundamental principles. They affirm that Kant has contradicted himself with reference to the question of liberty and responsibility, in maintaining that 'a liberty of indifference,' or 'a power of contrary choice,' is essential to the being of moral agency, and an essential condition of responsibility, while holding that a perfectly virtuous man cannot be vicious in any particular of his life, and while, equally with a believer in the dogma of original sin, he asserts the existence of a radical evil in mankind.

Many also allege that the fundamental principle, the axiom on which his ethical system rests, viz., 'act from a maxim fit to become law in a system of universal legislation,' is only a different and improved form of the ground principle of all ethical systems which do not rest on an eudæmonistic basis. In spite of their defects, however, we think all enlightened thinkers will regard his ethical speculations as forming his most valuable contributions to philosophical thought. By him the science of morals was raised from the narrow sphere of the selfish and sensuous, and placed on a truly ethical basis. His whole ethical teaching is pervaded by a lofty enthusiasm for virtue and a noble assertion of the universal validity of duty and moral law. This lofty moral tone was the death-knell of the grovelling and unethical system which prevailed in the last century. We think it absolutely impossible for the science of ethics to sink again for any lengthened period to the low level of former times. Whatever may be the fate of his ontological speculations, we are fully convinced that future ages will continue to value his deontological principles.

A successful translation of Kant into readable, idiomatic English is about as difficult a task as would be the rendering of 'Sartor Resartus' into Ciceronian Latin. Any one acquainted with the thought and style of the philosopher of Königsberg would need a powerful motive to move him to the attempt. The translation by Semple has generally been regarded as highly satisfactory, and its value has been greatly enhanced by an admirable introduction by Dr. Calderwood, who has condensed into the smallest compass the fruit of long and successful labour. We are of opinion, however, that this translation had many blemishes and not a few positive mistakes, and that Mr. Abbott therefore was fully justified in attempting a better rendering, especially of some important passages, which seriously affected the right understanding of Kant's principles. We are persuaded that he has succeeded in not a few instances, some of which the reader will find in the preface, and many more upon a slight comparison of the two translations. Mr. Abbott has also paid great attention to the best text, having for this purpose used the edition of Kant's works by Rosenkranz and Schubert, with some corrections from that of Hartenstein.

The translator has added greatly to the value of the work by careful notes on obscure passages and important terms. Mr. Abbott has translated three treatises, the first being the 'Grundlegung zur Metaphysik der Sitten;' the second the Dialectics and Methodology of the 'Kritik

der Praktischen Vernunft,' and the third the first portion of 'Die Religion und innerhalb der greuzen der blossen Vernunft.' Of these three treatises Semple translated the whole of the first, a part of the 'Kritik,' not here translated, and part of the 'Metaphysik der Sitten.' We regard the increased attention given in this country to the writings of Kant as a most hopeful sign of the times, and confidently expect that the study of his works will become a turning-point in the history of British philosophy.

The second book on our list we commend to those of our readers who are anxious to investigate a new system, but what that system is we cannot undertake to explain, and we doubt if any one can, except the author himself; we feel sure that he has failed to reduce it to clear and intelligible statement. We are thankful to say that seldom, if ever, has such a confused, erratic, worthless production fallen into our hands, and we have no desire to see the like again. One must go back to the absurdities of the middle ages to find such a farrago.

The Semi-Barbarous Hebrew and the Extinguished Theologian.

By T. GRIBBLE. Longmans, Green and Co.

This is a smart criticism of a passage in Professor Huxley's Lay Sermons, in which the terms of the title of the work are used with reference to the confidence of orthodox divines in the cosmogony of the Book of Genesis. It is done with very considerable ability, as we should have anticipated from the author of 'Judged by His Words.' He vindicates a lofty place in literature for the Old Testament, attributing to it the current views of its great antiquity. He is not ignorant of the modern criticism of the Pentateuch, and dissects with some ability Kalisch's arguments for the late origin of the Levitical legislation. The quotations he adduces from the minor prophets to show that the whole system of sacrificial rites was old and crumbling institutions long before the time of Jeremiah, to say nothing of the exile, are well marshalled. There is no narrow 'Scripturism' in his argument, no fear of Darwinian speculation, and some healthy *ad hominem* treatment of Dr. Huxley and the scientist, which may be accepted with good humour and profit.

The Treasury of Languages: a Rudimentary Dictionary of Universal Philology. Hall and Co.

The first title, 'The Treasury of Languages,' may mean any work connected with the subject, from the most learned thesaurus down to the simplest traveller's companion. The second title is decidedly calculated to mislead, for no one would expect a 'Rudimentary Dictionary of Universal Philology' to contain nothing but an alphabetical list, with occasionally a brief account of all the dialects, important or not, which are spoken by the whole human race. One could easily forgive and forget the titles, but unfortunately they are typical of the work as a whole. The fly-leaf informs us that the book is the production of a literary amateur; an announcement scarcely calculated to inspire confidence, but it will probably account for the unsatisfactory way in which the author has fulfilled his task. It is manifest to our mind that he has done very little more than patch together the contributions of others, and, through lack of the requisite philological knowledge, has done his work badly; the result is that this 'Philological Dictionary' abounds in obscurities, and not unfrequently in positive errors. In examining the

work we naturally turned to the first page, and first on the list we find the following:—‘Aachen, a sub-dialect of Low German, or Platt-Deutsch, vernacular at Aix-la-Chapelle, Lower Rhine.’ What could be more obscure, when, as everyone knows, Aachen is the name of a town and not of a dialect, and that Aachen and Aix-la-Chapelle are the German and French names for the same place. The same remark applies to Abbeville on the same page, described to be a sub-dialect of French vernacular in Picardy, and to Hanover and Göttingen, each of which is registered as a dialect of Platt-Deutsch. Having ourselves visited the Engadine, and become acquainted with some of its dialects, it occurred to us to consult the ‘Treasury’ on the subject, and on p. 50 we find ‘Churwelsche, a sub-dialect of Romanese or Romanic, spoken in the Engadine or Valley of the Inn, Canton Grisons, S.E. Switzerland, also called Rhoeto-Romanic. . . . It is rich in Keltic, whence its name, “Welsche,” i.e., “foreign.”’ According to this statement, because Welsche means strange, Churwelsche is called Welsh, and Welsh is so called because rich in Keltic. After following our author over the Continent, and finding ourselves involved in no small confusion, we determined to test his reliability as guide within the British Empire, and here, as our readers will observe, we found him scarcely more satisfactory. We fixed upon his description of English, which is defined as ‘the vernacular language of the British Empire peculiar to England, an offshoot from the Teutonic, formed directly from the Anglo-Saxon, with an admixture of Norman-French, and closely allied to Frisian and other dialects of Platt or Low-German.’ Supposing we grant the genealogy of the language to be correctly given, how can a language which is ‘peculiar to England’ be at the same time the ‘vernacular of the British Empire’? If our readers will take the trouble to consult the dictionary under Keltic and Welsh, they will find themselves without any definite idea of their character and relations. There is the same inaccuracy with regard to the Indian dialects as in the case of England and the Continent. Take, e.g., Divanagari (which should be Devānagarī), which is said to be quite distinct from *old* Sanskrit, a name for Bactrian or Zend. We would lastly mention his derivation of Sanskrit: ‘the word Sanskrit means “polished,” “refined;” der.: Sam, “together,” krita, “made perfect;” Samskrita, “made euphonic,”’ which is certainly not very clear. Several omissions and redundancies might be pointed out, but we forbear. We have said enough to show that the book is more than ‘liable to error,’ as the fly-leaf informs us, and that it needs an abler hand than that of the amateur author to render it of the service it might be to those who wish to satisfy themselves with regard to the extent of the confusion of Babel. The idea of the work is good, and if efficiently carried out, it might become a serviceable book of reference, a kind of philological gazetteer. All the value of such a work would depend upon its clearness and accuracy, two qualities which the present does not possess.

How to Parse. An attempt to apply the principles of Scholarship to English Grammar. With Appendixes on Analysis, Spelling, and Punctuation. By the Rev. EDWIN A. ABBOTT, D.D., Head Master of the City of London School. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

Dr. Abbott has prepared a most instructive and suggestive book under this title. It is scholastic as well as scholarly. It will be useful

to the teacher, and stimulating to the advanced pupil. It savours a little too much of that Chinese abomination which has taken such paralyzing gripe of English education of late years, and indicates sure methods of answering bothering questions at Burlington House, or at other like places of torture.

The treatise is not a grammar of the English tongue. It assumes a fair acquaintance with the accidence and syntax, but it discusses the principles which reveal themselves in the composite syntactical structure, and supplies hints innumerable for the solution of difficulties and classification of irregularities. The seventh chapter on this subject is remarkably instructive. Irregularities of idioms and of words—those produced when relative pronouns are apparently supplanted by adverbs, those which arise in the confusion of construction which is produced by words of multitude and class—are well analyzed. In Chapter II. of Part II., on 'Poetical Constructions,' the various sources of confusion in poetical writing are well illustrated. Among them 'archaic construction' is referred to. We are not so sure that all Dr. Abbott's illustrations are, or ought to be regarded as archaisms. It should scarcely be called an 'archaism' to express 'a conditional antecedent by the subjunctive mood.' Surely it would be neither pedantic nor archaic to say in plain prose, 'else I often *had* (for should have) been miserable.' However, the volume is a most admirable companion to the more comprehensive and detailed philosophies of the English language.

Elementary Lessons in Historical English Grammar, containing Accidence and Word Formation. By the Rev. RICHARD MORRIS, LL.D., Author of 'Historical Outlines of English Accidence,' &c. (Macmillan & Co.) This is one of the best and most comprehensive English Grammars we have met with. Its glance at the origin and structure of our language, its thorough examination of the various parts of speech, and its word-formation, will prove eminently helpful to all teachers.—*A View of the Prophecies of Daniel, Zechariah, and the Revelation.* By M. E. H. With a Map. (W. Macintosh.) In this book there is nothing that has not been repeated many times; and besides, some of the attempts at interpretation are utterly preposterous. Many of the most remarkable symbols are so literally interpreted that they lose their impressiveness and grandeur, and sink into the impossible and absurd. The book cannot serve any useful purpose.—*Christianity, and a Personal Devil. An Essay.* By PATRICK SCOTT. (Basil Montague Pickering.) Something may be learned from this little book. The author seems to be earnest and truth-seeking. His theory, however, respecting the devil, is essentially wrong, and merges into Manichæism. It involves infinitely greater difficulties than those it attempts to solve.—*A Theory about Sin in Relation to some Facts of Daily Life.* Lent Lectures on the Seven Deadly Sins. By Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. (Macmillan and Co.) Mr. Shipley is well known as a writer of considerable ability, but almost everything he does is marred by his ritualistic or Romish proclivities. The present volume is no exception. It is marked by vigorous thinking, and by keen and accurate analyses of mental and moral conditions; but in almost every page the dead fly in the ointment appears. Sacerdotalism of the most rampant order, transubstantiation, baptismal regeneration, and confession, are perpetually cropping up; and the examples and instances by which his teaching is illustrated and enforced are either eminently absurd or outrageously unnatural and

extravagant. It is absolutely incomprehensible how a man of Mr. Shipley's vigour and power of looking into moral questions can be drawn into views subversive of all reason and common sense, and can imagine that anyone who has not surrendered all manhood and thought would accept the self-inflictions of Benedict, Jerome, Bernard, and Martinianus as examples in accordance with the spirit and teaching of Christianity. A reader who can winnow out the chaff, and reject the full-blown Romanism of the book as so much delusion, may find some valuable truths in it, but, as a whole, it is to be pronounced utterly unworthy of a professed Christian teacher, and a scandal to a Protestant Church. Latitudinarian—comprehensive as Noah's Ark—must the church or community be that embraces such men as Dean Close and Mr. Shipley. Surely, an expurgation cannot be long delayed.—Among new editions may be mentioned *The Perishing Soul; or, the Scriptural Doctrine of the Destruction of Sinners, with a View to Ancient Jewish Opinion and Christian Belief during the First and Second Centuries*. By J. M. DENNISTON, M.A. (Longmans.) Mr. Denniston's book is a very able and candid attempt to show that there is no immortality for men save through vital spiritual union with Christ. He patiently examines the teachings of Scripture; he presents a catena of apocryphal and Rabbinical and patristic opinions, and fairly grapples with all difficulties. Probably readers who have not investigated the subject will be surprised at the array of evidence which seems to favour the idea of the 'perishing of the human soul.' But Mr. Denniston is the advocate of one side of a great and complex question—scarcely yet ripe for the judgment of modern criticism, although rapidly ripening. We can only commend his book as a model of candid and reverent argumentation. It is singularly free from dogmatism and illicit appeal to sentiment.—*The Victory of Faith*. By JULIUS CHARLES HARE. Third Edition. Edited by E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., with Introductory Notices by the late Professor MAURICE and Dean STANLEY (Macmillan and Co.) Mr. Plumptre has come to a wise decision in the republication of one of the most able of Archdeacon Hare's works. As he says in his thoughtful and judicious preface—it is the work of a man who had gone into the controversy with Rome more deeply than most, 'precisely in the regions where it touches on the innermost depths of man's intellect and heart, and as the result of that study came forth with a profounder reference for Luther, and a more assured conviction that the great movement of the sixteenth century was a great gift from God; whose knowledge of German theological speculation and criticism probably surpassed that of any of his contemporaries, and who yet held fast by the Scriptures; who was a profound student of philosophy, and yet held fast by a spiritual philosophy.' The received testimony of such a man cannot but be valuable. Prefixed to the volume are an article on Hare, by Dean Stanley, which appeared in *The Quarterly Review* for June, 1855, and the very able introduction to Hare's collected Charges, published in 1856 by Professor Maurice. We are glad that the volume will now be accessible to theological readers, and that it is to be followed by 'The Mission of the Comforter' and, we hope, by 'The Vindication of Luther,' and the Sermons.—*The Tabernacle and its Priests and Services, Described and Considered in Relation to Christ and the Church*. By WILLIAM BROWN. Third Edition. (Oliphant and Co.) We commended the first edition of Mr. Brown's work as a summary of what is told us concerning the tabernacle and its services—interesting in a theological, as well as in a historical point of view. This edition has been carefully revised and two chapters added, the one somewhat sharply criticising the new article on the

Tabernacle contributed to the 'Bible Educator,' by the Dean of Canterbury and Professor Milligan, the other on the special sanctity of the Holy of Holies.—*Strivings for the Faith*. A Series of Lectures Delivered in the New Hall of Science, Old-street, City-road, under the Auspices of the Christian Evidence Society. (Hodder & Stoughton.) The Christian Evidence Society is doing very great service to the class who frequent Halls of Science, and are influenced by the somewhat claptrap infidelity that is propounded in such places. That it should deliver a series of lectures in the temple of Mr. Bradlaugh, testifies both to the fearlessness of Christian advocates, and the willingness of their opponents, who, we presume, have the control of the Hall of Science, to hear what they have to say. The topics treated in this volume are timely and important. They all bear on the evidential argument, and while maintaining what are called 'external evidences,' which it would be foolish and unscholarly to disparage, justly lay the chief stress upon the moral evidence, which is simply unanswerable. Revs. Dr. Maclear, T. R. Birks, Dr. Lorimer, John Gritton, C. A. Row, J. H. Titcomb, W. R. Browne, and Mr. B. Harris Cowper are the lecturers. We may specially recommend Mr. Browne's lecture on 'Mr. Stuart Mill's Autobiography.'—*Philosophy, Science, and Revelation*. By the Rev. CHARLES B. GIBSON, M.R.I.A., Lecturer of St. John's, Hoxton. Second Edition. (Longmans, Green, and Co.) This is not a profound book, nor can its author be pronounced a philosopher, but, nevertheless, what he has written will instruct and interest many readers. His views are sound, and free from the narrowness that fears or misrepresents the discoveries of science. Where the doctrines of science are based on induction, and in harmony with the recognized principles of human consciousness and intelligence, he accepts them; but when they run out into mere assumption and fanciful theory he rejects them as inconsistent with reason and revelation. He has brought to his work a considerable amount of reading, and has used it with intelligence and to good purpose throughout his various chapters. Beginning with a summary of ancient theories of creation, and passing on through the Mosaic account of it, the origin, antiquity, and varieties of the human race, and some other kindred topics, he closes with a valuable chapter on the wide-spread prevalence of serpent worship. His view of the six days' work of creation has much to commend it, and his references to the flint weapon and tool theory and Darwin's askidianism are evidences of his candour, thoughtfulness, and intelligence. The book is written in a simple and lucid style, and cannot fail to prove highly beneficial in the hands of general readers.—*The Temple: Its Ministry and Services as they were at the Time of Jesus Christ*. By the Rev. Dr. EDERSHEIM. (Religious Tract Society.) This is on the whole the most complete and comprehensive, and at the same time popular, treatise on the Jewish temple and its ritual we have seen. With the entire literature and history of the subject, scattered over a great variety of works, Dr. Edersheim is thoroughly acquainted, and has thereby been enabled to invest his views with the authority of the most accomplished critics and scholars. Having devoted himself to his task for a series of years with the zeal and enthusiasm of a true student, nothing of importance bearing on his subject has been overlooked, and hence the completeness of his work. Some may differ from him in a few points of fact and interpretation, but none can fail to admit his general accuracy, and the lucidness of his treatment. The various chapters are full without being tedious, and the details are minute without being dull. No Biblical scholar can peruse the book without interest, and ordinary Scripture readers will gather from it fresh light and

instruction. Without a knowledge, indeed, of the structure, ministry, and services of the Temple, much of the Old Testament, and not a little of the New, must remain obscure, if not altogether unintelligible. Dr. Edersheim has, therefore, by the publication of this able treatise, not only illustrated the complex and gorgeous ritual of Judaism, but has done what will be found valuable in the general elucidation of Scripture. The volume has our hearty commendation as a valuable contribution to Biblical literature and interpretation.—*Select Remarks of Islay Burns, D.D., of the Free Church College, Glasgow.* Edited by Rev. JAMES C. BURNS. With Memoir by Rev. W. G. BLACKIE, D.D., LL.D. James Nisbet and Co. Dr. Islay Burns belongs to an ecclesiastical family, almost as numerous and honoured as that of the Brown's; both his father and his brother have been commemorated in memoirs; and he is worthy of a place by the side of the devout Pastor of Kilsyth, and the chivalrous Chinese missionary. Dr. Blackie has written a sympathetic and pleasant memoir of his friend. Dr. Burns was a scholarly, pious, and earnest man, and acquired a considerable reputation, hardly, however, sustained by his literary performances. His volume on 'Church History' is a popular account of the church of the first three centuries, written with a thorough catholicity of feeling and appreciation. He contributed a good deal to periodical literature, chiefly criticisms on the contemporary leaders of different parties in the English Church. He was a good, but not a popular preacher; his sermons in this volume are of that thoughtful solid cast, with perhaps something more of the beautiful and human, that are associated with Scottish Presbyterians of the pre-Guthrie period. His lectures disappoint us by their want of grip and thoroughness. Dr. Burns shows best, perhaps, in his ecclesiastical lectures, which are well informed and acute, and deal effectively with the great ecclesiastical and theological questions of the day.

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